Saturday Review

THE FORD FOUNDATION'S BALLET GRANT

By John Martin

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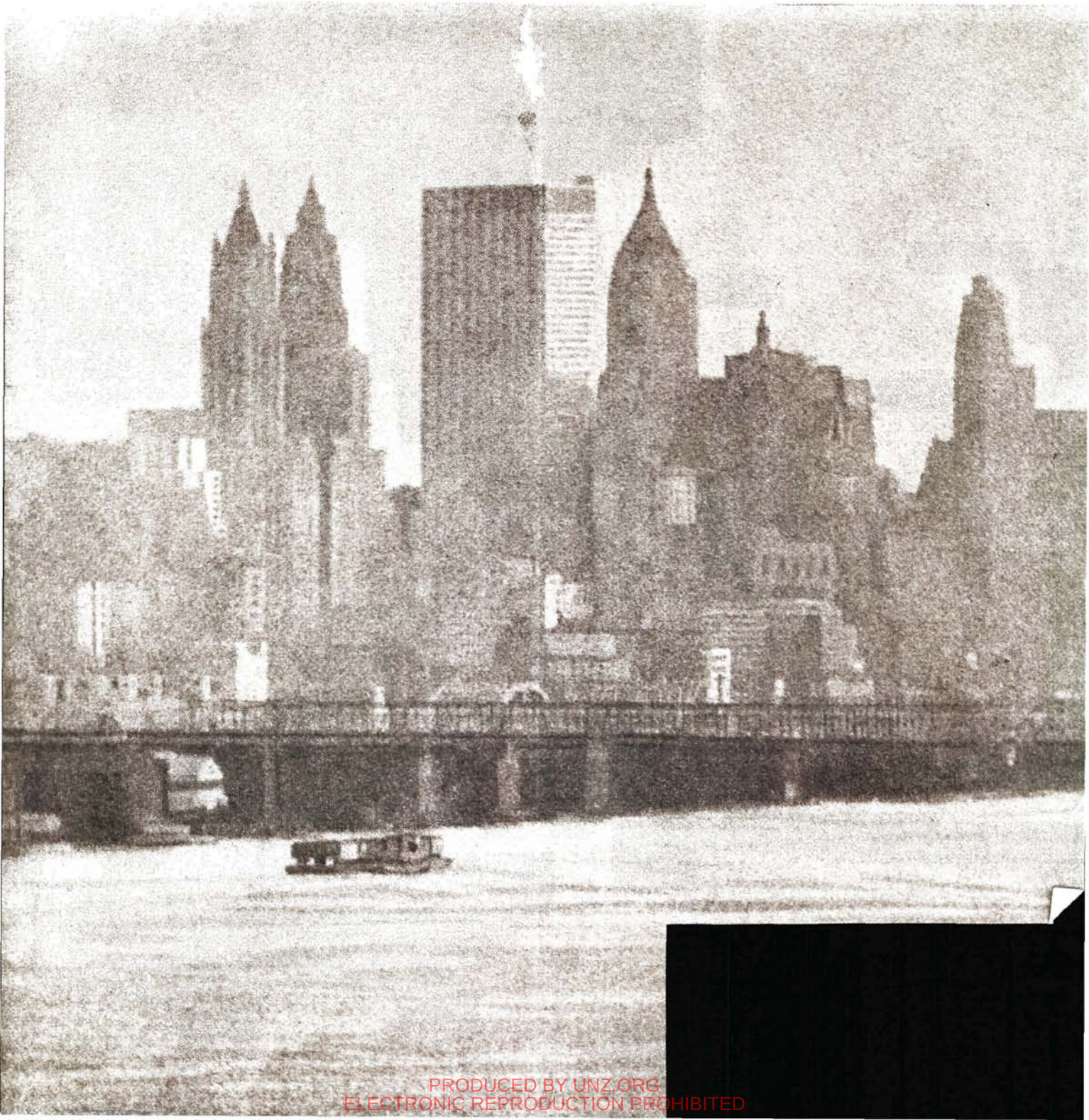
Lower Manhattan at Sunset, by Andreas Feininger
—From "New York" (see Books)



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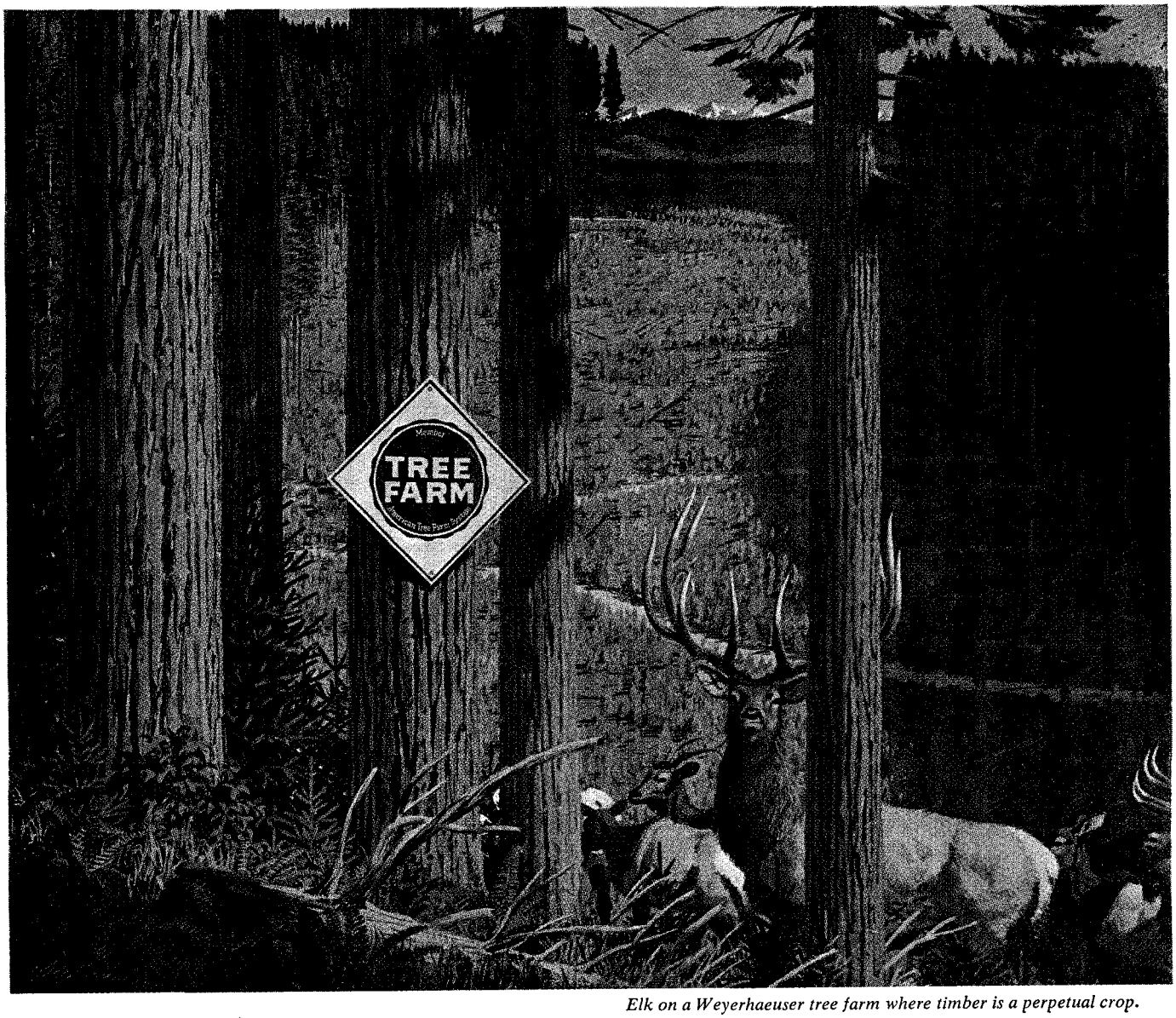

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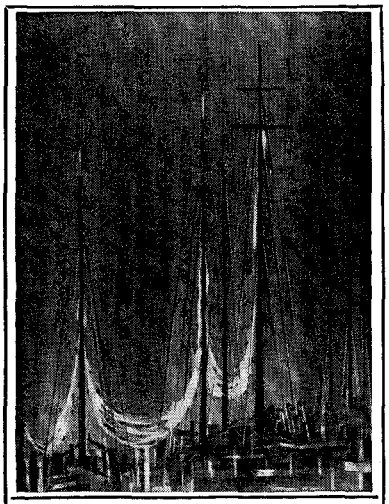

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Saturday Review

March 28, 1964

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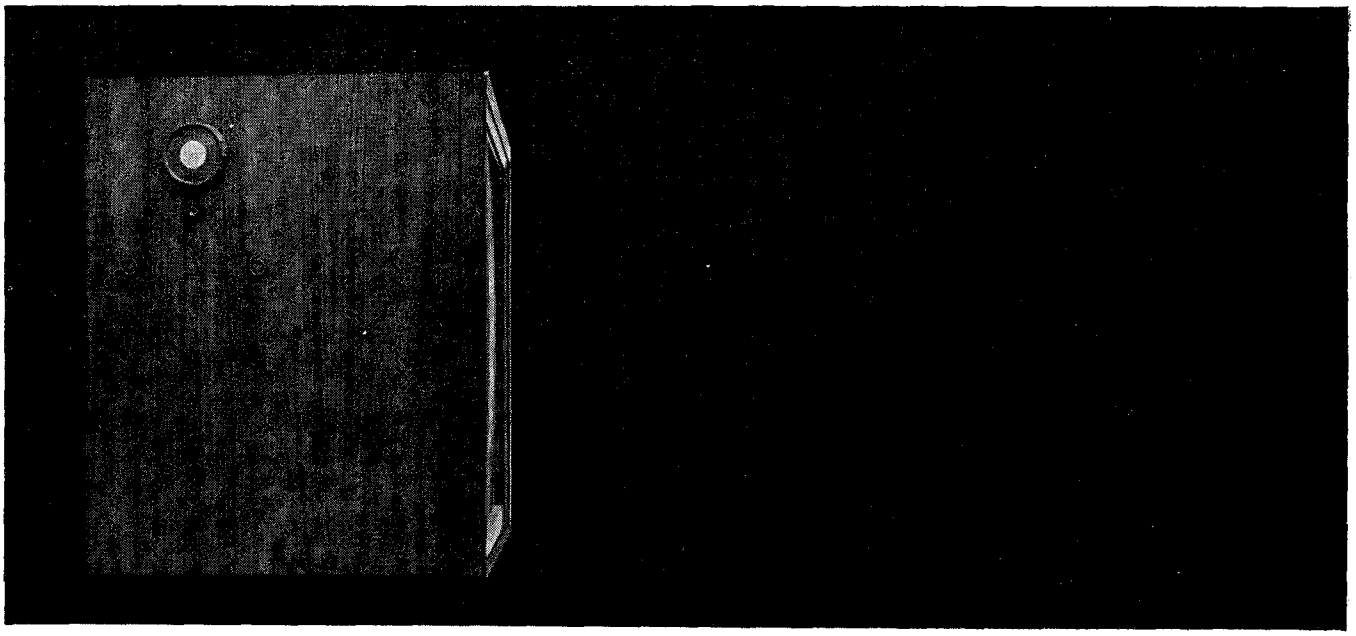

Inside this box you'll find a ticket to the World's Fair opening night, a front row seat at the "Oscar" presentations, a critic's-eye view of Vietnam, a look at the West that is, a free pass to the Moscow State Circus, a 400th birthday tribute to Wm. Shakespeare, and all kinds of other interesting things:

Some Television Programs of Special Interest in April

Vietnam: The Deadly Decision
Comprehensive examination of our position.
Wednesday, April 1 (7:30-8:30 PM)

Daniel Boone
Dramatized story of the pioneer efforts to open the West to settlement.
Fridays, April 3 & 10 (7:30-8:30 PM)

The Cowboys That Are
The workaday life at an Arizona ranch.
Sunday, April 5 (1-1:30 PM)

Johann Gutenberg
"Printing" from Stone Age to the present.
Saturday, April 11 (1-2 PM)

Issues and Answers
April 12: George Romney; April 19: Adlai Stevenson; April 26: John Glenn.
Sundays (1:30-2 PM)

The Church's Role in World Affairs
Viewpoint of the National Council of churches.
Sundays, April 12 & 19 (2-2:30 PM)

Moscow State Circus
1st TV appearance of U. S. touring company.
Sunday, April 12 (8-9 PM)

Carny
The story of the American carnival business.
Hostess: Sally Rand.
Sunday, April 12 (10-11 PM)

The "Oscar" Award Presentations
Host: Jack Lemmon. Presenters include: Anne Bancroft, Patty Duke, Gregory Peck.
Monday, April 13 (Beginning at 10 PM)

Opening Night of the N.Y. World's Fair
Host: Henry Fonda. Guides: Carol Channing Lorne Greene, Fred MacMurray.
Wednesday, April 22 (7:30-9 PM)

Profile of Huntington Hartford
Wednesday, April 22 (7:30-8 PM)

A Manual of Arms
Drama of affirmation of faith by three soldiers in battle.
Sunday, April 26 (2-3 PM)

Cameras Aloft, Secrets Below
Aerial photography in war and peace.
Sunday, April 26 (6:00-6:30 PM)

Shakespeare: Soul of an Age
Evocation of the Elizabethan era, with Michael Redgrave and Ralph Richardson.
Sunday, April 26 (10-11 PM)

Brinkley on Boxing
An inquiry into the state of the sport.
Monday, April 27 (10-11 PM)

Regularly Scheduled Programs

Monday to Friday: Today/Sunrise Semester

Wednesdays: CBS Reports/Chronicle

Thursdays: ABC News Reports

Fridays: The Great Adventure/That Was The Week That Was

Saturdays: Do you Know?/Exploring/ Watch Mr. Wizard

Sundays: Sunrise Semester/Camera Three/ Face the Nation/Discovery '64/Issues and Answers/ Sunday/Science All-Stars/College Bowl/The Twentieth Century/Meet the Press/Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color

NOTE: Times, programs, titles, and casts are subject to change. Please consult local listings.

Television Information Office
666 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N.Y.

And you should see what you're going to get out of it next month.

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Keeping Tabs

Edited by Martin Levin

The Man at the Door

"Didn't I hear the elevator?"
"Yes. Someone's at the door."
"He says he's the exterminator."
"What is he looking for?"
"For you."

—Morris Bishop.

Fowler and the Critics

WHEN Gene Fowler and I wrote *The Great Magoo*, the critics greeted our play with the fury of a lynch mob. The play was strung up chiefly for being too lewd a tale for the Broadway stage. As Gene would say were he still around, we were over-restless and ahead of our time. Our merry drama today would sound no lewder than a Handel oratorio.

On the second night of its "run," three husky fellows appeared backstage. They wished to talk to our producer, Billy Rose.

Fowler, Mr. Rose, and I listened to the visitors in a closed dressing room, a room in which history was almost made. The three huskies were muscle-men from an underworld organization that had helped finance the production of *The Great Magoo*. (Magoo, by the way, means a female sexpot.) Our visitors wished to know which three of the nine anti-Magoo critics Mr. Rose would prefer to have bumped off.

"Just give us the names of the ones you think are the worst guilty. And you don't have to worry. When we go out of here, we never saw you, and you never saw us."

Mr. Rose asked the visitors to remain seated and spoke out firmly against the massacre of Percy Hammond, Burns Mantle, Alexander Woolcott, or any of their fellow fault-finders. The three visitors listened glumly, then departed; *The Great Magoo* was off the boards in a week, with no lives lost.

Fowler spoke coolly of Mr. Rose thereafter.

"Of course, Mr. Rose did the right thing, but he is definitely not a man to have in your corner."

Fowler's response to the critic's mugging we had been offered surprised me. He was fearful of critics, but apparently it was a curious kind of fear; they seemed unable to hurt him.

I have known sturdy, spirited playwrights to take to their beds after an adverse verdict from our newspaper drama critics; to sob hysterically for days; to threaten suicide behind locked bathroom doors; to leave New York in a rage; even to migrate, bag and baggage, to some foreign, more amiable land.

Fowler's reaction was none of these. He seemed only to bloom in the shower of brickbats. He read out loud each of the critical blasts at our play and laughed with genuine amusement—over something. I couldn't quite figure out what, except that he seemed like a hardy mariner enjoying a good storm. Or, perhaps, a man enjoying a stroll around a hotel on a tenth-story window ledge.

Charlie MacArthur used to say when the critics rapped one of our joint works, "We're not going to answer back. Answering back is only showing your wounds."

Fowler had no wounds to show or hide. What, then, made him afraid of critics? I don't know. Possibly it wasn't critics he feared. One of the rewards of a good friendship is an almost total ignorance of your friend's flaws.

—Ben Hecht.

Forget the Tops, Pop—Work on the Hops

WALKING to work through the local college campus these cool, early spring mornings, I am monotonously conscious of a shiny new item of Americana decorating the curbstone litter. Tiny pieces of metal wink back at the early sun and seem to reproduce themselves from day to day, for their size and flatness resist the matutinal rounds of the steel-bristled street sweeper. These sequins are the toss-away tabs of our newest packaging triumph—the self-opening beer can.

The keystone-shaped pendant will be with us for a long time, I fear. The new can was smiled upon by the wizards of motivational research and applauded in test marketing surveys. Yet how costly and futile the metallurgy, the engineering, the retooling that must have gone into the creation of a "most ingenious paradox." For the truth is that all this effort went toward facilitating access to what still remains the world's worst beer.

Somewhere way back there between Heidelberg and Ellis Island, the granddaddies of today's brewers must have misplaced the formula. The trickle of foreign brau we get (at outrageous prices) confirms that something is, and has for a long time been, awry. We have grown accustomed by default to a brew that suggests a combination of ginger ale, vinegar, and just a *soupçon* of alum for body. This is known as "a light, dry beer." You and I drink it, with resignation, at a clip of fifteen gallons a year. So say the people who keep the records. But no muscle-bound Clydesdale horses, frolicking Indian maidens, or cute cutups on the Chesapeake Bay can alter the flavor.

The ad men have been put to it these past few years: beer consumption has inched along a plateau on their graphs, crawling upward with exasperating slowness. I sympathize with them for the fables they are forced to invent (for a mere 10 per cent of the brewers' annual income) just to keep the curve from drooping. Doing something about the taste, alas, is not in their hands. They are left with only the foam and the bubbles.

I don't know what the next great advance in beer packaging will be—perhaps a can that glows in the dark for people who want to watch TV with the lights off. That there is a new wrinkle already on the drawing boards, you can be certain. (These things, like the Atlas missile, take time.) When brands of the same product differ so little, the strain of competitive urgency takes curious forms. Gasolines tend to compete in service station washrooms; cigarettes, in a wild tautology that makes advertising allies of small children who parrot the slogans; and razors, in their precision at mowing smooth the skin of a peach—though no one's sensibilities are really offended by a bearded Elberta.

I have a suggestion for the beer people. That graph will shoot upward when the first bold brewer forgets about improving the container and does something about the contents. Let him then can or bottle his brew however he pleases. Whatever forcible entry is required—by tin snips, ice pick, or hatchet—will be no problem. These are already the weapons I use to hack my way through the armor of the all-but-impenetrable six-pack.

—Jim Short.

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Which musical instruments are best for the child with a "not-quite-perfect" ear for music.

How "the high cost of dying" is being reduced by about $175 in the country's largest cemetery system.

Which Iron Curtain country is known as "The America of Eastern Europe" by its own inhabitants.

How a year-old organization conceived as a joke has snowballed into a nationwide group dedicated to improving "obnoxious" TV commercials.

What goes on at the annual meeting of The Society of Connoisseurs in Murder.

Why the world's best amateur tennis player says there's "no such thing as amateur tennis players" nowadays.

How an American fighting in Vietnam feels, as told through the diary of a Marine combat officer.

Where a lost Nazi treasure worth millions is believed to be buried.

How the National Council of Churches is experimenting with a new kind of missionary work, in "the fun capital of the world."

Why the Russians have a perennial farm problem.

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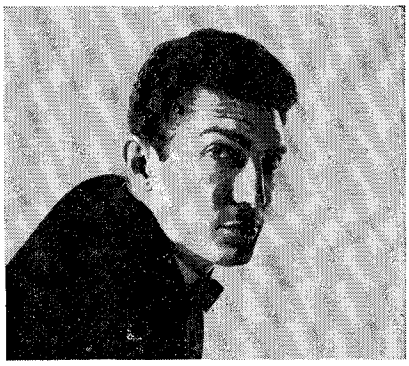

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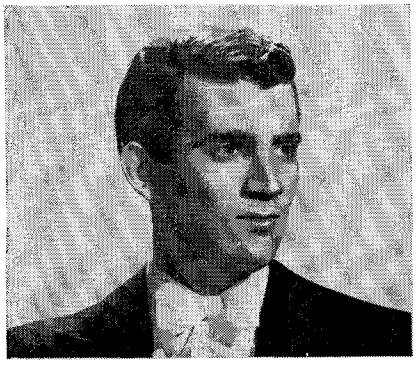

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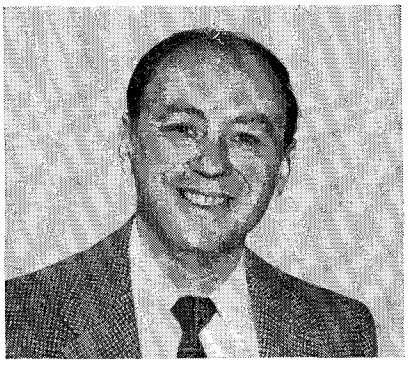

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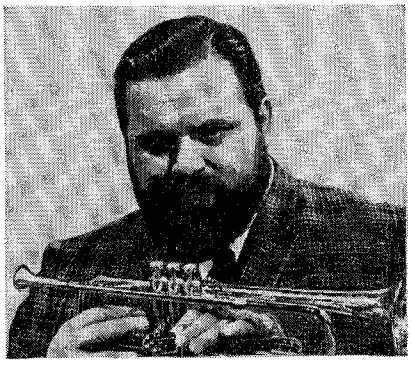

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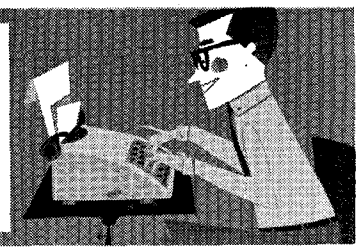


Good Evening, Good Night

CONVERSATION on television has improved perceptibly. This is not true, of course, on the strictly conversation programs, where a host and some newsmen sit around with a front-page "name" guest and attempt to wangle him into saying something quotable for next day's newspaper headlines. The guest looks a little startled and hurt when a delicate question is asked, as though he had been booked for the program on an "if" basis. ("I'll come on your program if you promise not to ask me about the Bay of Pigs, or whether integration is moving fast enough, or whether I'm for Medicare, or whether we should stop taking water from the Panama Canal.")

Most of the answers are a rehash or a confirmation of what the guest has been saying in the newspapers all week. Probably because this is a political year the front-page guests are a little wary of being pinned down. There is such hedging that the other day I came away from my set with the impression that the guest was in favor of the United Nations as long as our nation didn't get too united with any other nation. As for birth control pills, he was in favor of their use, but only in moderation—possibly in a case of slight pregnancy. At any rate, it's not the conversation we used to get on programs that made up the TV schedules of a brainy Sunday afternoon.

The talk on the half-hour situation comedies seems to be all right. I can't hear most of it because of the laugh tracks that lace most of the films. I know that an actor walking across a room to open a door is not humorous. The laughs that spill over into this ordinary piece of stage business, I like to imagine, are the laughs of the audience, who take a moment longer than I do to get the point of a clever line spoken a moment before.

Where the dialogue has really improved the most is on the variety programs—the song and dance and vaudeville shows. In these programs the dialogue has disappeared entirely, and this is a vast plus. Once upon a time, two or three seasons ago, the singing host used to come into view after a song by Rosemary Clooney, for instance, and the dialogue fell into a pattern like this:

"Rosemary, that was beautiful."

"Thank you."

"I'm so glad you could come from Hollywood to be on our show. Are you enjoying your visit to New York?

"Oh yes. So many shows to see on Broadway. I saw one last night—*My Fair Lady*—what a great song is in that show."

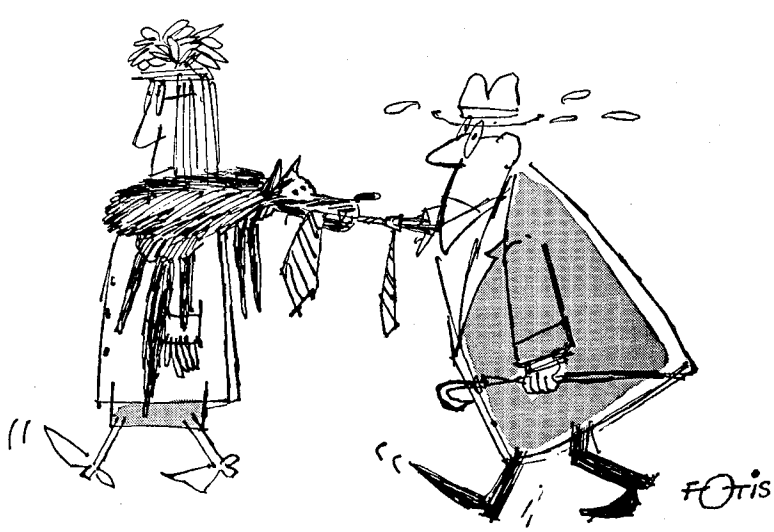
"You mean?"

(*Music cue*: "I Could Have Danced All Night.")

And they're into a duet.

But not any more. Now Miss Clooney sings her solo, and, as the audience applauds, the singing host waltzes out and takes her in his arms, and they dance a few steps indicating they could dance all night, and they sing it. Not an un-

(*Continued on page* 66)



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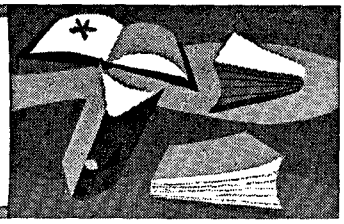
Trade Winds



Here is some of the dialogue that went on in England between Richard West and the Russian Consulate, where he applied for his visa to visit the Soviet Union. A week before he was due to leave (he reports in *The New Statesman*) he had heard nothing, so he called up the consulate.

Voice: "Russian Consulate."

West: "Could I speak to someone about my visa?"

Second Voice: "The man you want to speak to is not here. Ring back in five minutes."

West: "Thank you. What name should I ask for."

Second Voice: "Nobody."

(Five minutes later West reached a third voice, presumably the nobody, who informed him no word had come from Moscow about the visa.)

West: "Very well. Shall I keep ringing you, or will you ring me as soon as you hear from Moscow?"

Third Voice: "Listen, Mr. West, the best thing is, when we hear from Moscow, you ring us."

The makers of Eagle Shirts, tired of the conventional "light blue" and "dark green" colors, had a contest in which they gave prizes for more lively names of hues. Contestants crashed through with hundreds of entries, like Come Azure, Roe Cocoa, Goodclean Fawn, Conquered Grape, Tuckered Out Plum, and Old Chinese Sage. Eagle has now manufactured a button-down that looks like solid pink to me, but the company claims it is really Foreseeable Fuchsia. The vertical yarn is somewhere between a Robert Shaw Coral and a Lawsy Miss Scarlet, whereas the horizontal yarn is a sort of 'Enry 'Higgins Just You White.

There is also a shirt in Zane Gray. In the solid color it appears, Eagle says, more like Bipartisan Slate. If you want stripes you can have either Holy Mackerel Sapphire or World Cerise.

There's a corny saying about "show me who writes a nation's songs and I'll show you something-or-other." I maintain that if you find out who writes a nation's signs you should exile him. There is something that gets into Americans when they put instructions or information down for the rest of us. I thought of this the other night when I sat down for a seafood dinner at a rather well-thought-of restaurant on the Eastern Seaboard. A card on the table read:

"I am your waitress. I shall do everything possible to make your meal enjoyable. Should you desire service when I am away from the table please call the nearest waitress or hostess. They will quickly inform me of your desires. Thank you for your cooperation."

There is at least one thing sure about a restaurant where they would put something like that out: the service is going to be lousy, if not the food. I shall not comment beyond saying that reading that notice spoiled my appetite. I was told by my companion that the fried clams were delicious. Just a few miles from that eating establishment is a supermarket where a sign in a certain spot in the parking lot says: "No Parking. This Means You." This bolsters my

morale considerably. It's an old-fashioned sign in a modern age, and it shows there is still some Yankee know-how.

All the other supermarkets have signs that say: "Parking at Your Own Risk." In an antique shop there is a warning on the china shelf: "Handle at Your Own Risk." Considering that since we were born we have been wearing an imaginary sign around our necks—"Live at Your Own Risk"—these superfluous little notices are ludicrous, as well as devoid of legal significance. Why don't they use this language where it really counts, on medicine bottles? In our cabinet six bottles say: "Caution. Take only as directed." Thanks for reminding me. Yet the shaving cream doesn't have any such admonition, and you could get sick by taking it as not directed. Oh, sure, there are directions on shaving cream, because men are so stupid.

Here's one that says: "How to Shave. 1. Wash the face. 2. Rinse the face . . ." and so on, by the numbers. It's a good thing they say "shave," or a lot of dumbheads would think the tube contained a clock cleaner. The toothpaste points out, "Safe and effective for the entire family including adults and children of all ages." That's known as an iron-clad, air-tight toothbrushing contract.

The ammoniated mercury reminds us, "For external use only in treatment of superficial skin infections." I was about to swallow the stuff for my athlete's foot when I was saved by reading those words. The most confusing instruction is the inevitable "Shake Well Before Using." I use to shake before, during, and after using. Then I found out they meant the bottle. The label should read: "Shake Well Before Using. This Means Me."

You can't be too careful. The *New York Times*, when we failed to televise the moon, wrote that in 1959 the Russians released pictures "said to have been transmitted by a spacecraft from the back of the moon." And the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* prints the photograph saying the Russians "claimed" to have taken it.

Incidentally, Harvey Einbinder has "claimed" in his recent book that the *EB* is inadequate. I hope he realizes that the new edition devotes nineteen and a half pages to baseball!

Sharps and Flats: *Variety*, the show business weekly, reviewed the Liston-Clay fight as "Vaudeville. Dance and patter. 45 mins." The reviewer said among other things that the team displayed all the classic vaudeville patterns. "Liston is the straight man . . . Clay the loud-mouthed comic counterpart. . . . their act could use some tightening here and there to lend an element of credibility." Clay had the best writers, *Variety* said, and the ending of the act was weak.

► The Beatles seem to be pulling the wool over everybody's eyes, including their own.

► Read TRADE WINDS at your own risk. —JEROME BEATTY, JR.

SOLUTION TO LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1563)

(HELEN) MACINNES:
THE VENETIAN AFFAIR

"If we were sheep, or pigs, it would scarcely matter who shaped our history. When a sheep, or a pig, can eat and sleep and procreate, it is satisfied. It cannot even imagine tomorrow. But we have more to demand of our lives than that; and more is demanded of us."

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1

You look as if you lost your commutation ticket.

I've got the world on my shoulders.

2

You can talk to me.

I have a nice house, a new car, a wonderful wife, three great kids and a parakeet that calls me "cool cat."

3

That's a problem?

I also have a big mortgage, a car loan, four mouths to feed—not counting me and the bird—the kids to educate and so on. I feel like a walking obligation.

4

Listen, a lot of guys are in the same boat. Besides, you're young and you have a good job with a future. You'll get out from under.

But what if something happens to me? You know, man is not immortal.

5

You look pretty rugged to me.

You can't tell about those things. I have an idea I'm prone to poison ivy. I have to think about protecting my family.

6

That's no problem. You can give them all the protection they need with Living Insurance from Equitable. If you die, Living Insurance can pay off the mortgage, give your wife a monthly income, see the kids through school. On the other hand, you're the kind who'll probably live to 100, so you'll really appreciate the cash values that Living Insurance builds for a comfortable retirement.

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SR's Checklist of the Week's New Books

Anthropology, Archeology

GEORGES CUVIER, ZOOLOGIST: A Study in the History of Evolution Theory. By William Coleman. Harvard Univ. Press. $4.75.

MYTH AND RELIGION OF THE NORTH: The Religion of Ancient Scandinavia. By E. G. Turville-Petre. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $7.95.

THE SCIENTIST AND ARCHAEOLOGY. Edited by Edward Pyddoke. Roy. $6.95.

Art, Architecture

ENGRAVING IN ENGLAND IN THE SIXTEENTH AND SEVENTEENTH CENTURIES. Vol. III: The Reign of Charles I. By Margery K. Corbett and Michael Norton. Cambridge Univ. Press. $50.

MONASTIC ARCHITECTURE IN FRANCE FROM THE RENAISSANCE TO THE REVOLUTION. By Joan Evans. Cambridge Univ. Press. $27.50.

Business, Economics

ECONOMIC TRANSITION IN AFRICA. Edited by Melville J. Herskovits and Mitchell Harwitz. Northwestern Univ. Press. $9.50.

THE KING INCORPORATED: Leopold II in the Age of Trusts. By Neal Ascherson. Doubleday. $4.95.

MANAGERIAL BEHAVIOR: Administration in Complex Organizations. By Leonard R. Sayles. McGraw-Hill. $6.95.

THE OPERATING ENGINEER: The Economic History of a Trade Union. By Garth L. Mangum. Harvard Univ. Press. $7.50.

SUGAR AND SOCIETY IN THE CARIBBEAN: An Economic History of Cuban Agriculture. By Ramiro Guerra y Sanchez. Yale Univ. Press. $5.

WORKERS COUNCILS: A Study of Workplace Organization on Both Sides of the Iron Curtain. By Adolf Sturmthal. Harvard Univ. Press. $5.

Crime, Suspense

FROM 9 O'CLOCK TO JAMAICA BAY. By Daniel Broun. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $3.50.

NERVE. By Dick Francis. Harper & Row. $3.95.

Current Affairs

CORRUPTION IN DEVELOPING COUNTRIES. By Ronald Wraith and Edgar Simkins. Norton. $5.95.

NATURAL RESOURCES AND INTERNATIONAL DEVELOPMENT. Edited by Marion Clawson. Johns Hopkins. $7.50.

PEACE AND ARMS: Reports from *The Nation*. Edited by Henry M. Christman. Sheed & Ward. $4.50.

PEOPLE AND POLICY IN THE MIDDLE EAST. By Max W. Thornburg. Norton. $5.

TOMORROW'S WEAPONS. By Brigadier General J. H. Rothschild. McGraw-Hill. $5.95.

THE WALL OF SHAME. By Willard A. Heaps. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $3.95.

Education

STATE POLITICS AND THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS: An Exploratory Analysis. By Nicholas A. Masters, Robert H. Salisbury, and Thomas H. Eliot. Knopf. $6.95.

Fiction

THE BRIDE. By Alex Austin. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $4.95.

A CANDLE IN HER HEART. By Emilie Loring. Little, Brown. $3.95.

CAN I GET THERE BY CANDLELIGHT? By Julius Horwitz. Atheneum. $4.50.

THE COACH DRAWS NEAR. By Mary Savage. Torquil. $4.50.

EVERY MAN A MURDERER. By Heimito von Doderer. Knopf. $5.95.

A LOVE AFFAIR. By Dino Buzzati. Farrar, Straus. $4.95.

MISS BUNCLE. By D. E. Stevenson. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $5.95. (Reissue.)

PERDITA, GET LOST. By Alan R. Jackson. Simon & Schuster. $3.95.

A SIGN UPON MY HAND. By Marjorie Duhan Adler. Doubleday. $4.95.

TRADE WIND. By M. M. Kaye. Coward-McCann. $5.95.

History

GERMANY AND THE EMIGRATION, 1816-1885. By Mack Walker. Harvard Univ. Press. $5.75.

IMPERIAL SPAIN 1469-1716. By J. H. Elliott. St. Martin's. $7.95.

JAPAN PAST AND PRESENT. By Edwin O. Reischauer. Revised edition. Knopf. $4.75.

ONE NATION INDIVISIBLE: The Union in American Thought, 1776-1861. By Paul C. Nagel. Oxford Univ. Press. $7.

STRANGERS ON A BRIDGE: The Case of Colonel Abel. By James R. Donovan. Atheneum. $6.95.

THE UNITED STATES IN WORLD WAR II. By A. Russell Buchanan. Harper & Row. Two volumes, $6 each.

Literary Criticism

THE ART OF REARRANGEMENT: E. M. Forster's *Abinger Harvest*. By David I. Joseph. Yale Univ. Press. $5.

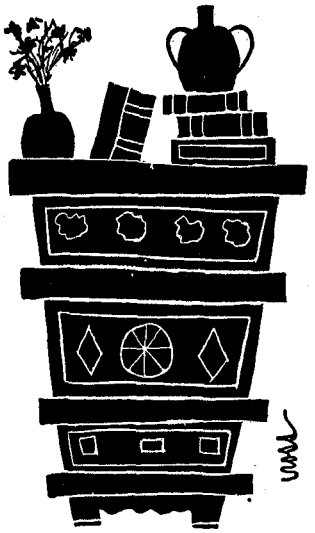
THE DREAM AND THE TASK: Literature and Morals in the Culture of Today. By Graham Hough. Norton. $4.50.

THE HYACINTH ROOM: An Investigation Into the Nature of Comedy, Tragedy, and Tragicomedy. By Cyrus Hoy. Knopf. $5.95.

MANNERISM—STYLE AND MOOD: An Anatomy of Four Works in Three Art Forms. By Daniel B. Rowland. Yale Univ. Press. $5.

MARLOWE: A Critical Study. By J. B. Steane. Cambridge Univ. Press. $6.50.

THE NEW ORPHEUS: Essays Toward a Christian Poetic. Edited by Nathan A. Scott. Sheed & Ward. $7.50.



Miscellany

BONSAI FOR AMERICANS: A Practical Guide to the Creation and Care of Miniature Potted Trees. By George F. Hull. Doubleday. $5.95.

ELEGANCE: A Complete Guide for Every Woman Who Wants to Be Well and Properly Dressed on All Occasions. By Genevieve Antoine Dariaux. Doubleday. $4.50.

A FIELD GUIDE TO THE BIRDS OF EAST AND CENTRAL AFRICA. By J. G. Williams. Houghton Mifflin. $6.75.

THE GOOD HOUSEKEEPING INTERNATIONAL COOKBOOK: Official World's Fair Edition. Edited by Dorothy B. Marsh. Harcourt, Brace & World. $3.95.

THE HISTORY OF THE BAROMETER. W. W. E. Knowles Middleton. Johns Hopkins. $10.95.

HUNGRY TIGER: The Story of the Flying Tiger Line. By Frank Cameron. McGraw-Hill. $4.95.

INTRODUCTION TO THE WORLD OF ORCHIDS. By G. C. K. Dunsterville. Doubleday. $11.75.

I TRY TO BEHAVE MYSELF. By Peg Bracken. Harcourt, Brace & World. $3.75.

Music

IMAGE AND STRUCTURE IN CHAMBER MUSIC. By Donald N. Ferguson. Univ. of Minnesota Press. $6.50.

A LITTLE NIGHT MUSIC. By Samuel Chotzinoff. Harper & Row. $5.

SCALES, INTERVALS, KEYS AND TRIADS. By John Clough. Norton. $4.

Political Science

EQUALITY IN POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY. By Sanford A. Lakoff. Harvard Univ. Press. $5.95.

MAJOR DOCTRINES OF COMMUNIST CHINA. By John Wilson Lewis. Norton. $6.

Personal History

I CANNOT FORGIVE. By Dr. Rudolph Vrba. Grove. $5.

THE LETTERS OF WYNDHAM LEWIS. Edited by W. K. Rose. New Directions. $8.50.

MAP OF ANOTHER TOWN: A Memoir of Provence. By M. F. K. Fisher. Little, Brown. $5.75.

ROBERT FROST IN RUSSIA. By F. D. Reeve. Atlantic-Little, Brown. $3.95.

ULENDO: Travels of a Naturalist In and Out of Africa. By Archie Carr. Knopf. $5.95.

Poetry

ALCOOLS: Poems 1898-1913. By Guillaume Apollinaire. Translated by William Meredith. Doubleday. $4.95.

Religion, Philosophy

THE HISTORICAL JESUS AND THE KERYGMATIC CHRIST. Edited by Carl E. Braaten and Roy A. Harrisville. Abingdon. $5.

THE PIONEER OF OUR FAITH: A New Life of Jesus. By S. Vernon McCasland. McGraw-Hill. $4.95.

SHEPHERD OF MANKIND: A Biography of

(*Continued on page 45*)

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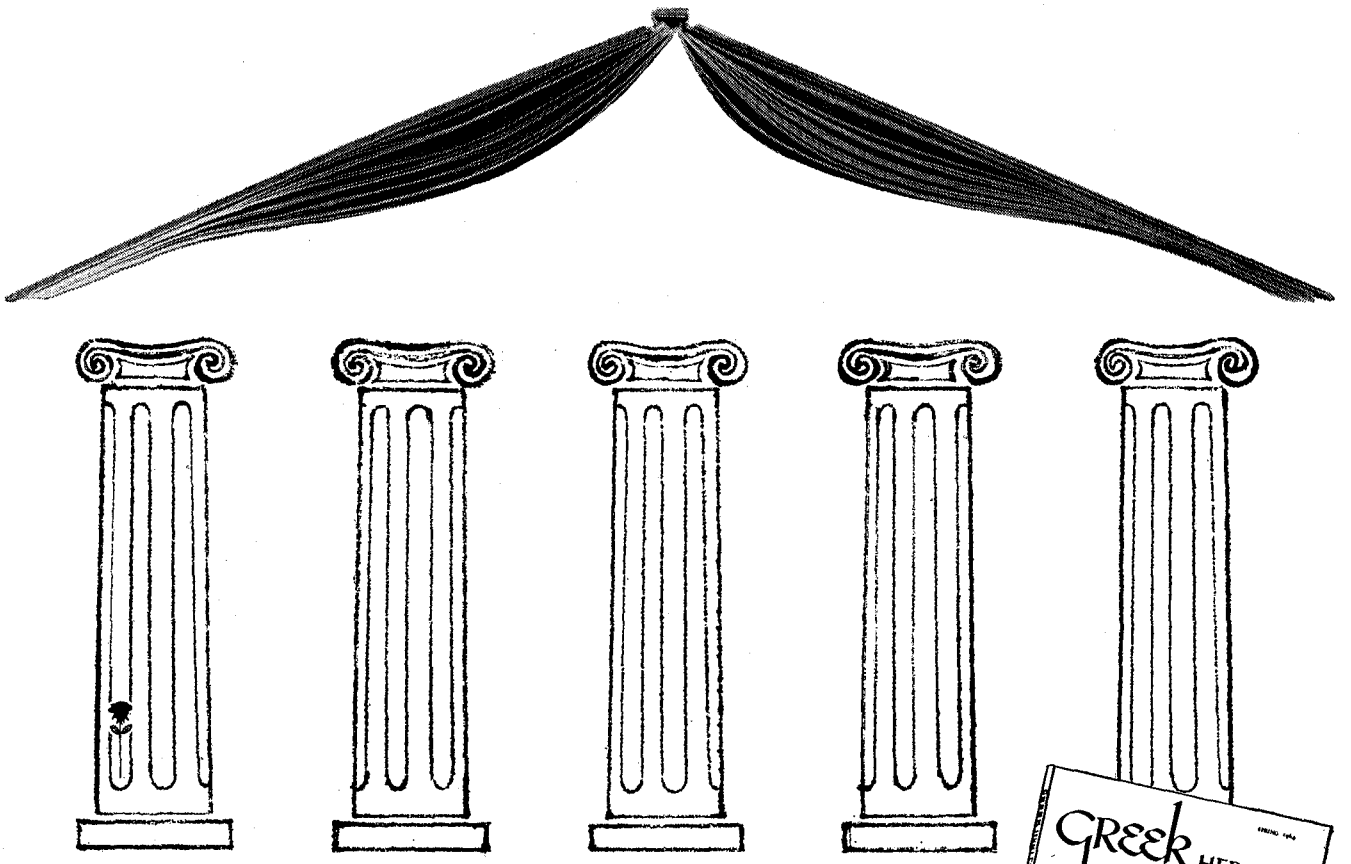

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The Arts As A National Resource

The U.S. Secretary of the Interior suggests some guidelines for moving toward a "new Augustan Age" in culture

By STEWART L. UDALL

IF HOLOCAUST were to overtake us in mid-flight, it is likely that the Toynbees of tomorrow would render a mixed verdict on American civilization. It is predictable, I think, that they would admire our science and technology, our standard of living, our creature comforts and miracle machines. They would respect our sincere accomplishments in establishing an equal-opportunity society and acclaim our enormous contribution to the theory and practice of democratic government.

But what would these historians say about the quality of American life? What would be their verdict about our insight into the good, the true, the beautiful, and the wise?

It is clear that America has reached an unprecedented pinnacle of power and affluence in this country, but our achievements have been lopsided. Our generation has necessarily been so preoccupied with the triumphs of technology and the uses of military and economic power that we have neglected the one realm that in the long run can confer lasting meaning on American civilization and leadership—the realm, in its highest and broadest sense, of the arts. Plainly, a cultural revolution has not kept pace with a scientific and technological revolution.

American society has reached the edge of a new era, an era in which science holds out the hope of abundant life for all, but in which freedom is confused by affluence and the individual is often overwhelmed by the subtle appeal of the tawdry and the second-rate. Although much remains to be done in our country, in spite of our efforts to eliminate the dark pockets of poverty and the last deep stains of racial injustice, we must—in what some call the age of interspace—become increasingly concerned with the inner life of the American people. Our seeming worship of our Gross National Product as the ultimate index of national well-being and our overweening pride in the sophistications of science that make our cars and computers and the products of our machines the wonder of the age are matters that should give us pause. We have from the beginning underestimated the arts in this country, and we now run the risk that we will become so preoccupied with technology, the uses of military and economic power, physical power and prosperity, that the things of the spirit will not prosper.

The most subtle challenge today for American society is to provide the richest life for the greatest number, to set new currents of thought in motion that enable American civilization to enrich the lives of its citizens—and to make a full contribution to world order and the right kind of world progress as well. The United States is a powerful nation. If she is to become a noble nation—in the sense that Greece and Rome were, for a season, noble—art and philosophy must flourish, so that the outward ripple of our cultural influence will be welcomed on distant shores and will leave a deposit there. This can be done only if we create a climate in which the arts can thrive and individual excellence will be suitably esteemed.

Part of the trouble is that technology has not only made life incredibly complex, but has confused our values with its ever-present invitation to indulgence in conspicuous consumption and enervating entertainment. Worse, the specialization and fragmentation of thought that have ensued make it far more difficult for us to develop all the attributes of a mature society. Perhaps C. P. Snow has overstated the case, but his talk of two increasingly compartmentalized and hostile cultures—the sciences and the humanities—has at least dramatized the problem. Certainly the onrush of science that has produced the age of specialization has made us look longingly back to the time of Jefferson and Franklin, when the generalist, the whole man, had dominion.

Art is not an ornament to be worn for a day in its newest gloss, or a plaything of an intellectual elite, but an elixir that nourishes the best and highest impulses in man. It is the artists and men of ideas who have done, and will do, the most to determine our national purpose, to fix our national character, and to shape the American legacy. Creative men, therefore, must be projected to their rightful position of respect and encouragement in the forefront of American affairs.

NEARLY three years ago, when the late President Kennedy was inaugurated, the late Robert Frost was invited to come to Washington as a sort of presiding patriarch to prophesy about the future of America. In an optimistic moment he prophesied that America possessed the potential to be the center of a "new Augustan Age," in which poetry combined with great power could produce a great civilization. We would win and deserve greatness, he told official Washington, only if our enormous power was exercised with "grace." He had in mind the arts.

The old poet's hope apparently caused men in high places to ponder,

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and several months before his shocking assassination President Kennedy eloquently restated the case for the arts in America in these words:

"It's hardly an accident that Robert Frost coupled poetry and power. For he saw poetry as the means of saving power from itself.

"When power leads man toward arrogance, poetry reminds him of his limitations. When power narrows the areas of man's concern, poetry reminds him of the richness and diversity of his existence. When power corrupts, poetry cleanses.

"For art establishes the basic human truths which must serve as the touchstones of our judgment. The artist, however faithful to his personal vision of reality, becomes the last champion of the individual mind and sensibility against an intrusive society and an officious state."

And he concluded, "I see little of more importance to the future of our country and our civilization than full recognition of the place of the artist."

AT the very beginning of our republic, Thomas Jefferson wrote "from the heart" that the one thing that he envied the more advanced nations of Western Europe was their art. Aware that raw courage and physical prowess of the colonists were secondary virtues, Jefferson recognized that in the long run America could not hope to influence the affairs of mankind unless she had a cultural awakening.

Jefferson envied British culture because he grasped that it was the key to the durability and glory of British power. He accorded Britain more respect than Spain, not because she had destroyed the Spanish Armada or "ruled the waves" or possessed far-flung colonies, but because she had developed a culture that could produce such enduring human institutions as the parliamentary system of government, the English common law, and a mode of colonial rule that enabled her to govern diverse areas of the world with enlightenment and humaneness. It was not her kings, but her kingly minds—the Shakespeares and Chaucers and Purcells and Christopher Wrens—that Jefferson envied; not her empire, but the empire of the mind that such men produced. Jefferson saw clearly that the success of British society was directly related to a flowering of the human spirit that, daily, gave fresh hope to the human enterprise.

Jefferson's major premise—the assumption that the arts are at the center of the essential dialogue in a democracy—is as valid today as it was two centuries ago. The arts, when they are given the pre-eminence they deserve, affect our daily lives, permeate our politics, give insight to our science, and renew our aspirations. Thus the creative output of each age adds a morsel to the rich experience of the past that deepens man's understanding of his world and of himself.

Creativity that produces the rich civilization that we desire cannot, however, be limited strictly to the fine arts. The arts that need encouragement extend beyond art galleries, theaters, and symphony orchestras. America, in short, must seek to stimulate any creative process that adds beauty and livability to American society.

One such art is the art of city planning. Not long ago Walter Gropius observed that we would find our city planning problems insoluble until we had developed "the right balance and coordination between the artist, the scientist, and the businessman."

Clearly, until we admit the essential oneness of our cities and set out systematically to conserve them—giving the architect, designer, engineer, sculptor, painter, and conservationist full say in the process—we will never plan or build great cities.

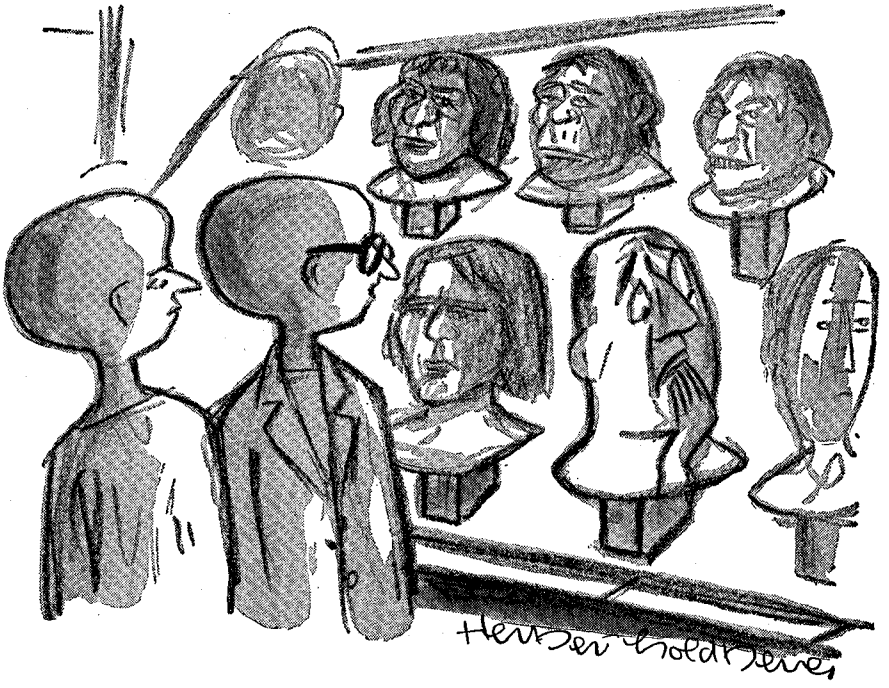
Until recent years man did not have to worry about nature, because men had so little effect upon the natural world. It was Henry David Thoreau who once asked, "What is the use of a house if you haven't got a tolerable planet to put it on?"

His query will go unanswered unless America can sustain a life-giving environment. If this is to happen, the specialists must begin to fight together for the arts as a totality whose every splinter is vital to the American character.

Where the arts are concerned, the success of American civilization can be measured in many ways, for cultural achievement manifests itself at many levels of society.

First, there is the degree of public response. This is a sound index, but mass participation (the sale of books and records, the attendance at art galleries or concerts) must not be taken as the final measuring stick. This alone risks encouragement of mediocrity in place of quality, of superficiality instead of true appreciation.

Second, there is what one might call the "geniuses produced" test, for the



"... and this is twentieth-century man. . . ."

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number of really great artists that come from any one age is also one, but only one, clear test of the quality of a nation's culture.

The third measurement, and perhaps the most important, is the general attitude of a society toward the arts, including the climate for artistic creation that this attitude produces. If American culture is to bloom, all encumbrances that hamper creativity must be stripped away. The difference between meaningful art that ennobles or elevates and entertainment that distracts must be crystalized. Certainly, there is room in any society for entertainment, but the real battle in the arts is to get Americans to appreciate really good art, to get them to demand excellence and depth, not cleverness and diversion. If this is to come about, the value of the performing arts must transcend the profit-seeking motives of show business.

Only when this revolution in attitudes takes place, when arts that provoke rather than lull become not just a recognized value but a genuine need for the individual and the society can America think of herself as culturally mature.

Only when men recognize this need within themselves and their society will the arts influence the institutions of society in the way they should.

If America ever reaches this point, she will be able to look for a favorable judgment on the fourth measure of cultural success: the nation's lasting influence on the world at large. When nations and men reach out for American culture, not just for the betterment of merely the material and political side of man, but for the betterment of the whole man, this would truly be Frost's "new Augustan Age."

The Late President's Last Reflections on the Arts

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following article, the last written by President Kennedy on the subject of the arts, appears here through special arrangement with Ridge Press, which has just published the book "Creative America" for the National Cultural Center in Washington, D.C. The late President's article is one of several essays written for the book by leading spokesmen in the arts.*

By JOHN F. KENNEDY

ONE afternoon in the fateful year 1940, the President of the United States had two callers. The first was Lord Lothian, the British Ambassador, who had just flown in from London to give Franklin D. Roosevelt an eyewitness account of the bombing of London. The second was Francis H. Taylor, museum director and authority on the history of art. Taylor waited for two hours while the President and Lothian talked. When he finally entered, he found the President "white as a sheet." Yet the President, we are told, kept Taylor in his office that afternoon for another hour and a half. Turning from a grim preoccupation with the war, Franklin Roosevelt talked about the fine arts in American life. He spoke of plans for broadening the appreciation of art and looked forward to a day when "every schoolhouse would have contemporary American paintings hanging on its walls." George Biddle, the distinguished American artist who records this meeting, adds on his own: "Roosevelt had little discrimination in his taste in painting and sculpture. [But] he had a more clear understanding of what art could mean in the life of a community—for the soul of a nation—than any man I have known."

In the same year of 1941, Roosevelt himself recalled another President who also found time in the midst of great national trials to concern himself with artistic endeavors. It was in the third year of the Civil War—as Roosevelt told the story in a speech dedicating the National Gallery in Washington, D.C.—and men and women had gathered to see the Capitol dome completed and the bronze goddess of liberty set upon the top. "It had been an expensive and laborious business," Roosevelt said, "diverting labor and money from the prosecution of the war, and certain critics . . . found much to criticize. There were new marble pillars in the Senate wing of the Capitol; there was a bronze door for the central portion and other such expenditures and embellishments. But the President of the United States—whose name was Lincoln—when he heard these criticisms, answered: 'If the people see the Capitol going on, it is a sign that we intend this Union shall go on.'" Both Roosevelt and Lincoln understood that the life of the arts, far from being an interruption, a distraction, in the life of a nation, is very close to the center of a nation's purpose—and is a test of the quality of a nation's civilization. That is why we should be glad today that the interest of the American people in the arts seems at a new high.

Looking at the American scene, I am impressed by its diversity and vitality—by the myriad ways in which Americans find enlightenment, exercise, entertainment, and fulfilment. Everyone, young and old, seems to be busy. Our roads and seashores are crowded; the great parks draw visitors in unprecedented numbers. Sports thrive, and even such formerly humdrum activities as buying groceries for the family take on a holiday aspect in the new shopping centers. In the midst of all this activity, it is only natural that people should be more active in pursuit of the arts. The statistics are gratifying—books have become a billion-dollar business; more money is spent each year in going to concerts than to baseball games; our galleries and museums are crowded; community theaters and community symphony orchestras have spread across the land; there are an estimated 33,000,000 Americans who play musical instruments. And all this expresses, I believe, something more than merely the avidity with which goods of all kinds are being acquired in our exuberant society. A need within contemporary civilization, a hunger for certain values and satisfactions, appears to be urging us all to explore and appreciate areas of life which in the past we have sometimes neglected in the United States.

TOO often in the past, we have thought of the artist as an idler and dilettante and of the lover of arts as somehow sissy or effete. We have done both an injustice. The life of the artist is, in relation to his work, stern and lonely. He has labored hard, often amid deprivation, to perfect his skill. He has turned aside from quick success in order to strip his vision of everything secondary or cheapening. His working life is marked by intense application and intense discipline. As for the lover of arts, it is he who, by subjecting himself to the sometimes disturbing experience of art, sustains the artist—and seeks only the reward that his life will, in consequence, be the more fully lived. Today we recognize increasingly the essentiality of artistic achievement. This is part, I think, of a nationwide movement toward excellence—a movement that had its start in the admiration of expertness and skill in our technical society, but that now demands quality in all realms of human achievement. It is part, too, of a feeling that art is the great unifying and humanizing experience. We know that science, for example, is indispen-

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sable—but we also know that science, if divorced from a knowledge of man and of man's ways, can stunt a civilization. And so the educated man—and very often the man who has had the best scientific education—reaches out for the experience which the arts alone provide. He wants to explore the side of life that expresses the emotions and embodies values and ideals of beauty.

Above all, we are coming to understand that the arts incarnate the creativity of a free society. We know that a totalitarian society can promote the arts in its own way—that it can arrange for splendid productions of opera and ballet, as it can arrange for the restoration of ancient and historic buildings. But art means more than the resuscitation of the past: it means the free and unconfined search for new ways of expressing the experience of the present and the vision of the future. When the creative impulse cannot flourish freely, when it cannot freely select its methods and objects, when it is deprived of spontaneity, then society severs the root of art.

Yet this fact surely imposes an obligation on those who acclaim the freedom of their own society—an obligation to accord the arts attention and respect and status, so that what freedom makes possible, a free society will make necessary. I have called for a higher degree of physical fitness in our nation. It is only natural that I should call, as well, for the kind of intellectual and spiritual fitness that underlies the flowering of the arts.

A nation's government can expect to play only an indirect and marginal role in the arts. Government's essential job—the organization and administration of great affairs—is too gross and unwieldy for the management of individual genius. But this does not mean that government is not, or should not be, concerned with the arts. A free government is the reflection of a people's will and desire—and ultimately of their taste. It is also, at its best, a leading force, an example, and teacher. I would like to see everything government does in the course of its activities marked by high quality. I would like to see the works of government represent the best our artists, designers, and builders can achieve. I want to make sure that policies of government do not indirectly or unnecessarily put barriers in the way of the full expression of America's creative genius.

The arts in the United States are, like so many other of our activities, varied and decentralized to a high degree. Private benefactors, foundations, schools and colleges, business corporations, the local community, the city, and the state combine in widely differing proportions to organize and support the institutions of culture. I would hope that in the years ahead, as our cultural life develops and takes on new forms, the federal government would be prepared to play its proper role in encouraging cultural activities throughout the nation.

In the nation's capital, the federal government, of course, has special obligations. There is, first, the fact that the District of Columbia lies directly within federal jurisdiction. Beyond this, there is the fact that, as the capital of our nation, Washington inevitably becomes to a degree a showcase of our culture. In other countries, capitals have been located in great cities with a historic identity and cultural life of their own. But Washington, it has been remarked, is a single-industry town—and that industry is politics and statecraft. Such an environment, some have said, provides barren soil for the arts. Yet, despite this, the community of Washington has done much to welcome and encourage cultural activity.

Still, our vision must look beyond the pleasure of the community to the leadership of the nation. In this vision, the National Cultural Center will play a vital role. The center, which Congress has chartered and for which it has given land, aims to be part of a broad effort to stimulate the performing arts. It was not conceived as a group of halls and theaters to benefit Washington audiences alone. Here visitors and tourists will come throughout the year, bringing back to their communities a sense of what the performance of great works can mean in their lives—and a proud realization that their nation's capital is a focus of creative activities. In many other ways, the National Cultural Center will interact with the cultural life of communities across the country. The finest of our symphony orchestras will play here; local repertory theaters and opera and ballet groups, increasing in numbers and professional status, should find their appearance in the nation's capital a distinction eagerly sought. The center will, I hope, become in the broadest sense an educational as well as a cultural institution, helping to stimulate the formation of similar groups in other cities.

OTHER countries have their national theater and opera, permanently situated in the capital and singled out for their government's special concern. Better fitted to the needs of the United States is the idea of the Cultural Center, a great stage hospitable to the best coming from this country and abroad, an institution encouraging the development of the performing arts in all their diversity of origin and variety of form. I earnestly hope that the backing of citizens across the country will make possible the fulfilment of these plans.

To work for the progress of the arts in America is exciting and fruitful because what we are dealing with touches virtually all the citizens. There will always be of necessity, in any society, a mere handful of genuinely creative individuals, the men and women who shape in words or images the enduring work of art. Among us, even this group tends to be enlarged. "I hear America singing," said Walt Whitman. He would certainly hear it singing with many voices if he were alive today. Outside the group of active participants stands the great audience. Perhaps no country has ever had so many people so eager to share a delight in the arts. Individuals of all trades and professions, of all ages, in all parts of the country, wait for the curtain to rise—wait for the door that leads to new enjoyments to open.

This wonderful equality in the cultural world is an old American phenomenon. Tocqueville, in the 1830s, described how on the remotest frontier, in a wilderness that seemed "the asylum of all miseries," Americans preserved an interest in cultural and intellectual matters. "You penetrate paths scarcely cleared," said Tocqueville. "You perceive, finally, a cleared field, a cabin . . . with a tiny window." You might think, he continues, that you have come at last to the home of an American peasant. But you would be wrong. "The man wears the same clothes as you; he speaks the language of the cities. On his rude table are books and newspapers."

The cabin with its tiny window has vanished. Yet we might expect to find its counterparts today in homes that would seem quite as remote from the arts. The suburban housewife harassed by the care of her children, the husband weary after the day's work, young people bent on a good time—these might not appear in a mood to enjoy intellectual or artistic pursuit. Still, on the table lie paperbound reprints of the best books of the ages. By the phonograph is a shelf of recordings of the classics of music. On the wall hang reproductions of the masterpieces of art.

To further the appreciation of culture among all the people, to increase respect for the creative individual, to widen participation by all the processes and fulfillments of art—this is one of the fascinating challenges of these days.

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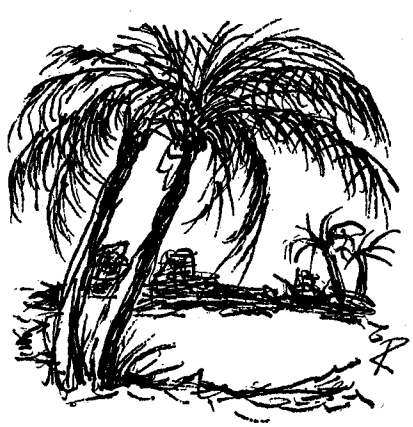
Ship of Hope

ON SEPTEMBER 20, 1960, the S.S. *Hope* sailed for her first country of call, Indonesia. In September of 1964, this same S.S. *Hope* will sail directly from Ecuador to Guinea for her first visit to Africa. In the intervening four years the American medical staff aboard the trim white ship will have trained more than 2,750 doctors, nurses, and auxiliary medical personnel in Indonesia, South Vietnam, Peru, and Ecuador. By the end of *Hope's* stay in Ecuador next fall, some 5,000 major operations will have been performed by her staff in the countries visited. At least half a million people in these countries will have been immunized against polio, diphtheria, tetanus, typhoid fever, whooping cough, and other diseases disastrous to populations that are normally without adequate medical care.

When the *Hope* arrived in Saigon, her staff found local customs of midwifery and witch doctors deterrents to good health; crippling polio among children was also pathetically prevalent. Unarrested and unattended tumors were common throughout Southwest Asia. And in South America, harelips, facial malformations, cleft palates, and eye cataracts had a high rate of incidence.

One way of overcoming indigenous, crippling ill health in the countries visited has been to train local medical personnel who would in turn help future generations to enjoy a better physical existence. Volunteer teams of thirty to thirty-five medical and surgical specialists, working without pay, have been flown to the ship on a rotating basis for tours of duty of from two to four months, for the need for surgery has been paramount everywhere. These physicians work with the permanent staff on board the *Hope*, which includes five physicians, thirty-six nurses, and twenty-five auxiliary medical personnel. The matter of reducing simple hernia alone will keep the medical staff of the S.S. *Hope* occupied night and day when she reaches Africa.

Because many of the countries visited did not have up-to-date medical books or journals, perhaps the *Hope's* greatest contribution has been to leave behind thousands of modern volumes on medicine and surgery—6,000 in Indonesia, 2,000 in South Vietnam, and 10,000 more in Peru and Ecuador. Thirty countries have formally invited the *Hope* to visit them in order to improve their own medical techniques and skills. Practical dietary aids have been fundamental. Every day, the "Iron Cow" on the S.S. *Hope* turns out hundreds of half-pints of milk which are distributed to local children. This ancillary program helps combat malnutrition and tuberculosis. The rate of milk distribution is an astonishing 3,000 quarts per week.



Nor have the *Hope's* personnel and administration suffered from lack of volunteers. Over 3,000 applications have been received from doctors all around the United States, usually on a voluntary rotating basis. Nurses and paramedical personnel have been equally eager to join what is perhaps the most exciting voluntary medical assistance program in the history of mankind. *Hope* has, incidentally, the formal endorsement of both the American Medical Association and the American Dental Association. While it is a voluntary project with headquarters in Washington, D.C., it does receive some financial assistance from the United States Government for the operation of the ship itself.

To have treated 100,000 human beings, immunized half a million more who would otherwise have never known good health, and trained 2,750 doctors, nurses, and medical technicians in fewer than four years is an achievement as astonishing as it is heartwarming. Communism continues to gain footholds wherever disease and poverty remain; and here is a practical antidote, a program carried on in democratic fashion to the credit of the cause of the free world. In one port of call, Salaverry, Peru, the first weeks of *Hope's* visit were filled with suspicion and downright antagonism. When, ten months later, the good ship *Hope* pulled reluctantly out of the littered harbor, 40,000 Peruvians lined every foot of shoreline and the water was massed with flowers cast by a grateful and tearful populace, some of whom had walked barefoot for thirty miles to thank their Yankee benefactors.

The American system is, fundamentally, the voluntary system whenever and wherever it will work. Nothing is more sophisticated and nothing more difficult to operate smoothly than this method, which requires a restraint and a political ethic not always found in lands accustomed to authoritarian ways. But when the voluntary system works, it seems to set up a contagion of its own. The S.S. *Hope* derives from the People to People program, and the very facts that the white ship of mercy isn't politically sponsored, isn't wholly tax-supported, isn't part of a propaganda routine have helped make the *Hope* venture successful. Since the voluntary way is precisely that, however, it requires the help of sensible, responsible people; some $5,000,000 is the *Hope's* immediate goal. It will get it, too, for the American people know a good thing when they see one, and the logic and patent success of the *Hope's* first four years are overwhelmingly persuasive. —R.L.T.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Looking the Other Way?

THE ARTICLE "Richmond's Quiet Revolution" [*SR*, Feb. 29] was encouraging reading. Isn't it significant that Louisville, Kentucky, has made the same kind of progress in race relations? Both of these cities are considered Southern cities. Why couldn't they have been in the nation's headlines, rather than those cities that have resorted to violence?

MRS. C. L. FLEECE.

Fayette, Mo.

The Story Hour

IN HIS COLUMN "A Cadillac Full of Diamonds" [*SR*, Mar. 7] John Ciardi has brought out beautifully his view of life. It took me a few moments to comprehend the story's meaning, but after some thought and application of what I know of Mr. Ciardi's poetry, the moral was clear. The little story is a clear and laconic example of the age-old *"C'est la vie."*

DANIEL J. KAUFMAN.

Great Neck, N.Y.

Man, Mammals, and Monogamy

CLEVELAND AMORY SEEMS to have been misled by the professional background of Dr. Russel V. Lee of the Palo Alto Medical Research Foundation when he quoted Dr. Lee as saying, "Considering man as he is, as a mammal, monogamous marriage is a bizarre and unnatural state" [*SR*, Mar. 7].

Scientists acquainted with recent biological findings know that a number of mammalian animals are monogamous. Wolves are; their family life conforms almost exactly to human ideals of marital loyalty. So does that of coyotes. Foxes are so intensely monogamous that the owners of fox farms are handicapped in trying to mate superior males with several females. Some hoofed species have the harem type of family life, but moose are monogamous, at least during any one season; it is not known whether the same pairs came together in succeeding years.

Gibbons are the apes to whom we are most closely related in our primate inheritance. They mate for life, and to the end the pairs show an expressive tenderness toward each other.

It is always interesting and helpful to know how animals solve problems that parallel ours—but only, of course, if our information is accurate.

SALLY CARRIGHAR.

Pennington, N.J.

Liberalism Revisited

YOUR SELECTION OF Arthur Larson to start the series "Position Papers—1964" [*SR*, Feb. 29] is commendable. His article "What Is Liberal Republicanism?" makes good reading for all progressive Americans. But they know, as does Mr. Larson, who found out the hard way, that the real leaders of the Republican Party are the conservatives. They do not want to be modern or liberal Republicans, and they are not going to accept a Rockefeller, a Scranton, or a Lodge to lead the party.

Mr. Larson's philosophy of government is in the tradition of Lincoln's dictum to serve the needs of people where they cannot serve themselves. He looks ahead to a political party that represents the ideals, the aspirations, and the hopes of Americans. Unfortunately, he addresses himself to the wrong party.

BERNARD GOODMAN.

Woodbury, N.Y.

THE ARTICLE BY Arthur Larson is a real eye-opener. I never realized that the leadership of the Republican Party is composed of nothing but incorruptible, patriotic gentlemen whose only motivation is principle and the good of the republic, while Democratic leaders are self-seeking demagogues who act only out of expediency and self-interest.

Mr. Larson will be happy to know that I and millions of hitherto deluded citizens will immediately throw our support to the Republicans. Given the facts, how could we do otherwise?

CHARLES RALLIDES.

New York, N.Y.

ARTHUR LARSON'S article reminded me of a trip down a slide. Straightway we climb to the perch with a fine analysis of what constitutes the "voice of the party," but then, whoosh, we slide down on his attack of Johnson's lack of principle—leveling off to the conclusion that the GOP possesses superior management talent and so deserves the Presidency.

A fun trip, but I was not moved. . . .

It seems the real significance of the article lies in the first paragraph wherein our liberal Republican author is alternately applauded and attacked with the outcry, "You are really a Democrat." Today growing numbers of Republicans and Democrats display more similarities than differences. Alignments shift, labels overlap and fade, and a new party system is in gestation. The feedback response will have a salutary effect on the nation.

JERRY READE.

New York, N.Y.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Mrs. Socrates says to stop solving cosmic problems and come home and clean the well."

Dead End

IT HAS ONLY this week been brought to my attention that in his article "How Much Should a Biographer Tell?" [*SR*, Jan. 25] Stephen Spender wrote as follows: "Quite recently, a distinguished novelist and critic, Pamela Hansford Johnson, declared in a letter to a weekly that after reading the letters of James Joyce to his wife that are the property of an American university she could not have any regard for Joyce's novels."

This is entirely untrue and, despite the complimentary description with which the sentence begins, is derogatory to me as a critic. I have had to contend with Mr. Spender before. In *The Listener* (London) of October 25, 1962, Mr. Spender, with reference to my essay on literature in *The Baldwin Age* (London, 1960), accused me of (among other things) "suppressing the point" that the whole intention of Joyce's writing was "to achieve a total objectivity." I replied (*The Listener*, November 1, 1962) that I didn't "suppress" it, because I didn't believe it, and that after studying the Joyce-Nora correspondence at Cornell, I did not see how anyone could. That is, I now regarded Joyce as a subjective writer. This is not a pejorative statement; it is the statement of a critical position, based on the facts.

I never said, at any time, that I no longer had any regard for Joyce's novels: I would not be so idiotic. I did say that I regarded *Finnegans Wake* as a dead end in literature and invited Mr. Spender to attack me on that score (rather than upon scores invented by himself). Mr. Spender's statement in *SR* is at best careless and at the worst naughty.

PAMELA HANSFORD JOHNSON.

London, England

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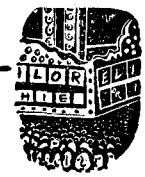

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Fantasy and Fun

IN *The Troublemaker,* produced by the satirical group of fun-makers responsible for off-Broadway's *The Premise,* an ingenuous young man arrives in New York with the intention of opening a coffeehouse. In *The Seven Faces of Dr. Lao,* produced for M-G-M by George Pal, whose specialty is special effects, an ancient Chinaman arrives in a nondescript Western town with the intention of putting on a circus. The similarity between the two pictures ends there, for, although both are offered as comedies, they go about the business of producing laughter in diametrically opposite ways.

Dr. Lao, which is based on Charles G. Finney's beloved novel, is a calculated affair, with everything carefully measured and weighed—so many drops of fantasy, so many ounces of philosophy, so many pounds of action, romance, and plot. Both the fantasy and the philosophy stem from the book, and screenwriter Charles Beaumont is to be credited for transcribing felicitously the chimerical essence that made the original so endearing. For Dr. Lao, in his wonderful circus, entertains his audiences by providing a projection of themselves. The local harridan, with curlers in her hair, becomes a Medusa. The town's librarian—sexually repressed as, by convention, all town librarians must be—visits the circus and dances there with Pan. The richest citizen, who plots to buy up all the land cheap in order to sell it at a handsome profit to the railroads, sees himself as a highly vocal snake.

What stops the fantasy dead in its tracks, however, and makes the film often as conventional and trite as *The Music Man* without music, is a subplot involving the librarian (Barbara Eden) and a young, upright newspaper publisher (John Ericson). The circus, imaginatively designed and lit, is constantly being forced off the screen by the exigencies of story development—and the story, in which the land grabber (Arthur O'Connell) attempts to silence the newspaperman, would be considered primitive even by Saturday-afternoon serial standards. All too obviously, producer Pal felt that stock villainies and standardized heroics would mitigate the daring of his fantasy. Actually, the plethora of plot not only mitigates the fantasy; it submerges it.

Also submerged, but under layers of plastic makeup, is Tony Randall, who supplies all seven faces of Dr. Lao—and an assortment of voices to match—but oddly little by way of characterization. Perhaps the makeup is the reason. Randall, ordinarily an intelligent and attractive performer, was so hidden away from the camera that he seemed to feel the disguises did everything. He was constantly being concealed behind masks, robes, and pelts; he became the armature of the statue, not the finished work. And George Pal, who doubled as director, was as insecure with his actors as he was uncertain about his material. How else could Arthur O'Connell be induced to give a bad performance? But Pal does know special effects; and whenever Dr. Lao is showing off his magic circus, Pal demonstrates his own wizardry with charm and a quiet humor. These parts of the film, for which everything else was merely an excuse, almost excuse the rest of the film.

IN *The Troublemaker,* on the other hand, nothing was calculated—except, perhaps, how to make every penny of a limited budget stretch to the utmost. Although Jack Henry and Theodore J. Flicker are credited with writing the film, and Flicker with the direction as well, it all bubbles along with a disarming air of off-the-cuff improvisation, post-midnight inspiration, and occasionally on-the-set desperation. Apparently in setting up his original Premise, Flicker encountered more than his share of outstretched palms, both official and unofficial, that had to be greased before he could open his entertainment (and, if memory serves, probably needed constant regreasing, for his show was always being threatened by one agency or another).

But Flicker does not look back in anger. His attitude is rather one of dismay at his own naïveté in even imagining that in New York one could go into a legitimate business legitimately. Tom Aldredge plays this innocent with a winning verve, Buck Henry is delightfully owlish as his lawyer friend who knows all the ropes and makes all the connections, and a sinister comic named James Frawley, in the manner of the day, plays three of the grafters who stand between Aldredge and his coffeehouse. Best of all, *The Troublemaker* is a healthy, and often successful, attempt to get back to the free-wheeling wildness of the old silent film comedies, particularly those of Harold Lloyd.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

The Urbane League

THE third and final offering by the Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center is S. N. Behrman's *But for Whom Charlie*. The Charlie in question—a man "but for whom" a number of authors say they wouldn't have written works they inscribe to him—is an opportunist created by Mr. Behrman to epitomize the sort of middleman today's writer must too often come to terms with. In the play he administers a foundation for needy writers with ruthless self-interest. With him frankness is a pose and an assignation the first but not necessarily clinching step to a grant. Most insidious of all is his evaluation of applications not on their merits but on the basis of personality.

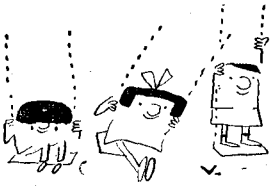
We see Charlie turn down a very worthwhile work because its genius author is a psychotic drunk who goes around panning Charlie's administration of the foundation. This young writer is Willard Prosper, the beatnik son of a deceased Nobel Prize playwright. One cannot help remembering that Eugene O'Neill was the only American playwright ever to win the Nobel Prize and that a great many other details match some of the things we know about O'Neill's children and his last wife.

However, as in *After the Fall*, the theatergoer should be cautioned against assuming that because some of the details seem to match, all of them are true. In the play, for instance, the children complain that all the money has been left to their stepmother, whereas in fact the children received two-thirds of O'Neill's only wealth, his posthumous play royalties.

Since all these pseudo-biographical fillips are only tangential to Mr. Behrman's play, they serve to distract our focus from the social comedy he has only partly written. That comedy contains frequent flashes of wit and insight into this society's "morass of evil," whose sole virtue is that it "provides a wide margin for adventure." In its plays all heroes are impotent, while in its life there is a population explosion. While Mr. Behrman is ultimately obliged to take a moral position—which is that terrible times like these call for more rather than less scrupulous behavior from institutions—the play's most telling lines are cynical. For example, someone asks, "If every girl behaved like that, what would become of the family?" And the belligerent answer, "It will march on, I promise you," scores a bullseye that will outlive the play's unconvincing moral resolution in which the evil ones end up with the evil ones, the deserving ones get their grants, and the well-intentioned featherbedding bassoonist joins forces with the well-intentioned young girl. Only two characters in the play know themselves. One is a passé novelist, the author of one good book about World War I, who seems to speak for Mr. Behrman. He is played colorfully but with discipline by David Wayne, who moves and walks like one of Walter Kerr's most painstakingly accurate descriptions. The other is the meek little square whose inherited money supports the foundation and who surprises us all by his simple strength of character. Jason Robards, Jr., fights down his naturally hip responses to catch the essence of the character, and also manages to seem forlorn when his virtue is not romantically rewarded at the end.

By using bright yellow mats, Jo Mielziner has created pools of focus on his open stage and, by almost totally avoiding the front twelve feet of acting space, Elia Kazan has been able to direct the play as if it were on a picture-frame stage. One keeps wishing that *But for Whom Charlie* were either more profound or more entertaining. Nonetheless, Mr. Behrman's wit and tough-mindedness and Mr. Wayne's performance do make a contribution to the season.

—HENRY HEWES.



IN THE SURVEY of musical comedies published February 22, the reply of the prominent writer Meredith Willson was inadvertently omitted. It is as follows:

Favorite Own Lyric or Music: (L) "Trouble" (*The Music Man*), (M) "Chick-A-Pen" (*The Unsinkable Molly Brown*)

Favorite Lyrics and Music by Other Writers: (L) "Beside a Babbling Brook" (Gus Kahn), "Adelaide's Lament" (Frank Loesser), "Dames" (Oscar Hammerstein); (M) (L) "Washboard Blues" (Hoagy Carmichael); (M) "You Go to My Head" (J. Fred Coots).

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Lessons in Documentary

A TELEVISION documentary called *Louisiana Diary* concerns a CORE voter registration drive among Negroes in a rural parish. The film unit of KQED, San Francisco's community TV station, shot it last summer; it is currently being shown on National Educational Television. Few viewers sympathetic to the civil rights struggle will watch it without being moved by its account of the ordeal certain Americans must endure to win a fundamental birthright guaranteed them by our Constitution.

The CORE drive involved training parish residents who would seek to register as voters. The visiting task force drilled the volunteers to meet the formal requirements of voter registration, but they also prepared them to do so without resisting the physical and psychological brutality they might encounter. Hands covered their heads to protect them from mock blows that must actually have hurt; knees were pulled up as they rolled on the floor. Civil rights fighters learn from experience how to defend themselves against dogs, fire hoses, and cattle prodders; the techniques of nonviolent resistance in mass situations were taught like a military maneuver.

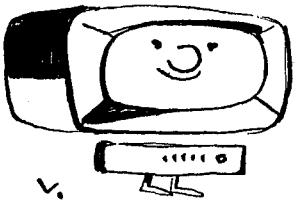
One memorable scene showed the training given to an individual volunteer who might be subjected to isolated questioning. A young Negro woman sat in a chair. Two other young women of her own race spoke sharply to her, deliberately insulting, slapping her, seizing her hair painfully, moving a lighted cigarette end very close to her face. It was a training situation. These were her friends—yet the simulated aggression and submission suddenly took on a kinetic reality. The blows seemed sadistic, the fear of the victim passed the tenuous boundary between make-believe and fact. For the audience, the scene becomes almost unbearable.

What makes the incident memorable is that the camera transcended the act of reporting to achieve insight into the behavior of human beings caught in the subtle, cruel ambivalence of suffering and unconsciously wanting to inflict pain. The objective of the CORE training in Louisiana was to insure successful response to situations by anticipating them.

Louisiana Diary illustrates a challenge to makers of documentaries. One follows a series of unfolding events with the camera. These events exist on different levels: their surface actuality and their deeper meaning or latent possibilities. If one is lucky (as with the training scene above), the two levels meet. If they do not (and this is mostly the case), then one must have immediate, imaginative discernment to shoot not what seems to be happening, but some aspect of deeper truth in the concrete scene. The ability to capture such moments of truth is rare among even the finest cameramen and directors. The next best thing is to use strategy that tries to anticipate situations relevant to the documentary subject and to plan responses to them. Under ideal conditions, therefore, one makes full use of the opportunity for advance research and thought-taking. Fiction-makers do this when they construct each shot of a screenplay carefully in advance.

Irving Saraf and Philip Green, the KQED film unit cameramen, "winged" most of their film in trade jargon—"shot from the hip," we might say. The entire crew was emotionally involved to a man. In the heat of fast-breaking events, they tended to commit the common error of equating the excitement of their personal involvement with excitement for an audience. This is not to carp at their work. We are talking about that elusive ideal in documentary-making that successfully blends art with truth —a difficult achievement.

Louisiana Diary is longer on truth than on art. The film, as finally edited, was too long. Scenes shot with unsteady, hand-held cameras were often out of focus. Questions about the



voter registration drive were left unanswered. Why did some volunteers succeed in registering while others failed? Does registration guarantee voting rights? Some Negroes refused when CORE representatives asked them to volunteer. The camera failed to hint why, to reveal their fear or ignorance. Too often, it accepted face values of people and events.

Louisiana Diary does transmit the raw emotional impact of bravery in the face of injustice. It is probably the most courageous television documentary yet made by noncommercial broadcasters. It is also a useful object lesson in the tricky art of detachment while making a currently topical documentary.

—Robert Lewis Shayon.

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Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1076

A host is like a general: It takes a mishap to reveal his genius.

—Horace.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Tebaldi's Return—*La Juive*

RENATA TEBALDI'S hold on a devoted public assured her of what is called a triumph when she returned to the world stage of opera at the Metropolitan in the broadcast matinee of *Bohème* after an absence since she gave up *Adriana Lecouvreur* in February 1963. So much was evident from the reception that greeted her first appearance. That it was also a success is a tribute to the effort she has applied to reverse the trend of vocal decline that brought about the absence.

The curious effect of this Mimi was to make it a kind of double exposure, with a familiar pattern of action expressed through a quite unfamiliar quality of sound. No longer full and voluptuously vibrant in the old manner, it is the consequence of a much more forward production, tending to the vibrato-less, or what is called "white." The suggestion to this ear is that this has relieved the throaty constriction that had given the sound a rather unwieldy weight in some recent seasons, made it more responsive to her always active artistic intelligence. She let out a bit for the key phrases of "Si, mi chiamano Mimi," but plainly was working within pre-planned limits. The act-ending duet was pitched to a top B (rather than the written C) reached with effort, and not quite sustained.

In Act II, Tebaldi did what a Mimi has to do (which isn't very much) with assurance, charm, and the talent for magnetizing attention that has long been hers. For Act III, the vocal crux of the role, Tebaldi worked close to the familiar pattern of her treatment of the duet with Rodolfo and sang a truly affecting "Addio." It was hardly of the old warmth of sonority, but, experienced performer that she is, Tebaldi utilized shrewdly what she now commands to give Mimi's plight a personal anguish quite her own. Here, as in Act IV, the meticulous attention to detail, the acts of artistic conscience that distinguish the outstanding from the average performer, were always under control, save in the area of A or B flat. Another performance or two may give her greater freedom in this range, too.

This was otherwise a *Bohème* of quality, beginning with Fausto Cleva's purposeful shaping of the whole and continuing through the excellent Musetta of Laurel Hurley, Frank Guarrera's spirited Marcello, and the accomplished Schaunard of Clifford Harvuot. Best of all the Bohemians was the Colline of Jerome Hines, which has been elaborated into a richly detailed character study to match the easy power with which it is sung. Sándor Kónya's Rodolfo was all consideration for his partner, for which he earned high marks in colleaguesmanship. He would earn higher marks for artistry if he would focus his good sound on the true line of the music rather than breaking it up with sobs and exaggerations born of a misbelief that this is "Italian" style. It is merely a style practiced by bad Italian singers, lacking his resources in color and phrasing.

To be sure, by the measure of the Canio sung earlier in the week by Franco Corelli, Kónya was almost abstemious. This was another in a series of misadventures in which the tall man with the handsome voice has cut himself down to the size of a provincial tenor. This was no favor to such associates as Nicolae Herlea, who sang an excellent "Prologo" not quite sustained by his playing of Tonio, and the usually adept Nedda of Lucine Amara. In the preceding *Cavalleria*, Eileen Farrell performed Santuzza with abundant vocal power and more dramatic conviction than she has summoned for almost anything else at the Metropolitan. Arturo Sergi was a rather lightweight (vocally) Turiddu, but not without promise. Joann Grillo's Lola was, likewise, a little unready for this stage, for all her evidence of aptitude. Nello Santi as conductor fared better with Leoncavallo than Mascagni.

Despite evidences to the contrary in the concert version of *La Juive* presented lately in Carnegie Hall by the Friends of French Opera under the direction of Robert Lawrence, some who believe in Halévy's score found it possessed of the substantial merits remembered from its last stage performances here twenty and more years ago. These relate to the choral writing, the Passover Scene, and the composer's ability to evoke the somber tone suitable to the subject as a whole as well as to Cardinal de Brogni's "Si la rigueur," Eléazar's "Rachel, quand du Seigneur," and the other well-known solos.

Those who found the evening long might consider the mode of presentation in which a five-act work was broken by only a single intermission, and such contrasting matter as the ballet music was omitted. Lawrence was culpable, too, in not preparing a better performance of the orchestral score (the American Symphony was hardly adept enough) and also in depending for his Rachel on Suzanne Sarroca, a French soprano of quality who is, however, hardly of the type called *falcon* for which Halévy wrote (the term derives not from any birdlike attributes but because the first Rachel was named Marie Cornélie Falcon). Likewise ill-suited for what they had to do were Micheline Tessier as Eudoxie and Jean Deis, who challenged the high Cs (and a D) of the writing for Léopold more by main strength than by true vocal disposition. Not only Halévy but also Norman Treigle, a basso with the profundity of manner suited to the Cardinal as well as the profundity of sound suitable for his music, and Richard Tucker, who sang an Eléazar of compelling vocal power as well as great artistic distinction, deserved more in the way of companionable associates.

If there was more zeal than organized effort in Lawrence's effort, it made some points about *La Juive* well worth noting. Halévy's skill in planning and executing ensembles, as of 1835, was certainly a beacon on the road followed by both Wagner and Verdi (as they shared the birth year of 1813, they were only twenty-two at the time), and he had the striking capacity to evoke the atmosphere of religious conflict to the point where it could be sensed in this concert performance without the aid of scenery, costumes, or action.

It is, indeed, a more solid work and better suited to occasional stage performance than some early Verdi that enjoys recurrent attention. However welcome, these are but the dawn of genius, whereas *La Juive* represents the talent of Halévy at high noon. Certainly when there is a tenor available who has not only the good of the work in his heart but also the best of the sound required in his voice (as Tucker does) the opportunity for him to impersonate Eléazar in all his human dimensions should not be denied. As for the Lawrence effort: it merits applause for enthusiasm, but some reconsideration, too, of whether a faulty case for French opera is preferable to no case at all.

In a seasonal succession of symphonies that has brought new works from a series of artistic quarters, the third of Ross Lee Finney, introduced by Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra on their most recent visit to

(*Continued on page* 63)

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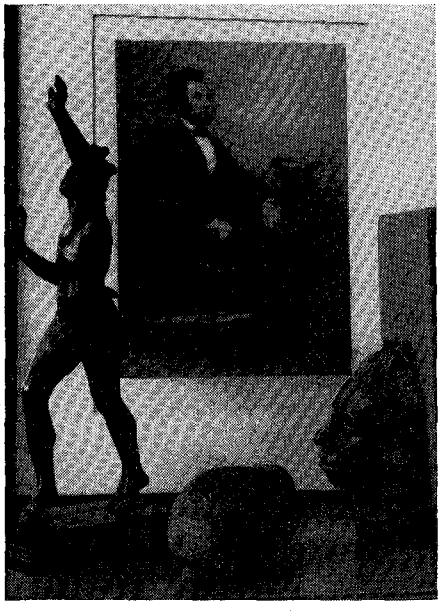
In Van Wyck Brooks's study, his own books occupy several shelves; drawing of Brooks at right is by George Biddle.

MEMORIAL TO AN AMERICAN CRITIC



Objets d'art on mantle in Brooks's study.

DURING his lifetime, Van Wyck Brooks was a commanding figure on the American literary scene. Now, a year after his death, it is clear that his writings have greater force and relevance than ever. Today, just as in years past, even the casual student of American literature finds himself drawn, sooner or later, to Brooks's *Makers and Finders* series, which includes *The Flowering of New England* and *New England: Indian Summer*. And the serious student still finds that a close reading of all Brooks's critical works is indispensable to an understanding of our country's literary and intellectual history.

Against this background, a group of Van Wyck Brooks's friends have created the Van Wyck Brooks Library Memorial Fund, a publicly supported undertaking devoted to preserving the author's personal library and other effects, and to making available to students and scholars copies of the many hundreds of books dealt with in Mr. Brooks's writings. This memorial collection will be housed in a wing to be added to the public library in Bridgewater, the Connecticut town in which the author lived for many years, and where Mrs. Brooks still resides. The memorial wing has been designed with an especial eye toward the needs of visiting scholars and other Van Wyck Brooks enthusiasts from out of town.

Since the success of the project depends on the generosity of those who admire Mr. Brooks's accomplishment, *SR*'s readers are cordially invited to contribute to the fund. Donations are tax-deductible. Checks should be made out to the Van Wyck Brooks Library Memorial Fund and sent to the Brooks Library Fund, Bridgewater, Connecticut.

—HALLOWELL BOWSER.

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LITERARY HORIZONS

Lover in the Strangeness of Life

JOHN HAWKES published his first novel, *The Cannibal*, in 1949, and since then his work has been more and more highly praised, especially by his fellow novelists. He has not, however, been discovered by the general reading public; which is a pity, for his fiction, though by no means easy to read, repays the effort it demands. And none of his books is more rewarding than the latest one, *Second Skin* (New Directions, hardbound, $4, paperback, $1.60).

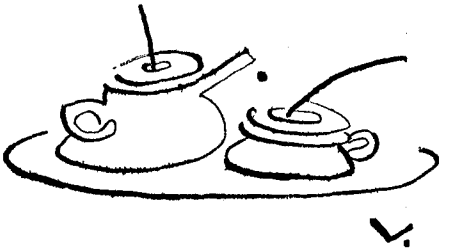
From the beginning, Hawkes's admirers have commented on the originality and precision and power of his style. His virtues as a writer of prose are apparent on the first page of *Second Skin* and on every succeeding page. But let me quote the opening passage:

> I will tell you in a few words who I am: lover of the hummingbird that darts to the flowers beyond the rotted sill where my feet are propped; lover of bright needlepoint and the bright stitching fingers of humorless old ladies bent to their sweet and infamous designs; lover of parasols made from the same puffy stuff as a young girl's underdrawers; still lover of that small naval boat which somehow survived the distressing years of my life between her decks or in her pilothouse; and also lover of poor dear black Sonny, my mess boy, fellow victim and confidant, and of my wife and child. But most of all, lover of my harmless and sanguine self.
>
> Yet surely I am more than a man of love. It will be clear, I think, that I am a man of courage as well.

Thus Hawkes's narrator, variously called Skipper, Papa Cue Ball, and Edward, introduces himself. He proceeds to introduce the other members of the cast: Gertrude, his wife; Cassandra, his daughter; Pixie, his granddaughter; Fernandez, "my small son-in-law, who held up his trousers with the feathery translucent skin of a rattlesnake," and Miranda, "final challenge of our small society and worthy of all the temperance and courage I could muster."

This introduction is obscure and tantalizing; but, as Hawkes goes on, we gradually come to understand what has happened, what is happening, and what is going to happen. Skipper, we gather, was a naval officer in World War II, but only one episode, the account of a mutiny, comes from his naval experience. Unhappily married, he had a single daughter, Cassandra, who wedded an unsavory Peruvian, Fernandez. Cassandra having been deserted, Skipper takes her and her child to a savage island off the coast of Maine. Here all sorts of strange adventures ensue for both Cassandra and her father, ending in tragedy for the former. At the time he is writing his story, seven years later, Skipper, aged fifty-nine, is living on another island, a blissful tropical island, where he presides over the duties and ceremonies of artificially inseminating the cows, and shares with Sonny, his former mess boy, the favors of a native girl, Catalina Kate.

Hawkes, however, does not tell the story in chronological order, as I have tried to do; he jumps back and forth in time, so that close attention is needed to follow him. Is this arbitrary obfuscation? I think not. After all, the memory does not follow a neat chronological scheme, and Hawkes is thinking in terms of emotional impact rather than of time. (For instance, three violent episodes are brought together in one chapter, though in fact years lay between them.) In this, as in all his novels, Hawkes is seeking a degree of distortion and even of dissociation. He does not tell us many of the things that a reader accustomed to realistic fiction would expect to be told, and, at the same time, he devotes much space to details that seem to be trivial. When one looks back, however, one sees that the apparently irrelevant details have made a strong impression. It is like recalling a dream and wondering why in the world certain insignificant details are so vivid. Indeed, the action in Hawkes's novels often seems dreamlike if not hallucinatory.



There are always extraordinary

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scenes in Hawkes's fiction, but there are even more than usual in *Second Skin*: the encounter with the kissing bandits, Catalina Kate and the iguana, the belly-bumping contest, Cassandra's honeymoon, the mutiny on the *U.S.S. Starfish*, Skipper's discovery of the body of his son-in-law. But this does not mean that the novel is episodic; on the contrary, it is solidly constructed. What holds it together is Hawkes's unique feeling about the way people live. Sometimes, of course (though in other books more than in this), he seems eccentric and wilful, but most of the time he succeeds in imposing his vision on the reader.

IN general he takes a dark view of life. He is particularly grim in his first novel, *The Cannibal*, which is laid in postwar Germany and is full of horrors; but *The Goose on the Grass* and *The Owl*, two short novels set in Italy, and *The Beetle Leg*, set in the American West, are not exactly cheerful. *The Lime Twig*, his next-to-last novel, which is cast more or less in the form of a mystery story, has at least three terrifying scenes.

There are many deaths in *Second Skin*, most of them violent, but basically it is a novel about survival. Skipper is quite right in describing himself as "a man of courage." His, however, is not the kind of courage that finds expression in bold and triumphant deeds, but the sort that is required for endurance. Like most of us in this world, Skipper is unequal to many situations in which he finds himself, but he does survive and proves worthy of survival. In the end, on the idyllic island in the tropics, he may not have found happiness, but he does seem to have achieved wisdom. He describes his life with humor but also with poignancy.

Everything Hawkes has written expresses his almost unbearable awareness of the strangeness of life, and if his work is sometimes mystifying, if he refuses to fit all the pieces of the puzzle into place, that is because he feels so strongly the disorderliness of existence. If, as I suggested at the beginning, he finds life terrifying, and if many of the people he chooses to write about are monstrous, he is willing to admit the existence of people who deserve to be regarded as human, and there are more of these than usual in *Second Skin*: Skipper, Sonny, Cassandra, and perhaps a few others. He seems, then, to be moving a little bit in the direction of compassion, and I am not sorry to see it, though I should not be happy if he lost the fierceness that has been one of the cornerstones on which his work has been built. —GRANVILLE HICKS.

THE REAL THING

What We Don't Know Might Kill Us

BY THEIR prophets shall ye know them. When, for example, Kenneth Galbraith is all-hailed in terms that would be appropriate to the Second Coming, it is not difficult to plot the spiritual curve of the hailers. Professor Galbraith is a gentlemanly Philistine—"politic, cautious, and meticulous," as T. S. Eliot says in quite another connection, "full of high sentence, but a bit obtuse." His function is to hold Canute's hand, and steady the nerves of that overwrought monarch as he orders the tide of history off the premises. And there are always courtiers who think, or affect to think, that the king's writ runs on the water as on the land, that Containment, Massive Retaliation, Arming to Parley (I cite only the shibboleths of yesteryear to avoid giving offense, and Arthur Schlesinger's original formulation of the last was, so help me, *We arm to disarm*) will chase the waves clear back to the Mindanao Deep. Such people are the natural audience for the prophet who implies that a little good will and some post-Keynesian tinkering with the economy can cope successfully with the crisis of industrial society. For, after all, the crisis is largely imaginary, isn't it? It comes of our being too wealthy, and that is a defect that one can't after all take seriously, can one? The bride is too pretty, the French say at times like this, but of course the French are being clever when they say it.

Mr. Galbraith's prophetic book, *The Affluent Society*, argues that the size of the economy has little direct connection with the country's ability to make war—an odd thesis for an economist, but there you are. Well, in 1950 the Democratic Party platform lay particular emphasis on expanding the economy in order to increase our security—which, being interpreted, means our ability to make war. Mr. Galbraith accepted office under the ensuing Administration. Don't they speak, our prophets and Presidents? Apparently not.

But we can see, at any rate, that Mr. Galbraith is a comfortable sort to have around. An economist, he does not mind subscribing by his presence to an economic policy he has guyed in print. And not only is he as cultivated as even the New Frontier could desire, but he is witty, urbane, and impervious. Therefore, when Norman Mailer publishes *The Presidential Papers*, who, in the pages of the *New York Times Book Review*, should spur to the defense of my lady Establishment but that same *chevalier sans peur, sans reproche*, and *sans social imagination*? Mr. Mailer cries out, "Caesar, beware the ides of March!" Mr. Galbraith, speaking for what he has elsewhere described as the conventional wisdom, makes answer, "Pish-tush."

Now, most of us want very much to go through the looking-glass with Mr. Galbraith, enter the redoubt of genteel economics, and there bid defiance to revolution and the breaking of nations. It can at least be said of him that he knows the world is round, and since there is a powerful political movement in the country that holds the opposite view, we have every inducement to retire with Galbraith rather than face the madmen without. But in such an atmosphere, it will be a miracle and a half if Herbert Marcuse's remarkable new book does us any good at all.

Let me digress. The bank in my neighborhood has a window display of handcuffs and leg-irons. It includes a pair of "thumb-cuffs" operated by a screw and looking like a miniature printing-press. There is also a set of manacles attached by chains to a steel ring intended for the neck; the prisoner wearing these would have his hands at the level of his breast, like a dog on his hind legs who has been told, "Beg!"

Identifying legends are supplied. One of them claims that in a particular set of handcuffs more than a hundred prisoners were, at one time and another, led out to be hanged. And finally, there is a placard that reads about like this: "For centuries the handcuffs, gyves, manacles, leg-irons, and thumbscrews shown here have spelled security to police and law-enforcement agencies. If you want your money to be secure, open an account with us."

The advertising agency that devised the display, the manager of the bank who accepted it—I wonder if they feel the higher appropriateness of the comparison. I doubt it. The gallows-wit must be quite unconscious. It is conceivable that the advertising agency might be willing to give the show away, but the bank manager never. Here are men on the brink of recognizing their own necessary connection with a hor-

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ror. They have even stated the case forcefully. But, like Eichmann, they never fall over the brink into recognition. And nobody is going to heave a brick through that window. Not I, certainly.

Now, the bank that publishes a fact so much to its disadvantage has a defective sense of self-preservation. And so do the passersby, who do not recognize in the calm ferocity of that revelation a power that will manacle them when it takes a notion, and, in states that permit hanging, lead them out to be hanged. The bank can count upon the insanity of the public, and be so secure in its assumption that it need never stumble into sanity itself. After all, the very word "security" now refers to atomic missiles, to spies, to pouring burning petroleum jelly upon native villages in Vietnam.

That is the ground of Mr. Marcuse's book—the triumph of totalitarianism that turns to account indifferently all facts, opinions, and movements, domesticates all opposition in the name of sweet reason, and threatens and rewards to such good effect that presently it need threaten no more. One lies and the other swears to it, as the saying goes, and at last the lie is every bit as good as the truth—better, since it works. Books have their stars, the Romans claimed. I hope Mr. Marcuse's has a good one. The totalitarianism that *One-Dimensional Man* (Beacon, $6) is concerned with is our own, in the stuff of our minds as well as in the structure of our new institutions, and with such a subject the book needs a special star.

For instance, George Lichtheim, an intelligent commentator, writing in *The New York Review*, misses the point almost completely. That is, he agrees with Mr. Marcuse's metaphysics, but is not aware that there is a world of discourse in which the principles might find their application. Put briefly and vulgarly, Mr. Marcuse follows Plato, Hegel, and Marx in holding that dialectic is the proper instrument for conceiving the universe—because of its dynamic notion of process, its provision for novelty, its provision for transcendence. Aristotelianism, he suggests, with its tendencies toward conceptualism and nominalism, has been the fittest instrument for positive science, but its spirit is inherently brutal, one of manipulation, control, and domination, of things and ultimately of men. The modern spirit in general is opposed to philosophical idealism in the technical sense, and its doctrine of universals, out of a feeling that these represent a pre-rational sentimentality, a mythicizing impulse that retreats before positive science. That science conceives of itself as objective, value-free; Mr. Marcuse demonstrates that it has plenty of values, the more powerful for being tacit, and that those values amount to a preference for mechanism rather than life, for domination rather than sympathy, for strife rather than concord, for organization rather than community. On the record, he would seem to have a case.

Thus far, and in theory, Mr. Lichtheim agrees. But when he draws conclusions from these premises, one is tempted to exclaim, "A Galbraith come to judgment! yea, a Galbraith!" For Mr. Marcuse deals with the world we live in, the one-dimensional world of totalitarian security, where terror is the other face of comfort, where—to speak plainly—boom times are supported by preparations for the biggest boom yet, and even the labor unions clamor for more of the weapons that are to blow us up. Even the labor unions? Especially the labor unions. Mr. Lichtheim thinks that Mr. Marcuse is an irresponsible romantic for pointing out that in the past the labor movement aspired to change society for the benefit of mankind (a universal, and therefore a contraband notion to logical positivism, that last infirmity of the scientific mind). Now the working man cheers on the society that is fixing to kill him, but Mr. Lichtheim says severely that the rise in real wages is cause for celebration, not sorrow. As if anyone claimed that it is better to have prostitutes walk the streets and get rained on rather than be indoors in a warm house, and as if that were the question. That monumental Philistinism is from eternity and will not fail, but there were times in history when it need not have proved fatal. We live now in a different time. Mr. Galbraith's and Mr. Lichtheim's composure is the measure of the crisis of the age. Mr. Lichtheim goes so far as to scoff at the notion that the Soviet Union can, in the foreseeable future, equal America's industrial output. He ought to read Harry Braverman's *The Future of Russia*. It is a book that I should regard as almost foolproof, and hope, accordingly, that it might have some effect. But meanwhile, these honorable men are helping to get us killed.

Mr. Marcuse's style is sometimes difficult, and that is unfortunate, since his message could not be more important. On the whole, though, the most significant points are the ones treated with the greatest clarity—rising even to eloquence—and that should be encouragement enough for the prospective reader. It is worth suffering through the murkier passages to get at the telling account of what we are up to and what it means that has so nonplussed Mr. Lichtheim. For Mr. Marcuse's insights into the nature of our man-made reality cleave you to the marrow. He is brave enough to say what we knew in our hearts, that much of that reality is smoke, and to hint that we need not wander in that smoke always. Subtitled "Studies in the Ideology of Advanced Industrial Society," *One-Dimensional Man* is a prophecy of spiritual and material revolution. If I read it aright, it may be a turning-point in the intellectual history of our time, for in it a thinker refuses the rapture of acquiescence and says no.

—Emile Capouya.

"Oh dear, you just can't get away from P.S. 202!"

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—*Photos on pages 28 and 29 from "New York: True North."*

Manhattan at night, looking south from the Tower Suite in the Time-Life Building. What is the sum of all the events framed in each square of light?

New York, N.Y.

By MARGARET R. WEISS

SOME years ago Christopher Morley turned balladeer to sing of

A town that has no ceiling price,
A town of double-talk;
A town so big men name her twice,
Like so: N'Yawk, N'Yawk.

A quick glance at *New York*, by Andreas Feininger and Kate Simon (Viking, $10), or *New York: True North*, by Gilbert Millstein and Sam Falk (Doubleday, $7.95), reinforces that view.

Both books refract the many-faceted moods of the metropolis: Broadway, the Opera, the candlelit *boîtes* framed in neon; Wall Street and Chinatown, Greenwich Village and Park Avenue; the garment center, the waterfront, the U.N.; the shops, the parks, and museums; the famed skyline; the clutter and the crowd; poetry and dross. Yet out of these identical physical features emerge two quite different portraits—a difference that may well be the result of the authors' artistic purposes but one that is clearly reflected in the photographers' impressions as well.

Kate Simon writes in lively and loving words of the places, people, and, things that give New York its spectrum of local color. Hers is essentially a guidebook—and she is an accomplished guide whether her eye is on history or the contemporary scene.

Pictorially, the book is handsomely punctuated by Feininger's subtle camerawork in both color and black-and-white. But here perhaps the word "punctuated" is in itself revealing. Visually appealing as they are, the pictures remain essentially an attractive supplement—a gracious highlight more than a graphic helpmate to the text. In the folios of photographs (with an omnibus listing of titles preceding each section) we miss the dynamic interplay, the mutual interdependence of word and picture that is born of the perfectly attuned teamwork of writer and photographer exploring a common theme.

This does not mean that the effect should be one of literal unison between photographic illustration and the printed word. Rather, words and pictures ideally functioning together should be

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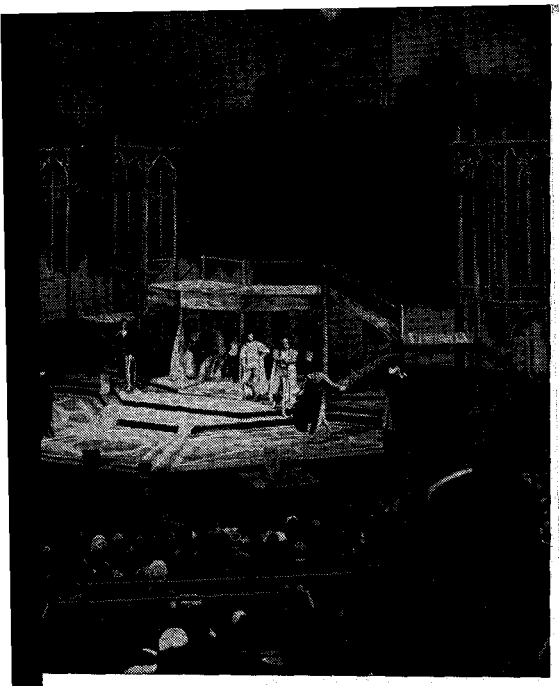
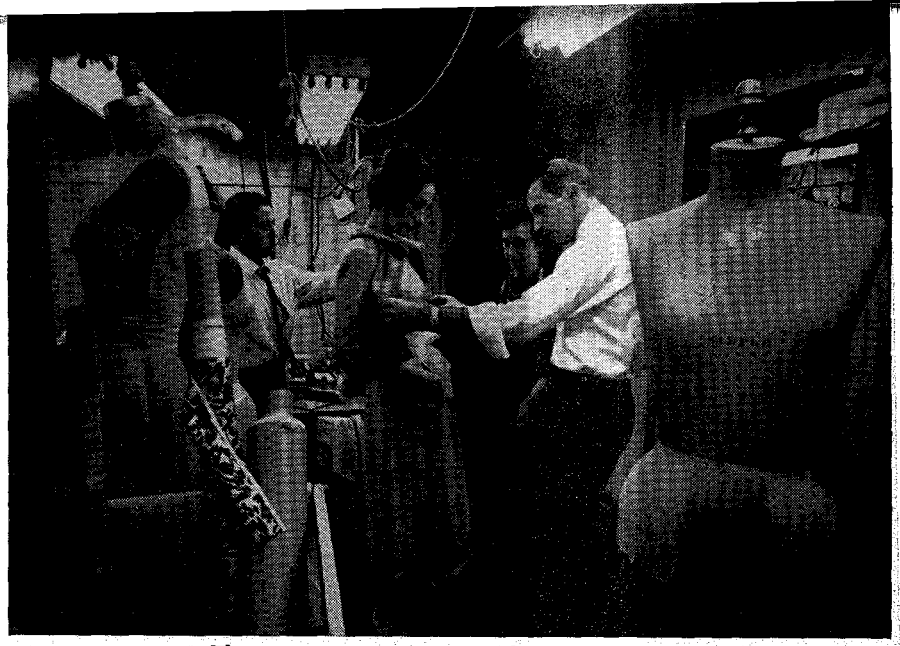


Central Park; Shakespeare in performance. *The Merchant of Venice* is the play.



The garment center; a Seventh Avenue fashion house. Paris proposes but New York disposes.

an exercise in harmony. And it is in just this quality that *New York: True North* succeeds so admirably. The Falk-Millstein book pleases both reason and retina; effectively conceived and well-captioned photographs are complementary to the text, image bringing added dimension to idea.

In this instance the accomplishment seems all the more remarkable, for Gilbert Millstein has elected a complex format for his character study. Drawing upon the testimony of more than fifty typical or topical "eye-witnesses"—among them, Virgil Thomson, an African diplomat, a drug addict, a bookmaker and a psychoanalyst, a poet and a police reporter, Margaret Mead and a madam named Rozlynne—he captures much of New York's special mystique and manages to create a speaking likeness, bittersweet though it may be. Like the separate static frames of an animated film, these individual testimonies—together with the photographic record of "single stories at single moments"—project a sense of flux and movement, the vibrant intensity of a city that may be mad but hasn't lost all its marvels.

By nature, by definition, and even by camera image, New York remains "some things to all people, all things to some people." It is well to examine both of these books. For the diverse viewpoints of this quartet of articulate Manhattanites are but another proof of the infinite variety of the city they portray.

Above: Greenwich Village; Outdoor Art Show. Below: Fifth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street; carriage, Pulitzer Fountain, and street Arabs. There are unpremeditated instants—no more than that—when the city will arrange itself in a loving tableau.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Original prints from* New York: True North *are currently on view at the PepsiCola Exhibition Gallery in New York; during June and July the exhibit will be at the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D.C.*

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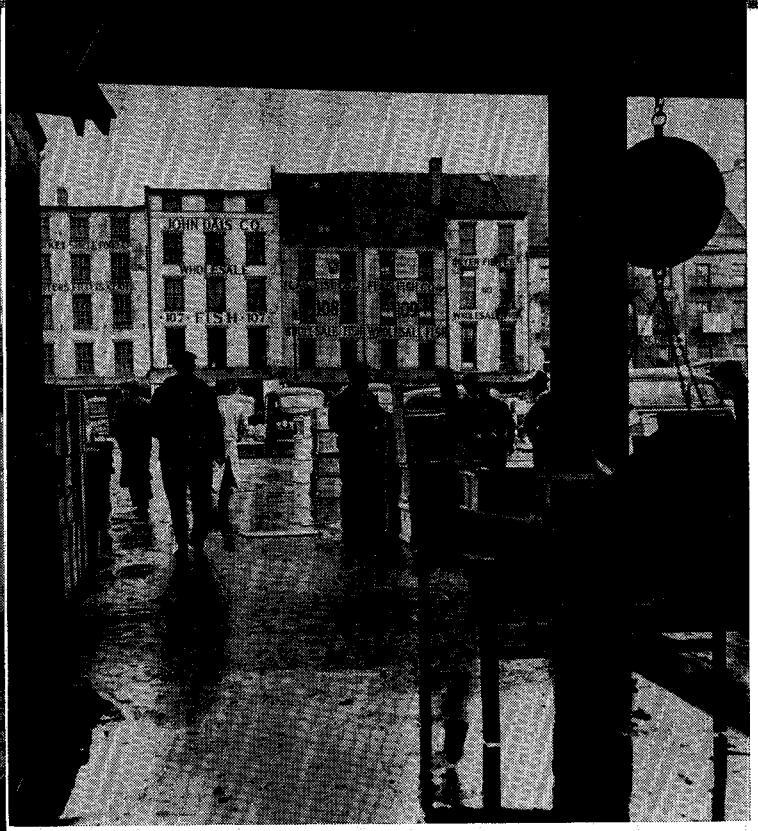

Left: Central Park. Above: Fulton Fish Market, South Street, just south of Brooklyn Bridge. Left Below: Museum of Modern Art: Sculpture Garden. Below: Macy's Department Store, Herald Square.

—Photos on pages 30 and 31 from "New York."

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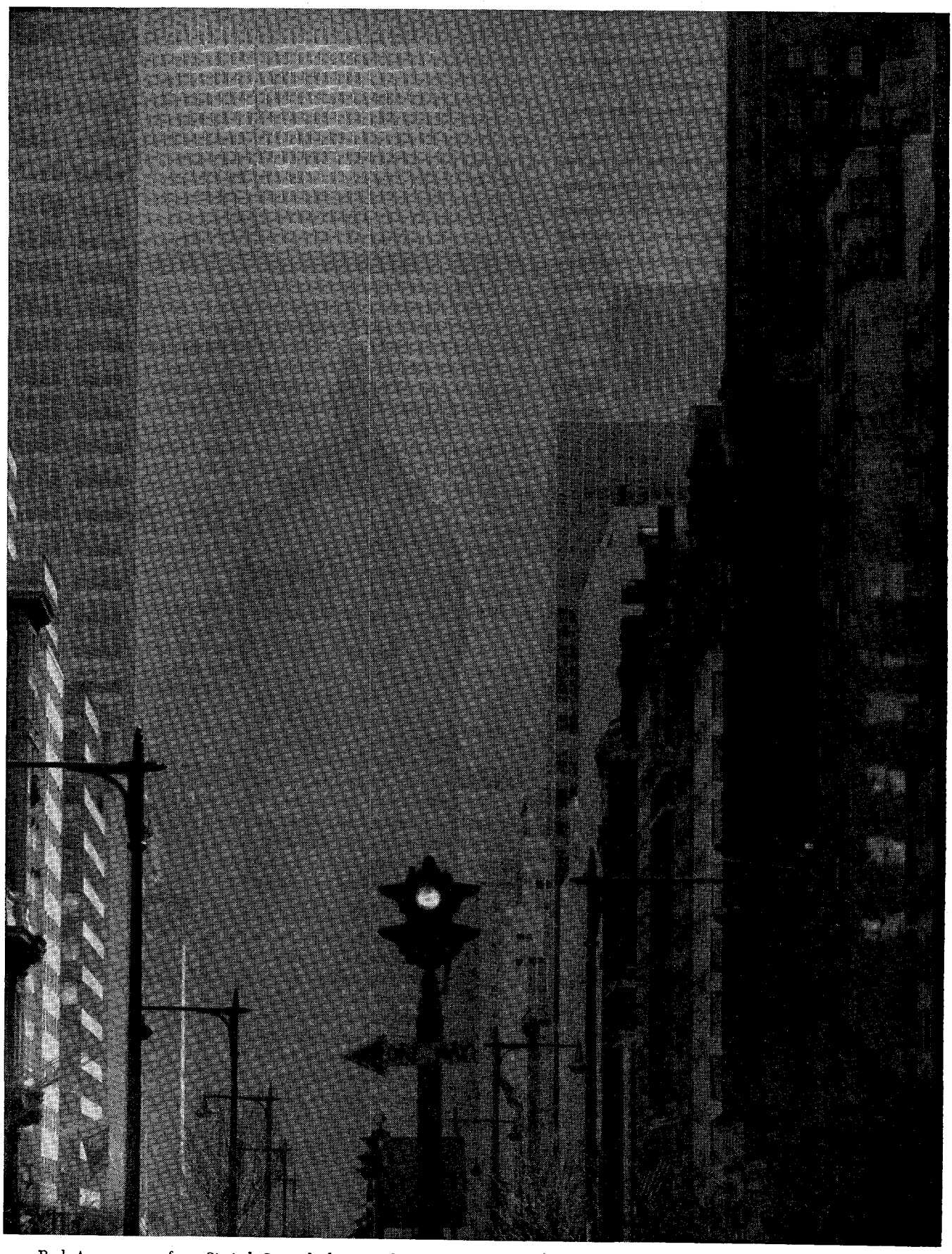

Park Avenue seen from Sixtieth Street looking south toward the new Pan Am Building rising over the Grand Central Tower.

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Sirens, Spartans, and Socrates

***History of Greek Culture,** by Jacob Burckhardt, translated from the German by Palmer Hilty (Ungar. 344 pp. $9.50); **Ancient Greece: The Triumph of a Culture,** by Robert Payne (Norton. 449 pp. $8.95); **From the Silent Earth: A Report on the Greek Bronze Age,** by Joseph Alsop (Harper & Row. 296 pp. $7.50), and **Ulysses Found,** by Ernle Bradford (Harcourt, Brace & World. 238 pp. $4.75), approach the history and legends of the Hellenes from widely divergent viewpoints. Sir Pierson Dixon, formerly British representative at the U.N. and now Ambassador to France, was an archeologist and lecturer in classics before entering the Foreign Service.*

By PIERSON DIXON

THESE four authors, of very diverse background, have one thing in common: a desire to understand and expound ancient Greece.

There is no obvious reason why the Swiss Jacob Burckhardt, who had established a reputation for himself as an authority on Italian painting and Renaissance Italy, should turn his considerable critical faculties to what in its day, in the last century, was a revolutionary exposure of shortcomings in Greek social and political matters. Robert Payne, not content with examining particular aspects of the Greek past, has embarked on a full-scale history of Greek civilization, a formidable enterprise. Urged on by his private *daemon,* Joseph Alsop has brought his redoubtable powers of observation and critical analysis to bear on remote and recondite problems that are a far cry from the contemporary questions on which his voice has hitherto been heard. The same kind of urge evidently drove Ernle Bradford, a former member of the Royal Navy, to spend time and effort in studying the *Odyssey,* applying to it his own expert nautical knowledge of the Mediterranean.

In all four books there is a decided freshness of approach. Mr. Bradford's volume brings to one of the two earliest European epics the authentic salty tang of the sea; Mr. Alsop's makes us look at a Mycenaean gateway through the columns of political experience; Mr. Payne's reflects an approach to ancient Greece that is, indefinably, just what we would like a book about the ancient world to be in 1964. The freshness of Burckhardt is of a different character. In its day and to a nineteenth-century audience it must have seemed very new; to us it seems rather dated. But the essence of the matter is that Burckhardt was fascinated by the past and brought an original mind to bear on its problems.

Burckhardt's classic is now inevitably a period piece. That is not to deny that the cold jet of realism in his lectures must have shocked Basle audiences at the end of the nineteenth century into a realization that there was another side to the romantic ideas of Hellenism then prevalent. The Greeks were realists, not romantics; and Burckhardt is undoubtedly right in pointing out that "tyranny was unavoidably a part of the Greek concept of the state, and in every talented Greek there dwelt a tyrant and a demagogue." But he goes too far with his central thesis, that the very nature of the political institution—the city-state, the *polis*—on which Greek civilization was founded meant that the freedom of the individual was submerged in authoritarianism.

Over the centuries every state has been at grips with the problem of how to combine the rights of the individual with the interests and security of the entire community. The verdict of history has, on the whole, been favorable to the Greek solution to this age-old dilemma at an early stage in Western civilization. The Greeks invented the word democracy (though Burckhardt ignores this); the Athenians, in particular, are considered to have established as good a balance as any between the claims of the individual and the requirements of the state.

—From "History of Greek Culture."

Apollo and Artemis in wedding procession (vase painting).

This is not at all the view of Burckhardt. To him, the Funeral Oration of Pericles, generally accepted nowadays as a definitive statement of democratic principles, is "all the more deceptive because Pericles spoke modestly and cleverly." He has much more admiration for Sparta, the authoritarian antithesis to Athenian democracy, on the ground that its constitution was an efficient expression of the possibilities inherent in the *polis.* Actually, however, Burckhardt does not really like Greek institutions at all, Spartan or Athenian. The Greeks were as bad as the barbarians they scorned; their historians show "innate carelessness to exact detail"; they had no real thinkers, except Socrates; the nuances of the Greek language led to woolly thinking.

Burckhardt saw the development of Greek civilization through the distorting glass of nineteenth-century ideas. He was looking for something that was not there. The truth is that each Greek state developed in an individual way, and Athens outstripped all the others in its achievements in original thinking and creativity in the arts. Burckhardt gets round this obvious fact by drawing a distinction (surely an artificial one) between the artistic achievement of Athens and the alleged failure of her social and political experiments. In practice there can be no such distinction. Shakespeare's genius flourished in the soil of Elizabethan England. Racine shone at the court of the *Roi Soleil.*

All the same, it is a good thing that Burckhardt has been resurrected for English readers. Provocative and full of factual information, his book is imbued with the spirit of inquiry, the quest for the secret springs of our past.

The great merit of Mr. Payne's work is that it presents the whole broad sweep of the story of the Greeks in an exciting form and from a thoroughly contemporary standpoint. Not only is the story well told; you feel that it belongs to you.

> The Greeks [he writes] haunt us in our poetry and drama; they are present in our sciences; and their philosophers still stand at our shoulders. We like to think that in the past fifty years we have advanced at unprecedented speed, but within a comparable space of time the Greeks made discoveries in

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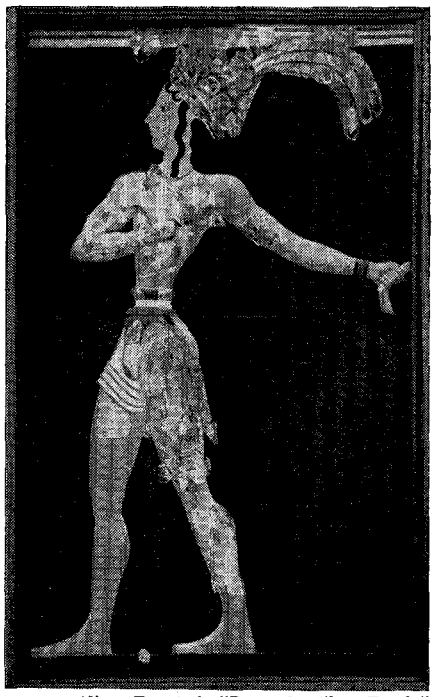
the arts and sciences on a scale which has never since been equaled. They brought the infant to birth and we have surely nurtured it . . . A few men living on porridge and wine and a little cheese produced a civilization which was the greatest of its time; and some believe it was the greatest there has ever been.

Since Mr. Payne set out to write a book about the Greek achievement in human, intellectual, literary, and artistic terms, the strictly historical side occupies a secondary place in his study. Yet he skilfully sketches in just enough of the historical movement without which the story of Greek civilization would be incomplete. He is interested in Homer rather than the Trojan War, in Thucydides rather than the war he chronicled, in the continual explosions of intellectual energy rather than the disastrous rivalries between the Greek states and the shortcomings of Greek statesmen. It is the opposite approach to Burckhardt's. Perhaps Burckhardt should be read as a corrective to this ideal, though not idealized, presentation of the Greek achievement.

Greek civilization as we know it began to take decisive shape in the eighth century B.C., and reached its apogee at Athens in the fifth. Four-fifths of Mr. Payne's book is taken up by the brilliant and varied creativity of these three centuries that were so significant for the future of Western civilization. His account, with its apt quotations from the poets, the dramatists, the thinkers, and the historians, its understanding of the political and social background (for example, the unifying influence of Homer and the Olympic games), is fluent and coherent. It is satisfying to be able to record one point on which Payne and Burckhardt are at one: Socrates. To Burckhardt, he was "the foremost personality in the whole history of the world"; to Payne, he was one of those rare men "who wears the face of his century, and whenever we attempt to understand his century we find ourselves asking questions of this man. . . . In all Western history there are perhaps no more than eight or nine men of this kind."

Mr. Alsop's *From the Silent Earth* is a pleasure to read and to handle. Alison Frantz's photographs of Minoan and Mycenaean sites and works of art, inserted in the text with Daedalic cunning, enhance Mr. Alsop's elegant and stimulating prose. The first part of this "Report on the Bronze Age" consists of the record of a visit to the palace of Nestor at Pylos in the Peloponnese (which was excavated by Professor Carl W. Blegen in 1939) together with reproductions of a number of clay tablets inscribed in the Linear B writing of



—Alison Frantz in "From the Silent Earth."

The priest king, from Knossos.

the Knossos tablets. His visit to Pylos and his talks with Professor Blegen led Mr. Alsop to speculate on the early civilizations on the Greek mainland and in Crete and to examine the relationships between the two. This has become a highly controversial subject since we have learned that the Linear B script recorded an early form of Greek, and the consequent debate arose about the date when Greek-speaking peoples first arrived in the Mediterranean and whether the Mycenaean civilization on the mainland was under Minoan (Cretan) influence (as Sir Arthur Evans, the excavator of Knossos, believed), or whether, on the contrary, the latter phases of Minoan civilization were in fact predominantly Mycenaean.

Having for a short time in the late Twenties worked with Evans at Knossos, I propose to give this controversy a wide berth. I can, however, report that Mr. Alsop, while keeping an open mind and suggesting the need for a new assessment, has reached some interesting conclusions about the course of events in Greece and Crete from 1700 to 1400 B.C. One can have nothing but admiration for the conscientiousness with which Mr. Alsop has mastered the intricacies of the subject matter and brought to bear on it the judgment and intuition derived from long experience in very different fields. He could not possibly have found time to undertake this formidable task unless he had very much wanted to understand and form his own opinion on the beginning of Mediterranean civilization. His book is much more than an essay on the Greece-Crete controversy: it is at once a penetrating and eminently readable inquiry into the enigma of the Greek Bronze Age and a moving account of the shadowy drama of an early civilization that ended in destruction and darkness.

The *Odyssey* has often been regarded as a delightful fairy tale or an adventure story of supreme literary quality. Many think it was not by Homer. There is a fashionable school of thought that maintains it was written by a woman. For Mr. Bradford it is history. The wonderland element is there; but embedded in the story is a real voyage, the voyage intended to bring Odysseus straight back from Troy to his native Ithaca but which, through misadventure and a taste for exploration, took him ten years to complete. Familiarity with the *Odyssey* and a professional knowledge of the Mediterranean sea lanes have led Mr. Bradford to chart the routes Odysseus followed, identify the places where he stopped, and rationalize the mythical terrors he encountered.

Never for a moment does Mr. Bradford seek to diminish the fantasy, however acutely he argues for realism. Like Mr. Alsop, he brings a special practical know-how—in this case, a sailor's knowledge of what a sailor would do in the actual circumstances of Mediterranean winds and landfalls—to the preserve of the literary historian. The result is an attractive book. We may wonder whether Scylla was really a giant squid, or Circe, the enchantress who turned men into beasts, a lonely priestess who thankfully accepted bold male companionship. We may have our private reservations on the author's identification of a certain sand-and-shingle beach in Corcyra as the precise place where Nausicaa and her maidens dried their washing and were surprised by Odysseus. But I for one agree that "if there is anything 'supernatural' about Nausicaa we might as well throw all the literature of the world on the fire."

—From "Ancient Greece."

"Women putting away clothes." Attic kylix, by Douris.

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A Partisan Review of Democracy

***What Is Conservatism?**, edited by Frank S. Meyer (Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 242 pp. $4.95), and **The Conservative Papers** (Quadrangle. 352 pp. Hardbound, $5.95. Doubleday-Anchor. 268 pp. Paperback, $1.45), articulate the right-wing political position. Prize-winning biographer and historian Margaret L. Coit is the author of a forthcoming short life of Andrew Jackson and is associate professor of social science at Fairleigh Dickinson University.*

By MARGARET L. COIT

AS A political philosophy, conservatism has had rough going in the United States. Long identified with the Southern slaveholders, and more recently with the states' rights segregationists, conservatism has been too often equated with the extremism of its highly vocal lunatic fringe. Although its nineteenth-century spokesmen included men of the intellectual caliber of Webster, Calhoun, and John Taylor of Caroline, in our time intellectuals generally have traveled under the banners of liberalism. Possession of a high-ranking university degree and an impressive roster of book titles often insures a liberal—no matter how left-wing—an invitation to sit in the advisory councils in Washington.

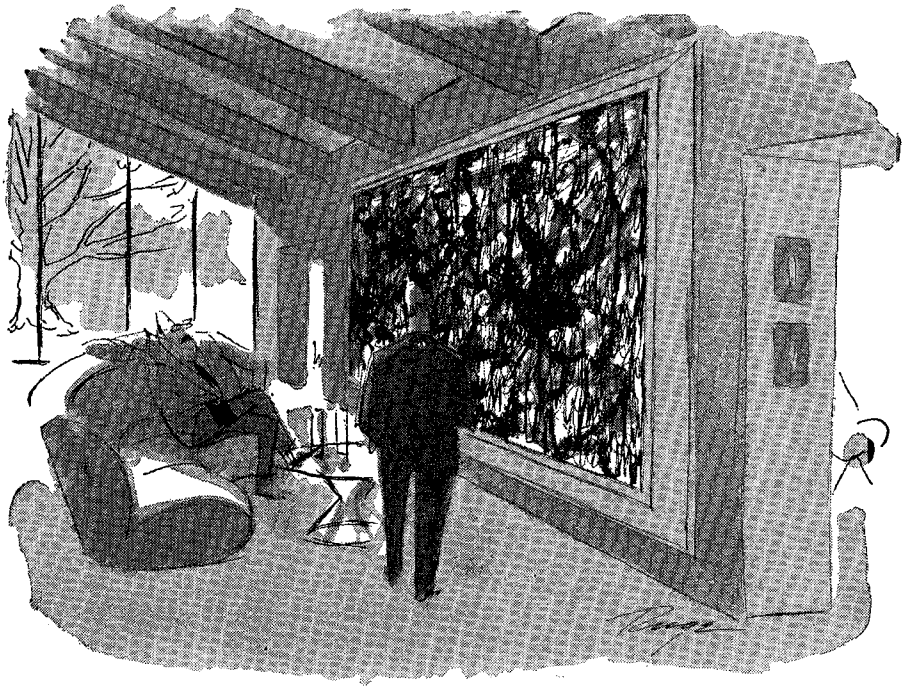
These two collections of essays are a genuine, although only partly successful, attempt to add intellectual respectability to conservatism in America. Both offer an impressive list of spokesmen from our leading universities; and many of their conclusions, if not what all reasonable men can agree on, are at least reasonable. Some of the contributors to *The Conservative Papers*—the Republican answer to the Democratic-sponsored *Liberal Papers*—would probably not describe themselves as conservatives at all, such as Edward Teller, for instance. Congressman Melvin R. Laird, chairman of the Congressional group that sponsored the book, explains: "*The Conservative Papers* . . . do not define the conservative position. But they represent the sort of thinking conservatives respect."

This less pretentious collection, it must be said, is definitely the superior of the two books under consideration. The over-all tendency of *What Is Conservatism?* is to beg the question, to be explicit about what is wrong with liberalism and exasperatingly general about the traditional values and objectives of conservatism. Surely not all the eternal verities are reserved to conservatives, nor are they capable of political manipulation. In what is perhaps the best essay in this volume, "Why I Am Not a Conservative," F. A. Hayek declares that the task of the political philosopher is to influence public opinion, not to organize it for action. Unfortunately, this book does neither, for it fails to bring the real forces of liberalism and conservatism into meaningful conflict.

The editor, Frank S. Meyer of the *National Review* staff, lists six points (some of them interchangeable) in his definition of a conservative. The conservative believes in "immutable standards"; scorning the liberals' vague internationalism, he believes in "Western Civilization"—as equated with the American way of life! He believes in the dignity of the individual, as indeed did Kierkegaard, who initiated the fight against totalitarianism long before present-day American conservatives were ever heard of. The conservative distrusts the power of a centralized state to enforce its ideology—except, of course, conservative ideology, and opposes the "planning" of human life by a leveling welfare state. Finally, he favors the Constitution as it was originally conceived, and the restriction of government to its "proper" role; or, as Professor Russell Kirk in his essay "Proscription, Authority and Ordered Freedom" puts it, a restriction of the governmental role to what is "good." This is the nub: is there any universally accepted standard as to what is good?

NO one would deny the virtues of James Madison, but it is a different matter to conclude that he had the answers for the age of automania and the atom bomb. True, human nature does not change and even human wisdom may not change, but the facts of human life and relationships in a technical age do change, and not solely because of the activities of liberals. Mr. Kirk speaks of "norms"; he fails to tell us what his norms are, and his over-all argument eventually reminds us of Chesterton's Mass and Maypole interpretations.

Though conservatives divide among themselves as to the relative values of liberty and equality, individualism and authoritarianism, they agree that there can be no true freedom without restraints. However, according to Hayek, the "typical conservative has no political principles which enable him to work with people whose values differ from his own. . . ." This personal and intellectual reliance on absolutes makes for strength; it also makes for the extremism of such pronouncements as that of the Lebanese-born scholar, Dr. Charles



"I don't like it either, but it's a damn good investment."

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GOOD MIXER

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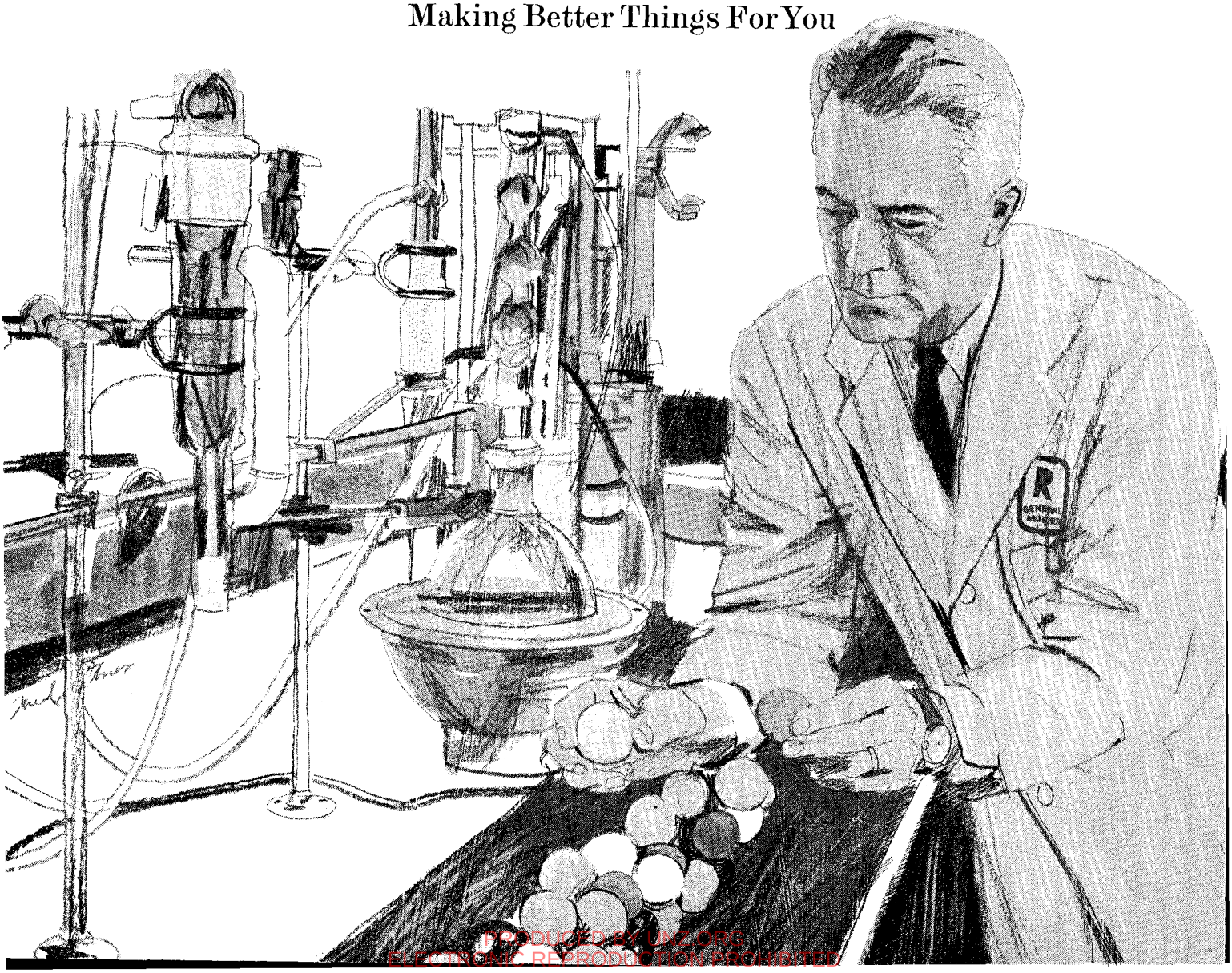

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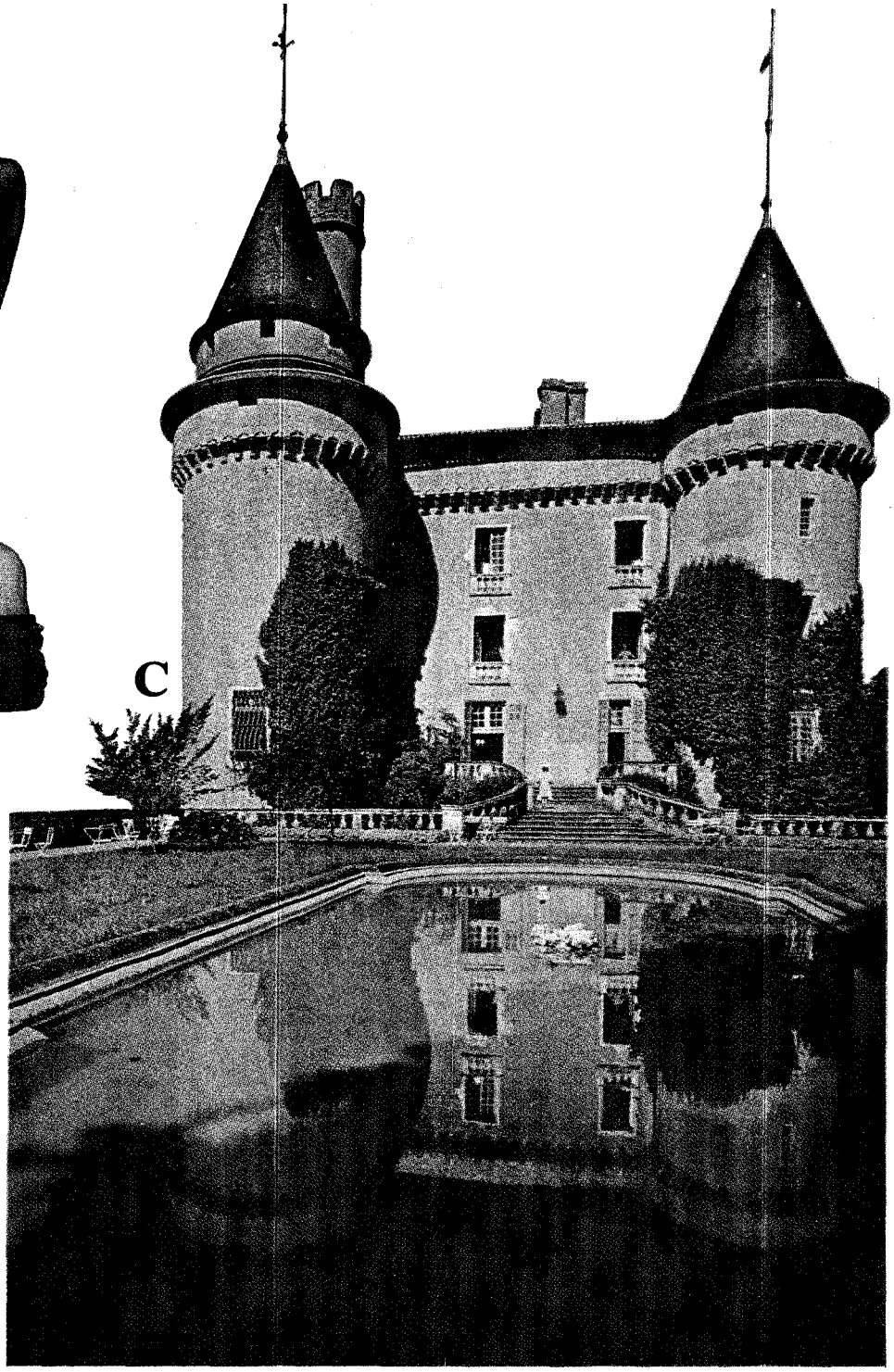

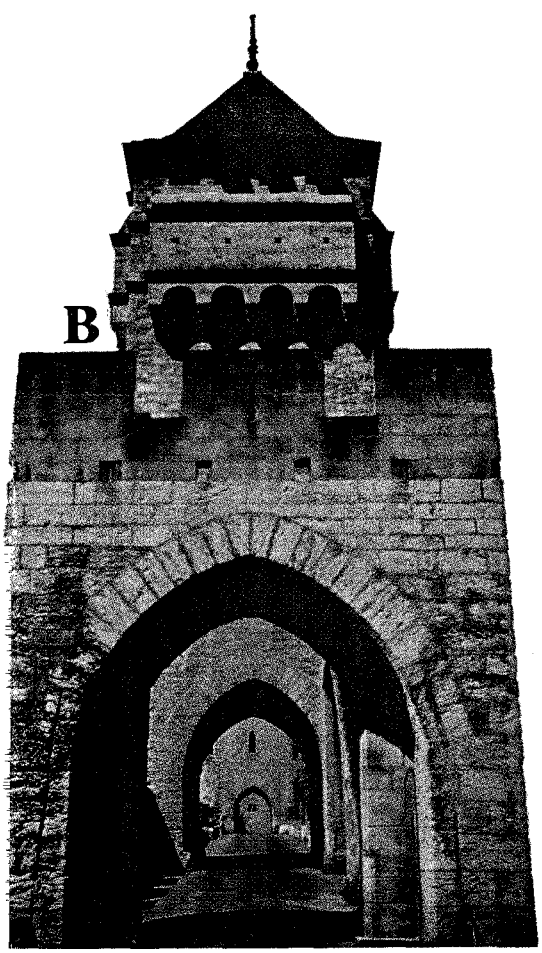

A short drive from Paris will take you to a place where the finest foie gras is as everyday as peanut butter. And truffles grow big as apples. Learned archeologists go there for the caves that were painted by cavemen. Poets go for the dramatic local color. And artists paint it because it's a picture: the enchanted French fairytale world of the provinces Limousin, Périgord, and Quercy. You should go there, too. **A.** In Limoges you can shop for France's legendary porcelain right where it's made. A profitable idea. And visit the porcelain museum, a treasure chest of the most bewitching pieces. And stay in one of France's newest hotels. **B.** In Cahors you can enjoy the truly superb local wine for just 70 cents a bottle. (Another very profitable idea.) And go see a charming storybook chunk of medieval architecture—the Pont Valentré. They don't make bridges like

Nobody ever comes here.

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that any more. **C.** They don't make many hotels like the Château de Mercuès any more either. Perched high on a Cahors hill, it was a 14th century masterpiece. Restored delightfully. You will sleep on a cherubic bed with a new mattress. Bathe in a marble tub on a throne. And the whole royal experience will cost about $12 for two. The countryside is dotted with castles, Romanesque churches and medieval villages. **D.** Like Sarlat. Sarlat was restored nail by nail, stone by stone. And it tickles everybody. It's the perfect place to stock up on foie gras, artichoke bottoms and other delicacies you pay so much for back home. **E.** Thanks to the goose, everyone eats well here. Every inn offers good food and wine, unaffected manners and noticeably low prices. Have a wonderful visit for very little. Or stay and live happily ever after. The French Government Tourist Office and your travel agent have all the information you need—where to go, what to see, bargains in chateaux, or festivals, or medieval bridges or anything. Write: **French Government Tourist Office,** Dept. LS-2, 610 Fifth Ave., New York 20, New York.

Only artists and poets.

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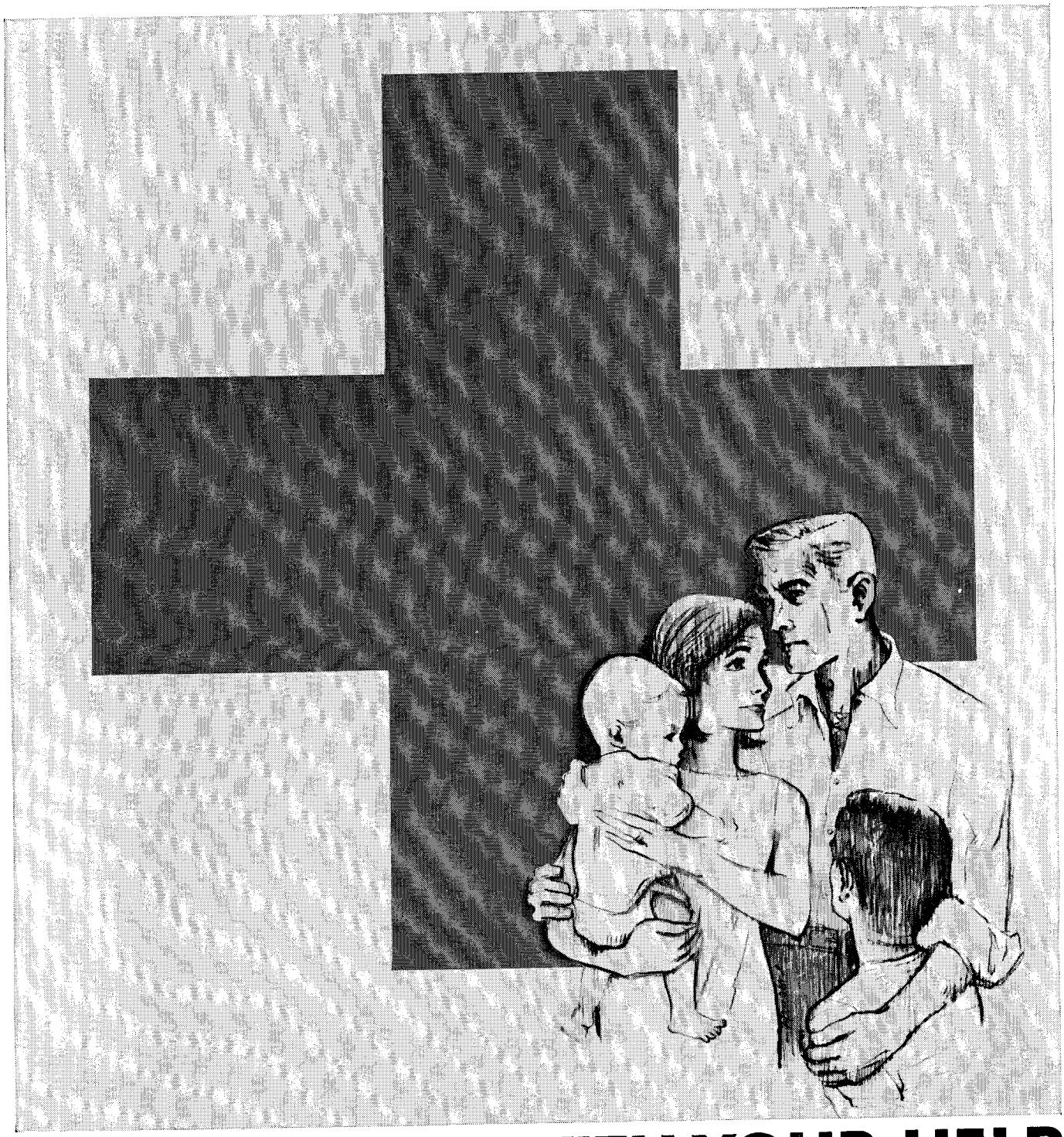
RED CROSS—a part of every family. Before this year is over, Red Cross will play a part in the life of nearly every family in the United States. Chances are, your family will be one of them. Should disaster strike . . . or someone in your family need life-giving blood . . . or you yourself wish a course in first aid . . . it is Red Cross that will answer your call. But Red Cross, in turn, depends on you. It is your help, and the help of all Americans, that enables Red Cross to do its work . . . to carry on its mission of mercy. Why not give that help now — by supporting your local Red Cross chapter?



ALWAYS THERE WITH YOUR HELP

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Malik, that "what is supremely good must be good for all."

But Dr. Malik's truculent and sometimes contradictory lead essay in *The Conservative Papers* is the only one in that volume that gives us the Gospel as revealed by Barry Goldwater. Like the Senator, Dr. Malik tells us what we must do, not how we can do it. He declares: "The West should stand firm. . . ." and "Men of real backbone will never betray their fundamental convictions." He warns that the dream of liberation for the satellite states of Eastern Europe "must never be allowed to fade."

Because the communists are not afraid "to say this is good and this is bad," Dr. Malik contends we must do likewise, must share our values and "complete ourselves in others." He, of course, attributes the spread of communism, which "started from zero forty-three years ago, and today . . . rigidly controls one-third of mankind," to "the advanced state of decay in the West's own soul." He insists that if anyone believes that the advance of communism is "irresistible and irreversible," he is thereby a communist, for this is the Red theory of history.

But is it really a communist idea, that of inevitability? Did not the whole civilized world believe in Economic Law, Natural Law, etc., until the latter part of the nineteenth century, when the concept arose that man could control his environment and his fate? Can he? We may agree that respect for the individual is "unique to the Judaeo-Christian tradition." But are we not surrendering our individuals to the indignity and inevitability of what labor leader George Meany has called a potential curse, automation—regardless of human needs and human dignity? Have we yet found control of the atom bomb; could the Atomic Age have been reversed? Was the Industrial Revolution reversable?

Far more perceptive and sophisticated are the other essays in *The Conservative Papers*. These are by no means pages from Robert Welch's *Blue Book*, but a practical, pragmatic survey of the unsettled—and perhaps unsolvable—problems of our time. It has, of course, been a premise of today's political conservatives that they seek "to alter the direction in which we are traveling"; they accuse the liberals of adhering to the pat and outworn formulas of New Deal days. The liberals, in their turn, accuse the conservatives of advancing straight into the nineteenth century.

The big surprise of this book, therefore, is its complete awareness of danger and of the liberals' failure to meet the challenge of the time. These writers realize that we no longer call the shots around the world, that, in fact, "the world is very far from agreeing as to what constitutes its common good and that it is entirely unwilling to let the United States decide for it." To many peoples the very idea of freedom is "unintelligible"; much growth and development of the underdeveloped nations may come with bloodletting, and national independence may even be "compatible with dictatorship."

There is complete recognition among the writers that the real danger from communism is not the domestic conspiracy envisioned by the Birchwater conservatives, but its relentless pressure upon the so-called "free world" abroad. And although these essayists do not deny American obligations to lead the diminishing forces of freedom, what if the world spurns American leadership? For all the talk about our former enemies, such as Germany and Japan, being solidly in freedom's camp, the fact is that there are "thousands of card-carrying communists" in government positions in Japan. Our allies are our allies only so long as we are in the lead.

Chinese-born David Nelson Rowe charges that our substitution of neutralism for containment, our tacit recognition of the "two Chinas," the Laos "settlement," and our determination to fight another Korea in Vietnam have opened the door to a communist take-over of all Southeast Asia. Soon, he predicts, the rats will desert the ship, and "we will face a future of isolation and defeat." But will we? Edward C. Banfield thinks not, thinks that even if all the underdeveloped countries went communist, "we could probably survive and prosper." The cost of producing new raw materials or finding substitutes at home would be no more than we pay for foreign aid now.

IT is, of course, in this area of foreign policy where the United States is weakest that the conservative case is strongest. Edward C. Banfield contends that foreign aid does little that it was intended to do. There is, he maintains, no proof as yet that it makes people either prosperous or democratic; feeding peasants may be humanitarian but does not change official policy, because the peasants have no influence on either public or government opinion. Increasing growth, continues Banfield, may drain resources, and increasing aggregate wealth by no means insures any increase in general wealth. Moreover, those countries most in need of development are least capable of profiting by it; and, most important of all, the responsibility of one country for another implies the inequality of the country receiving the aid.

On other foreign policy matters *The Conservative Papers* are even more specific. Far from holding out false hopes to the Soviet satellites, they insist we have no moral right to incite people to insurrection when we are not willing to help them militarily.

On the question of a "vital Atlantic system," Professor Henry A. Kissinger of Harvard warns that the alliance needs a political body to define its objectives, adding, "It is hard to conceive of a stable Europe that does not include France as well as Britain." Instead of opposing their nuclear efforts, we should "use our influence to place them in the service of a European conception."

Domestically, the conservative position is more negative. That darling of the liberals John Maynard Keynes is quoted as defining the primary cause of unemployment as the failure of employers to make money. Over and over *The Conservative Papers* assert that the sources of initiative must be preserved. This is why conservatives generally favor tax reforms, not directly to benefit rich individuals and large corporations, but so the slow growth of our industrial economy can speed up. Since the Korean War the trend has been for wages to rise as profits and employment opportunities go down.

Liberal Senator Paul H. Douglas has pointed out that when wages get too high men are laid off at three times the rate of the increase. The empty textile towns of New England, the tragic local country of Appalachia bear somber witness that men can win every battle and lose the war. In the forthcoming Age of Automation, these writers indicate, we may well have to choose between high wages *or* jobs. An actual wage freeze may even be necessary if hideous unemplyoment is to be forestalled.

"Do deficits matter?" asks Raymond J. Saulnier. The answer seems to be that they lead to inflation, which leads to excess buying, hoarding, worthless wage increases, and insecure "securities." One thing is certain, as the conservatives point out with relish: big deficits never ended the big Depression.

Milton Freedman of the University of Chicago asks: "Can a controlled economy work?" Obviously it does, "to further the special interests of those in control of it." Controlled economies dramatize the gulf between "public affluence," such as dams, steel mills, and city halls, and private squalor. "Controlled economies," he charges, "have not been successful in achieving a rapid rise in the standard life of the masses, whereas at least some uncontrolled economies have." Yet "the big lie," the exact opposite of this truth, has inflamed the imagination of the world, "the power of words over facts, of ideas over evidence." This is why conservatives believe that an American export of ideas is infinitely more meaningful than material goods, so far as the uncommitted world is concerned.

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The Market Price of Power

The Critical Decade: An Economic Policy for America and the Free World, *by Henry S. Reuss (McGraw-Hill. 227 pp. $5.50), argues that many policies that have served us well since World War II are no longer adequate. William Diebold, Jr., is senior research fellow of the Council on Foreign Relations.*

By WILLIAM DIEBOLD, JR.

IT IS unusual for members of Congress to write books about major issues confronting them, and still more rare for the books to be good. Henry Reuss is an exceptional Congressman. His five terms in the House of Representatives as a Democrat from Milwaukee followed a legal and military career that included several years of service in the Executive branch. He helped control prices in Washington at the beginning of the war and in Germany after its end. He was Deputy General Counsel for the Marshall Plan organization in Paris. In Congress, Reuss has put in a great deal of hard work on the Banking and Finance Committee and the Joint Economic Committee. So he has seen the problems of American policy from both ends of Pennsylvania Avenue and both sides of the Atlantic.

This experience shows in the book's crisp, forthright, and well-informed discussion of foreign trade policy, relations with Europe, foreign aid, the balance of payments, international monetary reform, and domestic policies to assure growth and the full use of our economic resources. To help carry out the policies he advocates, Reuss proposes measures to make Congress more effective and to improve international economic cooperation in the free world. He calls himself "a progressive Democrat and a supporter of the Kennedy-Johnson program," but does not simply cheer on the sidelines for this year's, last year's, or last election's platform. He has his own point of view, and he never leaves you in doubt about what it is.

Some of his strongest opinions concern our relations with Europe. Never "mesmerized," as he says, by the common market, Reuss sees our past policies as a "self-defeating line of action." What we have done is to help "set up discriminatory trading areas which present formidable obstacles to our maintaining, much less increasing, our export surplus." Right now, as we approach most difficult negotiations in the Kennedy Round, and feel the bite of "little Europe's" strength and independence, Reuss will get more support for this view than he has had in the past. Probably it is natural that an attack on the "overriding emphasis on the integration of Europe" should itself provide only a partial view of the issues. The discussion is largely confined to trade and gives little attention to whether the political advantages of integration (which Reuss approves) could have been obtained without a customs union or some other arrangement discriminating against American exports. An untutored reader might get the impression that the common market was responsible for much of our balance-of-payments difficulty, without realizing how much United States exports to that area have grown.

Reuss is certainly right to warn about the future. He thinks we are storing up more trouble by concentrating on the common market in the present tariff negotiations. It is hard, though, to see how that can be avoided. If we fail, we should certainly try to follow Reuss's advice and rally whatever other free-world forces will go along in the direction of liberalizing trade. It remains to be seen, though, how strong these forces are and, indeed, what the United States is really willing to do. This book should help Europeans to realize what views are developing among liberal political thinkers in the United States.

Reuss discusses foreign aid briefly but systematically. His emphasis on private and individual activities is what might be expected from one of the original sponsors of the Peace Corps. Examination of the balance of payments and the related issue of international monetary reform leads Reuss into the camp of those advocating new mechanisms to provide increased international liquidity. Part of the argument is that the United States should not have to conduct its domestic policy to satisfy the views about interest rates held by foreign central bankers (or domestic ones, for that matter; there is a strong populist streak in Reuss's money views, and he is suspicious of what the Federal Reserve Board would do if let alone). While the prescriptions for domestic policy may exaggerate the effectiveness of low interest rates, they contain interesting proposals for what communities can do, with only limited federal help, to better themselves while at the same time increasing employment.

THIS book is full of ideas, not necessarily new but plainly thought out by the author and arranged in his own combinations. The arguments are clear and fit together, so that the book is not fuzzy at the core or around the edges like so many works by political figures.

One does not have to agree with all of Reuss's views to feel that he has made an honest and valuable contribution to some of our major policy debates. That might have been done at any time; but Reuss is surely right when he says we are now in a particularly critical decade. Many of the policies that have served well since the end of the war are no longer adequate and therefore, "under wholly new circumstances we must bring to bear even greater social invention and resolution than when America first reconciled itself to two realities: that it was a world power, and that the price of power entailed global responsibilities."

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

MORE NATURAL ANAGRAMS

Dr. Henry S. Houghton of Nashville, Tennessee, herewith submits a second cluster of natural anagrams (for the first, see *SR* December 7, 1963) and asks you to resolve them. Resolution is effected on page 42.

1. ANISOMETRIC
2. APPEALING
3. CESSATION
4. CREDENTIAL
5. DISPATCHES
6. ENSHROUDED
7. FRACTIONED
8. HARMONICAS
9. IMPORTUNATE
10. INTOLERANCE
11. MATURATION
12. OPERETTAS
13. ORIFLAMMES
14. REASCENDING
15. TORPIDNESS

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DARVAS BOX SYSTEM REVEALED

At Last Dancer-Investor Wizard Reveals Famed Box System That Helped Him Make $2,450,000 In His Spare Time!

Nicolas Darvas is back . . . more astonishing than ever! Ten years ago a stranger to the stock market, today a Wall Street legend, now the man who made over $2,000,000 in his spare time tells for the first time exactly how his system worked in his brilliantly illuminating new book called WALL STREET: THE OTHER LAS VEGAS.

This is a book that's exciting, that's revealing, that pulls no punches! Darvas calls a spade a spade. You get a Darvas eye-view of the stock market as this super-realist sees it . . . shorn of pretense, devoid of ballyhoo . . . the cold-blooded gambling casino it really is!

But more than an eye-opening revelation of the hypocrisy that exists in Wall Street today, this book gives Darvas' own frank and honest story of the way he made his fortune. He holds nothing back, leaves nothing to your imagination! Here he spells out in plain language, direct and to the point, just how he learned to answer the question: "Which stocks are going to go UP and make money for ME?"

You read how he evolved his famous but never-before revealed Box System and he describes, in vivid, step-by-step detail how he used it from beginning to end.

You see how his system worked *automatically* for him in virtually fool-proof fashion, protecting him against his own mistakes.

You read how the Box system took Darvas completely out of the market four months before the Spring debacle of '62, and how it put him back in the winner's circle in '63 when new fast-rising stocks such as *Control Data* and *Xerox* appeared again.

You read how Darvas' uniquely powerful "on stop purchase orders" bought him in when stocks were rising and how his intelligent use of the stop loss got him out when the same stock started to slide.

You read how Darvas learned he could go broke taking a profit (he made $300 while his broker made $3000 on the same transactions) and how he now saves on brokers' commissions.

But this is just a smattering of the fascinating material you'll find in this devastating Wall Street report. You'll read, for example, what Darvas thinks of investment clubs, mutual funds and monthly investment plans.

You'll read his candid opinion of brokers, and you'll see why, in his estimation you and your broker are actually on opposite sides of the fence!

This and much, much more is all part of what mature stock-market operators confidentially admit will be one of the all-time great books on the market. If you have ever been interested in the market, you certainly owe it to yourself to read this revealing report. And you can do so without risking a single penny!

NO-RISK OFFER

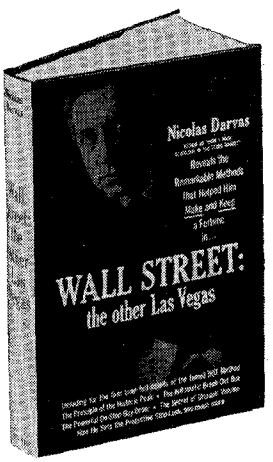
Pick up your copy of WALL STREET: THE OTHER LAS VEGAS at your bookstore. Or, if you prefer, fill out and mail the no-risk coupon now and we will rush your copy to you! When it arrives, read it for 10 days at our risk. If, at the end of that time, you aren't convinced that WALL STREET: THE OTHER LAS VEGAS has been the most fascinating and stimulating book, you have ever read, don't keep it.

Simply return it at once for a complete refund, no questions asked. You must be delighted in every way or you pay nothing.

THE 5 PILLARS OF DARVAS' FABULOUS BOX SYSTEM

Here, in highly skeletonized form, are the 5 basic elements of Darvas' own approach to making a fortune in the stock market. In this book he explains how he used each in complete, step-by-step detail.

1. **THE PRINCIPLE OF THE HISTORIC PEAK** (Automatically spotlighting stocks which, Darvas found were preparing to soar to substantial new highs.)
2. **THE SECRET OF ESTABLISHING THE TOP LIMIT ON THE DECISIVE BREAK-OUT BOX** (How Darvas picked the wheat from the chaff by separating stocks that merely looked promising from those which he considered virtually sure-fire.)
3. **THE POWER OF VOLUME AND HOW DARVAS RECOGNIZED IT** (When Darvas learned how to read it, one of his strongest aids to spotlight a stock about to rise.)
4. **THE BRILLIANT "ON-STOP BUY-ORDER"** (How Darvas eliminated painful "do-or-die" decision-making . . . automatically buying into the selected stock at precisely the right moment.)
5. **THE SAFETY-CHECK OF THE STOP-LOSS AND HOW HE SET IT** (How Darvas learned to use it to eliminate decision-making and automatically afford protection against loss.)



THE MAN WHO CAUSED THE RULES TO BE CHANGED AT THE STOCK EXCHANGE

This is the new book by Nicolas Darvas, world-famous dancer, self-taught Wall Street Wizard, and author of the runaway best-seller "How I Made $2,000,000 in the Stock Market."

Viciously attacked for his frank opinion, vilified for his unorthodox methods in 1961, Darvas' best-seller had such a devastating effect on the market that the rules of the Stock Exchange had to be revised! And in this brilliant new book, WALL STREET: THE OTHER LAS VEGAS, you'll see why! This frank, outspoken book is a revelation . . . fresh, candid, illuminating! In it, one fact becomes increasingly apparent.

Darvas made his fortunes because he is, first and foremost, a realist! He sees with a clarity and an insight that is positively astonishing. As he points out, it wasn't until he saw Wall Street in the cold, harsh light of reality that he discovered how he could make money in the market!

In other words, Darvas refused to accept the propaganda that "a share in the stock market is a share in America" or any of the other homely maxims so eagerly dispensed by the public relations experts. He saw the market for what it really is and he acted accordingly!

Darvas says:
To me Wall Street is just one big casino and **that's the way I have to approach it in order to make money!**

Stock exchanges? They are just devices for churning up buying and selling in order to earn commissions. That's one of the reasons I ignore buy-sell advice from brokers.

Earning ratios? Book values? Interesting, but THERE IS ONLY ONE REASON FOR ME TO BUY A STOCK AND THAT IS BECAUSE IT IS GOING UP. IF THAT IS HAPPENING, NO OTHER REASON IS NECESSARY. IF THAT IS NOT HAPPENING, NO OTHER REASON IS WORTH CONSIDERING.

Intrinsic worth of a stock? What does it matter? To me, a stock is worth exactly what I paid for it when I bought it, exactly what I can get for it when I sell it.

Buy cheap and sell dear? That's old fashioned hog-wash. I buy stocks that are going up and I sell stocks that are going down.

Investment services? Just tout sheets that usually aren't even as accurate as the law of averages.

These are just a few of the lucid opinions expressed in this book. They are the basis for the sound, logical principles upon which Nicolas Darvas has built the ingenious Box system which he describes in detail in this illuminating and fascinating book.

LYLE STUART, Inc., Dept S-7,
239 Park Ave. S., New York 3, N.Y.

Please rush my copy of WALL STREET: THE OTHER LAS VEGAS with the understanding that if I am not completely delighted in every way, I may return it within 10 days for a complete refund, no questions asked.

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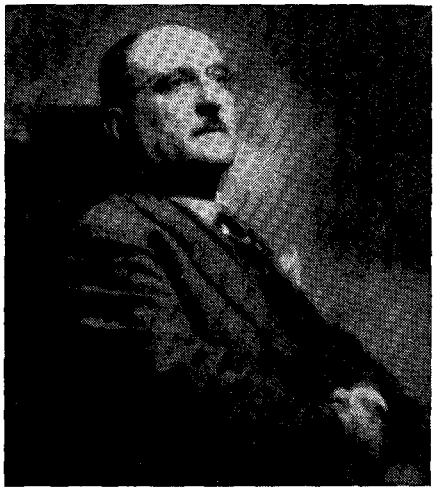
Interwoven Destinies

The Egoists, *by Bonaventura Tecchi, translated by Dennis Chamberlin (Appleton-Century. 282 pp. $4.95), tracks the interwoven destinies of five men and two women who suffer an incapacity for genuine love. Marc Slonim edited "Modern Italian Short Stories," in which he published one of the first English translations of Tecchi's tales.*

By MARC SLONIM



Bonaventura Tecchi—an "exaltation of the Apollonian equilibrium, which embraces the demonic and the spiritual."

IT WAS high time that a major work by Bonaventura Tecchi should be offered to American readers. This sensitive and serious writer, now in his sixties, has published since the early 1930s some fifteen volumes of tales and novels, which have secured him a solid place in contemporary Italian fiction. A scholar endowed with poetic imagination, a traveler eager to explore foreign lands and customs, a psychologist attracted by moral problems, Tecchi has succeeded in merging his versatile inclinations into an organic and harmonious whole. During World War I he was wounded and made a prisoner in Germany; from that time on his academic activity has centered around German literature, which he has taught as a university professor and written about extensively. At present Tecchi is the director of the Institute of Germanic Studies in Rome.

German poets and novelists have unquestionably left their stamp on his writing. One can easily discover the connecting link between his main theme —the disturbing coexistence of good and evil in man and in the world—and Hermann Hesse's search for a fusion of human and universal contradictions. And Tecchi's exaltation of Apollonian equilibrium, which embraces the demonic and the spiritual, certainly stems from Goethe, whom he often quotes in *The Egoists.* The Italian has avoided, however, the heaviness that frequently weighs down German literature, and his own tales possess that sense of measure and clarity, that devotion to sensuous perfection and idyllic naturalness which in the opinion of many critics form the basic characteristics of Mediterranean art.

All these traits are present in *The Egoists,* a novel which, in a series of short episodes, traces the interwoven destinies of five men and two women. At first glance, this fragmentary composition makes the book appear to be a collection of separate short stories, projected against the carefully drawn Italian background. But, as is often the case with Tecchi, this impression is quite illusory. The meetings of the five male characters, introduced at the opening of the story as bachelors, the consecutive marriages of two of them and the love affairs of the others, their sensual frenzy and their inner anxieties are represented as parts of the same drama, or illustrations of the same theme. The characters of the novel are sharply delineated (to the extent that they become linear, almost geometrical) and they are highly individualized, but all of them have in common an incapacity for genuine love. After an outburst of sexual passion they destroy their feminine partners or are ruined by them.

Doctor Contarini, a famous ladies' man, adored by his women patients, suffers from loneliness despite his numerous conquests. The nuclear physicist Fauni is so absorbed by his work and success that he lets his young wife wither away like a plant deprived of sun and air. The old scholar and teacher Almirante, who can escape his solitude only with the help of a woman's body, goes the way of all flesh and slips into deadly decay. D'Alessio, the cold, self-controlled industrialist, is power-hungry: to him making money or making love are two ways of self-assertion, and he wants to possess his wife as an expensive object, not as a human being; while the poet Rudor, whom she takes as a lover, keeps hidden his secret life of dreams and words and images, and cannot give her more than much virility and a little tenderness. A young priest to whom they turn for advice and comfort says that none of them "trusts and respects the souls of others."

The lack of true communication between the egoists of both sexes, their inability to share, to exchange their most intimate emotions and thoughts, frustrate their attempts at companionship and leads them all to unhappiness and death. "Sensuality and melancholy are basically the same thing," proclaims Almirante, the pagan; and the young priest formulates a similar theory: "Egoism arises out of melancholy and secret self-complacency." But the egoists go farther in their investigation of man's complexities: The secret of existence, one of them speculates, lies in the mysterious collaboration between good and evil, between the highest and the lowest. And, observes another, the presence of evil—the abundant evil and limited good, especially in the modern world, is the great enigma of our life on earth.

There is something old-fashioned in Tecchi's literary manner, in his realistic details and precious symbols, in his estheticism, which has the ring of d'Annunzio, and in his conflicts between faith and reason, which bring us back to Fogazzaro. Tecchi's heroes also belong to the *fin de siècle,* and his women are decidedly 1900, conventional, almost stylized, as most women in nineteenth-century Italian literature are. But one should beware of hastily judging this novel, which seems so dated in its tone and presentation. It is like one of those old European ladies in grandmother's attire, who look naïve, almost pathetic, with their shy manners of another era, but whom one finds, after an hour's conversation, highly intelligent, subtle, and capable of illuminating insight.

My main objection to *The Egoists* is that sometimes the author shows too much interest in his message, coming close to the dangerous border line between artistic representation and intellectual moralizing.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. MISCREATION. 2. LAGNIAPPE. 3. CANOEISTS. 4. INTERLACED. 5. CADETSHIPS. 6. DEERHOUNDS. 7. DEFORCIANT. 8. MARASCHINO. 9. PERMUTATION. 10. CRENELATION. 11. NATATORIUM. 12. POETASTER. 13. SEMIFORMAL. 14. GRANDNIECES. 15. DRIPSTONES.

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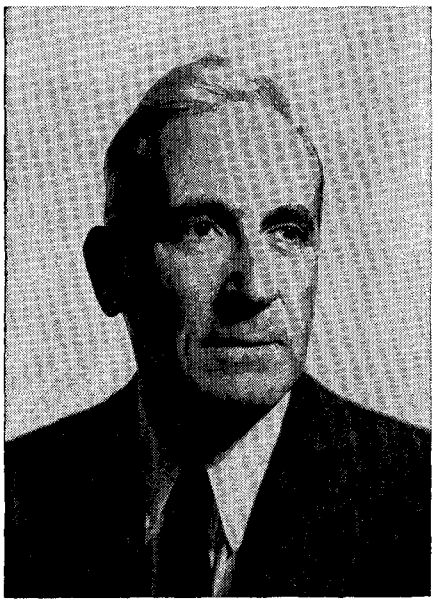
Nice Young Man Meets Monster Lady

A Touch of the Dragon, *by Hamilton Basso (Viking. 241 pp. $4.95), weaves together the stories of a power-hungry hardware heiress and a nice young man in a publishing house. Chester E. Eisinger is the author of "Fiction of the Forties."*

By CHESTER E. EISINGER

THIS novel has been published at the wrong time. It should have appeared in June, for it belongs to that class of fiction called summer reading, a kind that presumably imposes no strain on either reader or writer. Mr. Basso's story is a pleasant little social comedy (it is difficult not to patronize this sort of book), which he tries to redeem from banality by offering a portrait of an evil woman. But many difficulties beset him. The woman is not really the kind of destructive horror that might make a vivid impression upon our sensibilities or convince us of the reality of evil; instead, she is another of those domineering rich types we have seen so often before. What is worse, she seems to have only a tangential relation to the rest of the book.

The story, then, is at least two stories. One concerns the heiress to a hardware fortune whose cruelty and passionate desire for power might have made her into an authentic dragon if Mr. Basso had brought to his task some real convictions about dragons. The other involves the travels and marriages of a nice, completely predictable young man: he discovers he is not a novelist; he goes to sea after he is jilted by a girl; he becomes a newspaperman; he enters, finally, the family publishing house, which prints maps and atlases. The chief connection between the two characters and the two stories is the fact that they are conceived in the same tired way. The young man is the narrator; but Basso, although he is an experienced writer, never decides whether this character should tell his own story or that of the heiress.



Hamilton Basso—"low-keyed."

There is also a literary hoax with potentialities for good fun, but Basso gives this part of the book such low-keyed treatment that he fails to exploit his opportunities. He does better with his satire on a literary poseur, and, although here too he is conventional, he displays a delightful talent for mimicking certain types of literary criticism, which he irreverently refers to as "snake oil."

But there is no sustained satirical purpose in this book, any more than there is any moral embodied in the portrait of the heiress. Some twenty years ago Mr. Basso wrote purposefully in *Sun in Capricorn*; more recently he wrote delightfully and purposefully in *The View from Pompey's Head*. But in *A Touch of the Dragon* he seems to have suffered from a touch of the cliché.

The Captain Was All at Sea

Home Is the Sailor, *by Jorge Amado, translated from the Portuguese by Harriet de Onís (Knopf. 298 pp. $4.95), tells of a Mitty-like "sea captain" forced to command a ship in an emergency. William L. Grossman has translated works by the Brazilian satirist Machado de Assis.*

By WILLIAM L. GROSSMAN

ONE OF the happiest developments in world literature during the past few years has been the mellowing of the Brazilian novelist Jorge Amado (born 1912). Always a gifted storyteller, with an appeal so universal that he has been published in thirty-one languages, Amado nevertheless used to suffer under the self-imposed handicap of a preoccupation with violence and with the misery resulting from economic and social "conditions." An avowed communist, he sometimes sacrificed literary values to ideology. Then, in 1958, came *Gabriela, Clove and Cinnamon,* which achieved critical and popular success in both Brazil and the United States, followed in 1961 by *Home Is the Sailor.* These novels give us a radically new and improved Amado, humorous, gently ironic, broadly human.

Vasco, the hero of *Home Is the Sailor,* is an undistinguished, somewhat ineffectual man of inherited wealth. At the age of sixty he moves to a suburb of Salvador, the capital of Bahía, and lets it be known that he is a retired sea captain. He has a master mariner's certificate to prove it, fraudulently obtained for him years before by his influential friends when they discovered that he envied them their titles of colonel, doctor, and so on. With his Mitty-like fantasies about a captain's life and his heroic but benevolent manner, he becomes the idol of the community—until a jealous skeptic discovers his landlubber past, including adventures not as a romantic lover in exotic ports but as a sort of frustrated playboy in and out of the brothels of Salvador.

To make matters worse, "Captain" Vasco is pressed into service to command a coastal passenger ship in the emergency caused by its master's death. It is Vasco's first sea voyage. But fate intervenes, and the débacle is transformed into a triumph that reinforces the imposture. The story here becomes a bit contrived; but this is not a book of stark realism, and the contrivance is all part of the fun.

The narrative is related long after the event by an amateur historian, who interrupts it from time to time to philosophize on the nature of truth or to tell us about his affair with the playfully amorous mulatto mistress of a retired judge. This device contributes to the ironic detachment that seems to be an essential element in the new Amado and which, in paradoxical combination with his affection for his characters, gives his work a special charm—that of an indulgent, tropical, heart-warming smile at the human comedy.

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The Common Ancestor

This View of Life: The World of an Evolutionist, *by George Gaylord Simpson (Harcourt, Brace & World. 308 pp. $5.95), speaks out in modern terms for the ancient proverb that "the proper study of mankind is man." Garrett Hardin, visiting professor of biology at the University of California, Berkeley, is author of the forthcoming "Population, Evolution and Birth Control."*

By GARRETT HARDIN

THOUGH they were written over a period of seventeen years, there is a unifying factor in these fourteen essays: George Gaylord Simpson's repudiation of cant. He wants to keep his profession honest.

For example, in discussing evolution (the subject of his life's work), Simpson is firm in his attitude toward intellectual appeasers. "Apologists . . . state or imply that man is not really descended from an ape or monkey at all, but from an earlier common ancestor." This, says Simpson, is pussyfooting, for "that common ancestor would certainly be called an ape or monkey in popular speech by anyone who saw it. Since the terms *ape* and *monkey* are defined in popular usage, man's ancestors *were* apes or monkeys (or successively both). It is pusillanimous if not dishonest for an informed investigator to say otherwise."

Some of Simpson's most carefully reasoned criticism is directed toward the theories of Lecomte du Noüy, Edmund W. Sinnott, and Teilhard de Chardin, who have achieved a measure of popular esteem with books which Simpson identifies as part of "the new mysticism." The works of all three have been eagerly embraced by a public (or perhaps only by a press-agentry) desperately looking for scientific justifications of theology. At least two of these authors base their positions on the belief that "what has not been explained, cannot be explained," a shaky foundation to build upon in this day of accelerating knowledge. To say this is not to deny the existence of what Edmund Whittaker called "impotence principles" —the laws of thermodynamics and Heisenberg's principle, for example. But the intellectual base of true impotence principles is quite different from the fallacious probability argument by which du Noüy "proved" that the nonliving synthesis of amino acids or proteins is impossible, a "proof" that was exploded in the laboratory almost immediately by S. L. Miller and Harold Urey.

Simpson analyzes his three scientist-mystics with brotherly love and professional detachment. Their works have had no effect on the scientific community, and probably less on the rest of the world than is usually supposed, for, as the author points out, their books are probably "more often bought than read." Certainly Teilhard's *The Phenomenon of Man* is one of the most unreadable books of the last decade.

It is likely that the most influential essay in *This View of Life* will be "The Nonprevalence of Humanoids"—recently published in *Science*—in which the author criticizes NASA and the race to the moon. A spokesman for the space program has said that the foremost task of space science is to find extraterrestrial life; and a banner has been created beneath which research funds are solicited: *exobiology*. This, says Simpson, is "a curious development in view of the fact that this 'science' has yet to demonstrate that its subject matter exists!"

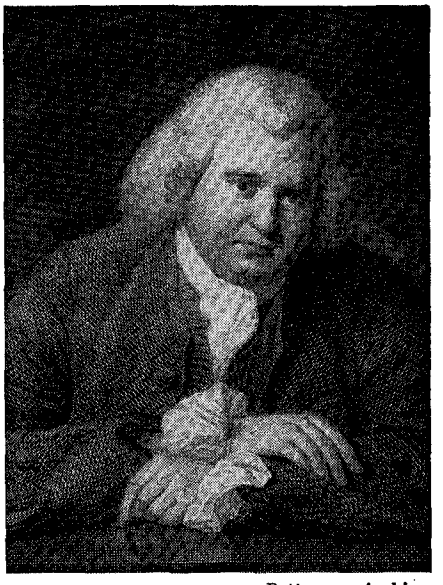
He goes on to plead that "we invest just a bit more of our money and manpower, say one-tenth of that now being gambled on the expanding space program, for [the] sure profit" to be derived from studying the evolution of earthly organisms.

Man of Enlightenment

Erasmus Darwin, *by Desmond King-Hele (Scribners. 183 pp. $3.95), and* ***Doctor Darwin,*** *by Hesketh Pearson (Walker. 244 pp. $5), describe the extraordinary man who formulated the most satisfactory theory of evolution to emerge before that of his grandson Charles Darwin. Morse Peckham edited "Charles Darwin's 'On the Origin of Species': A Variorum Text."*

By MORSE PECKHAM

IF WE substitute "doctor" for "statesman" and "poet" for "architect," we find in Erasmus Darwin an English Thomas Jefferson; both men were interested in nearly everything, and were often original as well as competent in nearly everything they were interested in. Although Darwin, born in 1731, was twelve years the elder, he and Jefferson are emblematic of the late Enlightenment, the last period in which the amateur could be as competent as the professional—or, more precisely, the last period in which there was no difference between the two; for the scientist as a professional scarcely existed. The theoretical scientist was still the gentleman amateur; the scientist-engineer was still, like James Watt, the workman-mechanic. When these two cultural traditions merged, that of the theorizing amateur with his mechanical toys and that of the practical solver of specific mechanical problems, the scientist and the engineer as we know them today, with their intimate dialogue of theory and practice, made their entrance onto the cultural stage.



—*Bettmann Archive.*

Erasmus Darwin—sustained by optimism.

The Lunar Society, which Darwin and his friends formed in Birmingham, was a group of amateurs and manufacturers who have had an immeasurable impact on the world. In an odd sense, the Lunar

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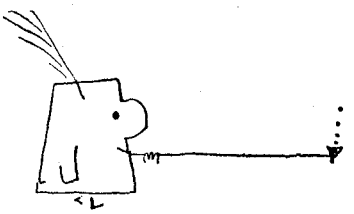
Society, as both authors of these two new books insist, *was* the Industrial Revolution.

Darwin was sustained by the optimism of the late Enlightenment, an optimism neither naïve nor superficial. It was fully aware of the horrors in humanity's past and those probable in its future. But by the last quarter of the century the Enlightenment had already accomplished so much that all the reasons for pessimism could be faced without flinching. For these men were sustained by a metaphysical and ultimately religious vision that the gap between the behavior of the human organism and the demands of its environment was a consequence not of Original Sin but of Ignorance, Error, and Stupidity. There was a good chance—they were sure of this—that the adaptational gap could be closed if Science were free to eradicate Ignorance, if Education were free to correct Error, and if Reasonable Political Institutions were free to control Stupidity. This is the clue to Darwin's thinking, of which Hesketh Pearson and Desmond King-Hele are unaware. That in theory the organism man could be perfectly adapted to its environment Darwin and his modern-minded contemporaries had no doubt. Nature was governed by laws; it was only necessary to ascertain those laws. That done, the far more difficult task of bringing man under the control of those laws remained; there lay the possibility for failure. This to them was what "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" really meant, the basic right of man to explore every possibility of adapting himself and his society to his environment; the happiness of the individual was the test of his adaptational success, the reward given to many by the Deist God of Nature.

From this flowed Darwin's approval of the American and French revolutions, his love of eating and his suspicion of alcohol, his ideal of sexual freedom, and his two greatest achievements, his medical technique and his theory of evolution. He was the greatest doctor of his day. His technique was not only highly experimental and empirical, it was in essence a matter of observing the patient in his normal situation: what was the total situation to which the sick man was trying to adapt? It is an idea that doctors today could very well use, and psychiatrists too, a few of whom are beginning to believe that what are usually interpreted as symptoms of mental disorder may be functional necessities of reasonably successful adaptations to very difficult environments.

This idea was responsible for Darwin's success in developing the most complete and satisfactory theory of evolution to emerge before that of his



grandson Charles Darwin. Because of the emphasis given this, his greatest achievement, King-Hele's book is much the more important of the two; except for his study of the Lunar Society, Pearson has written little more than another of his amusing and popular biographies. Yet the former has, I think, gone much too far in his claim that Erasmus Darwin's evolutionary theory is considerably more satisfactory than that of his grandson. In King-Hele's opinion, all that Charles did was to collect enough evidence to make the theory of evolution scientifically acceptable. Thus to him Erasmus's poem *The Temple of Nature*, with its extensive notes, is a greater theoretical achievement than *The Origin of Species*. Certainly it is neater, and it celebrates the order of the universe; this apparently has a strong metaphysical appeal for King-Hele.

Checklist

Continued from page 12

Pope Paul VI. By William E. Barrett. Doubleday. $4.95.

THOMAS AQUINAS AND JOHN GERHARD: Theological Controversy and Construction in Medieval and Protestant Scholasticism. By Robert P. Scharlemann. Yale Univ. Press. $6.50.

THE TRIAL OF ST. THOMAS MORE. By E. E. Reynolds. Kenedy. $4.50.

Sociology

AGE OF EQUIPOISE: A Study of the Mid-Victorian Generation. By W. L. Burn. Norton. $7.50.

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE. Revised edition. By Geoffrey Gorer. Norton. $4.50.

CANEVILLE: The Social Structure of a South African Town. By Pierre L. van den Berghe. Wesleyan Univ. Press. $6.95.

DARK STRANGERS. By Sheila Patterson. Indiana Univ. Press. $9.

THE INEVITABLE AMERICANS. By John Greenway. Knopf. $5.95.

MAN'S MOST DANGEROUS MYTH: The Fallacy of Race. By Ashley Montagu. World. $7.50.

WHITE-COLLAR REDUNDANCY: A Case Study. By Dorothy Wedderburn. Cambridge Univ. Press. $1.50.

—Compiled by RUTH BROWN.

"Do you realize that the century of the common man has only thirty-six more years to go?"

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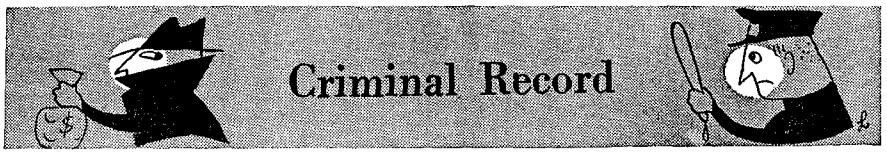

A Pictorial History of American Crime 1849-1929. *By Allen Churchill. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* $6.95. From the slugging-to-death of Dr. George Parkman (Boston) to the Valentine's Day massacre (Chicago), this stunning compendium of the horrendous recreates fifty classic cases, largely murders. Perfect for living room or guest room (but the guest will pull down the shades).

Policewoman, *By Dorothy Uhnak. Simon & Schuster.* $4.50. This account of the author's "initiation in the realities of justice" on the New York force is a sequence of experiences that holds the reader's attention throughout. Fine semi-documentary.

The Black Ship. *By Dudley Page. Lippincott.* $5.95. Detailed narrative of the deadliest mutiny in the annals of the Royal Navy (1797—ten officers slain or shoved overboard, twenty-four culprits eventually hanged). A roaring, gory footnote to history.

The Roots of Evil. *By Christopher Hibbert. Little, Brown.* $6.95. This "social history of crime and punishment" embraces the period from the Middle Ages to the present (the Caryl Chessman case, for instance). A solid, well-presented, enlightened addition to the literature of criminology and penology.

The Prince of Thieves. *By J. J. Lynx. Atheneum.* $4.95. A life of Rumanian-born George Manolesco, alias H. H. Prince Lahovary, alias the Duke of Otranto, who reputedly netted $10 million, largely in jewels (died 1911, aged forty). Much of the dialogue is "reconstructed."

The Transcendental Murder. *By Jane Langton. Harper & Row.* $3.95. Six-foot-tall Concord (Mass.) librarian is leading lady of tale wherein the ghosts of Thoreau, Emerson, Louisa May Alcott, and Emily Dickinson hover all over. (Yes, there are a couple of killings.) Wacky, overpopulated, impossible, and thoroughly delightful.

Winter of Madness. *By David Walker. Houghton Mifflin.* $3.95. Scots laird leases castle to Yank zillionaire with sinister ideas; plenty die, including pheasants. Wild, witty, uninhibited, and jolly good fun.

The Big Runaround. *By Darwin Teilhet. Coward-McCann.* $4.50. Technical editor for California electronics giant is drawn into the deadly spider web of industrial espionage. An authentic smasher.

The Case of the Daring Divorcee. *By Erle Stanley Gardner. Morrow.* $3.50. Tycoon's murder puts widow in dire peril, but Perry Mason and affiliates go to bat and D.A. Ham Burger falls flat on his face. The old pro is still going around in three under par.

Make a Killing. *By Harold O. Masur. Random House.* $3.95. Scott Jordan, Manhattan mouthpiece, clashes with cops, D.A., as double murder erupts when big stock takeover is in process. Brisk motion, good headwork.

College Literary Magazine Contest: The editors of college literary magazines published in the U.S. are reminded of the fast-approaching April 10 deadline in the annual contest sponsored by *SR* and the U.S. National Student Association.

Announcements giving details of the contest have already been sent to most of the nation's colleges. This year's competition will cover materials published in college undergraduate literary magazines during the 1963-64 academic year. Awards will be given for the best single issue of an undergraduate magazine, for the best short story, for the best nonfiction piece, and for the best poem written by an undergraduate. Campus editors are urged to choose single entries in one or more of the four categories and to forward four copies of each nomination to the address below.

The winning magazine will be given a commemorative plaque and a cash prize of $250. Winners in the individual categories will receive a hand-lettered scroll, and the winning poem will be published in *SR*, along with the names of all the winners. Entries and inquiries should be addressed to: Magazine Contest, U.S. National Student Association, 3457 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa. 19104.

Gideon's Vote. *By J. J. Marric. Harper & Row.* $3.95. This time the Big Fellow tackles problems imposed by a general election; embattled pacifists raise hob; phony M.D. a minor nuisance. Usual nice handling (never better, in fact).

The Shrunken Head. *By Robert L. Fish. Simon & Schuster.* $3.50. Captain Da Silva of Brazilian police and Wilson of U.S. Embassy staff team again, this time to handle their ruggedest assignment yet. A wild one all the way, with a wow payoff, and a wonderful travelogue to boot.

The Horses. *By James Helvick. Walker.* $3.50. Second World War historian finds hint of gee-gees shipped to Turkey and not arriving; plot to wed heiress to adventurer ties in; there are dead. (Scene: Cork and environs.) Pleasant off-the-beaten-path number.

Death of a Sardine. *By Joan Fleming. Washburn.* $3.50. English house party on Portugal's west coast jarred when young German women does fadeout; police present but unobtrusive. Atmosphere, color excellent; story adroit.

A Taste for Brilliants. *By Noel Clad. Random House.* $3.95. New York gem dealer, in Los Angeles on appraisal job, discovers he has been outrageously tricked, but by whom? (There are dead.) Another highly knowledgeable treatment of the diamond traffic.

The Limbo Line. *By Victor Canning. Sloane.* $3.95. Retired British intelligence ace swings back into action (England, France) when Reds attempt repatriation coup. Right-in-the-groove chase item.

Report from Argyll. *By Allan MacKinnon. Crime Club.* $3.50. London reporter wants to know what Russian VIP is doing in Scottish Highlands; path to solution is strewn with bodies. Starts excitingly, but settles down into boy-meets-girl formula.

The Brass Key. *By Francis Swann. Simon & Schuster.* $3.50. Hostile reception greets comely gal as she returns to the land of her forebears: Seco, Maine (*not* Saco); ancient murder recalled; love finds a way. Nothing very special here.

The Invisible Evil. *By Robert Gaines. Walker.* $3.50. Anglo-Irish political crisis gives Chief Inspector Seaton anxious and dramatic moments; British Prime Minister himself is in cast. Mature, heads-up job. —SERGEANT CUFF.

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THE FORD FOUNDATION'S BALLET GRANTS

SR/RECORDINGS

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By JOHN MARTIN

FAR and away the best thing that has ever happened to the dance in this country is the recent complex of grants totaling $7,756,000 by the Ford Foundation, described by Henry T. Heald, the foundation's president, as a "program for the long-range professional development of ballet."

The project, which is on a national scale and covers a ten-year period, has two major objectives: the strengthening of professional ballet companies "with strong artistic direction," whether they are already well-established organizations or young and burgeoning ones; and the improving of the now generally inadequate standard that prevails in the teaching of professional ballet over the country. These two objectives are inevitably interrelated, after the pattern of the chicken and the egg; without companies of strong artistic direction to train for, professional schools have neither point nor purpose, and without dancers trained expertly to professional and artistic capability, companies of high standards cannot be constituted. In its approach to a solution of this problem the program manages to be hardheaded and practical, while at the same time allowing for sufficient exploration and experimentation to provide a margin of creative liveliness.

It might justifiably be expected that such a substantial project would be greeted with enthusiasm by the dance world at large. At last the long-suffering art, accustomed to being either sneered at as arty or leered at as cheesecake, has broken through the barriers of indifference and opprobrium and attained "status." The Ford Foundation is, after all, the Ford Foundation, and $7,756,000 is a not untidy sum, though obviously insufficient to accomplish all that needs to be accomplished in the field as a whole. No doubt there would have been cheers all around, instead of the catcalls and vituperation that actually arose from a large section of the dance world and of its press, except for one ineluctable factor: not even such a powerful institution as the Ford Foundation can make a grant to an idea; it must be made to some tangible entity, some person or organization capable of administering it to whatever desired end. And that is the point at which blood begins to flow, no matter where the choice may fall.

In this case, the logical—indeed, the inevitable—entity chosen was that pair of Siamese twins, the New York City Ballet and the School of American Ballet, which though legally separate organizations are inseparably linked in aims and operation, with Lincoln Kirstein and George Balanchine as respectively general director and artistic director of both, whatever their legalistic titles may be in each.

This dualistic entity is the only one in the field that has demonstrated its capacity not only for survival but also for increasingly significant accomplishment over a period of years—thirty of them, in fact. During this time it has continually had to browbeat its friends and relatives for money, and, failing this, it has frequently worked without scenery or costumes (but also, be it noted, without basic compromise); it has even disappeared temporarily under one tidal wave after another, but it has always come up again with a firmer grasp on the techniques of artistic affirmation against whatever odds. For the past fifteen years, indeed, it has been not only the oustanding company-*cum*-school in our own country, but also one of the five or (to stretch a point) six great contemporary ballets of the world. You need not like its style (which is highly individual) or its repertoire (which is largely a one-man one), but you cannot deny its authority, its validity, its creativeness, or—what may be even more unusual—its admirable administration.

BUT people are not very nice; they can deny anything they choose to—except, of course, themselves. When the announcement of the Ford grants was made, the roof blew off and choreographic manners showed themselves to be unconscionably bad. (So bad, actually, that it is unlikely that any major foundation will ever again consider an application from any dancer.) Kirstein was phoned by somebody whose animating purpose was simply to call him a common thief; he was accosted on the street by strangers who asked him how it felt to take the bread out of other people's mouths. Incredible, but true. And all this over a *fait accompli*.

Only the sketchiest idea can be given

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here of a program that breaks a great deal of new ground with ingenuity, imagination, and real creativeness. In the category of strengthening professional ballet companies, it allots to the New York City Ballet $2,000,000 over ten years, both to put its own producing activities on a broader and a sounder basis, and to provide for its overlapping assistance to other companies in their similar pursuits (by such means, for example, as lending its soloists to them for performances). In this same category the program divides another $1,831,750 among six smaller organizations in various parts of the country to help them build their companies and affiliated schools under certain conditions.

IN the strictly educational category, the foundation allots $2,425,000 to the School of American Ballet to strengthen it in various ways, including 115 scholarships a year and the freedom to concentrate on those pupils with "the highest potential as talented professional dancers." Another $1,500,000, to be administered by this central school, goes for the support of training in local institutions over the country.

This latter grant is ingeniously devised to include help in indirect ways to those schools that are "commercial" (that is, not registered as nonprofit organizations—and that constitutes the vast majority of dancing schools) and hence ineligible for direct financial aid. Some 400 scholarships will be made available for professionally talented pupils, recommended by their teachers, to be taught in their own communities, with the money paid directly to the pupils. There will also be a highly experimental group-scholarship plan for up to 2,500 young beginners, whose possible talent can still only be guessed at, to be rounded up in groups of ten to thirty from all quarters and levels of society by local teachers, who will receive scholarship tuition for half of them if they will agree to teach the other half free. Also involved are assistance in selecting and training teachers for local schools, a program of training for choreographers, the maintenance of two regular teachers on the staff of the School of American Ballet for the exclusive purpose of traveling about to inspect classes upon request, or to give courses themselves of one to six weeks at no expense to the local schools, and to hold seminars wherever they go. A truly revolutionary project.

It has been suggested, as if it were slightly dishonorable, that the money seems obviously to have been intended from the beginning to go exactly where it ultimately went; and from internal evidence that would seem a fair assumption. Certainly it would be quite in accord with foundation practice, in which an applicant, whether of his own volition or by request, presents a specific project in as great detail as possible, including budgets.

Anybody who is familiar with Kirstein's long-time and long-range vision of the ballet in America, and with Balanchine's complementary attitude toward professional ballet education over the country as a whole, will at once recognize much in the Ford program to identify with them. Certainly, however, no matter who may have outlined the plan originally, it was accepted by the foundation only after the fullest study and field investigation. For seven years, to be exact, W. McNeil Lowry, director of the foundation's program of Humanities and the Arts, went into the national ballet situation minutely and exhaustively. Since he is not only a sensitive man, but also a pragmatic and thorough one, the dossier he accumulated must surely be a document of rare importance as a survey of the contemporary ballet scene in America.

Certain aspects of the final program have even been tested in advance by means of smaller grants. One of them provided for a formal study of educational and developmental resources, and another made possible an experimental scholarship project, under which Balanchine in the East and Lew Christensen in the West undertook to discover whether there might not be young dancers of talent ready for professional training and performing, but living in communities that provide no professional outlet for them. They discovered there were—and in considerable numbers—youngsters who if not spotted in their crucial years might simply wither on the vine. The New York City Ballet's lovely Suzanne Farrell was one of them, by the way, and there are others in that company and in Christensen's San Francisco Ballet.

THE six companies (all with schools) outside New York chosen to participate in the program are well known to Kirstein and Balanchine, and in some cases have had fairly close associations with their activities, including even interchanges of repertoire and personnel.

Chief among them is the San Francisco Ballet, the oldest and best established of the six. Christensen, its director, is a former member of the Kirstein-Balanchine company in one or more of its incarnations, and Kirstein himself has long been listed as its artistic director. Willam Christensen, older brother of Lew, and founder of the San Francisco company, is now director of the Utah Ballet (associated with the University of Utah), which is another of the six participants. The other four, all of later origin, consist of the recently formed National Ballet of Washington, directed by Frederic Franklin; the even newer Pennsylvania Ballet in Philadelphia, directed by Barbara Weisberger; the still embryonic Houston Ballet, directed by Tatiana Semenova; and the Boston Ballet, directed by Virginia Williams, and just emerging from the semi-professional status of a "regional" ballet.

The selection of these participants was based not only on the competence of their directors, but also on the consideration that each of them is located in a community able and prepared to support its activities. This is of high importance, since each participating organization (including the New York City Ballet) is required by the terms of the program to supplement the grant from the foundation by other contributions in specified amounts, some of them considerably larger than the grant itself.

IT is regrettable that the foundation's official news release was not more sensitively keyed to the situation. Conventionally foundationese in style, it was almost clinical in content, stating all the facts with indisputable clarity but ignoring the realities that animated them. Concerning a Humanities and the Arts program one might have expected perhaps something just as informative but also more genuinely communicative. That might possibly have tempered the storm somewhat, for underlying the whole uproar was a basic lack of understanding.

Certainly the grant was not intended as a distinguished service award, after the manner of the Nobel Prize, honoring one lucky organization for achievement in the past; nor was it a kind of charity jackpot, won (no doubt through dubious manipulation, if the old TV give-away programs are any precedent) by a single contestant who was already on the top of the heap, instead of being distributed among all the deserving poor, of whom there are so many. One minute with a pencil and paper will show that the division of the ten-year fund among the (let us say) 1,000 schools and companies that would have to share in any impartial almsgiving would result in each of them receiving $64.63 a month, or approximately enough to pay their telephone bills. That would be a kind gesture, of course, but it would leave the dance in America exactly where it was. The strength of the project lies in its concentration.

The horrified outcry against thus setting up an "academy" in our great democracy is utter nonsense. In the first place, the ballet *is* an academic art, a *danse d'école*, and it requires an academy. No country in the world has ever

(*Continued on page* 65)

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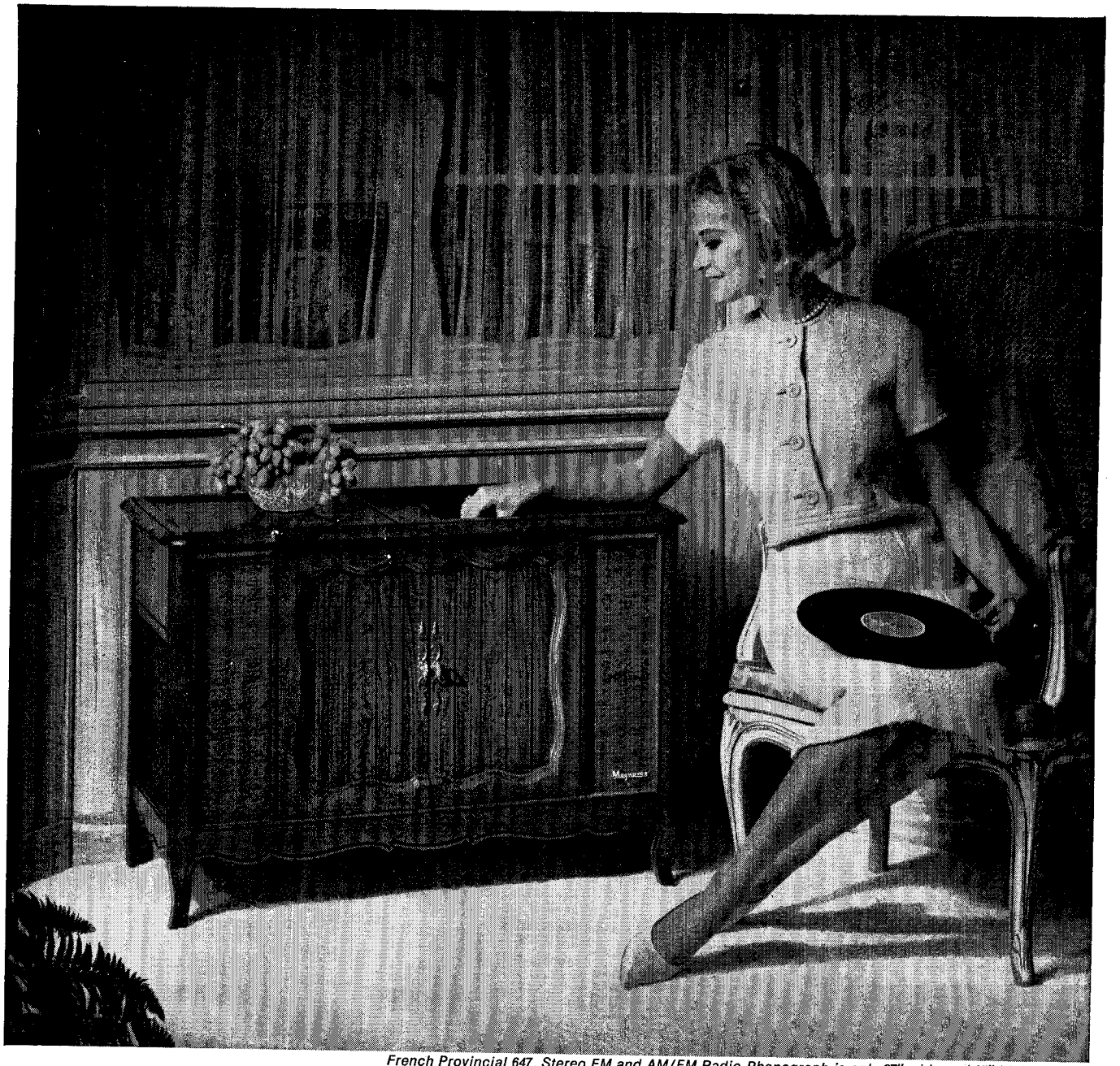

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The Enlivening *Avant-Garde*

By OLIVER DANIEL

THE *avant-garde* is not what it used to be. Proverbially, it has been, in its various manifestations, the product of the loft, the garret, the basement, the back room; it has had its own clientele, small, select, and in a sense initiated. But suddenly it has been brought into the parlor; it has become chic instead of dowdy. We've even begun to develop a new wrinkle in the academic skin in the form of an academic *avant-garde*, though at times it is no more than twelve-tone deep.

The furor engendered by the New York Philharmonic's brief sampling of the *avant-garde* has died down with the last chorus of boos and bravos. Lincoln Center audiences, which apparently take other art forms more indifferently and which calmly ride the escalators under the soaring brass bars of Lippold (which I secretly believe are designed to come smashing down to make the most clangorous bit of aleatoric music yet heard), didn't take their exposure to the newest trends in music sitting down. And although there has rarely been such an exodus as there was at several of these concerts, there has rarely been such a lively response to any music.

In New York at least, a growing and enthusiastic audience for new music is making possible some exceedingly lively events. The reaction to what is being heard is often as noisy and controversial as much of the music itself. At one recent concert, conducted by Gunther Schuller, a great stentorian boo rocked the hall after performance of a work by the French composer Barraqué. It came, not from an outraged traditionalist, but instead from one of the most radical and *avant-garde* of our currently performed composers, Morton Feldman.

Should anyone elsewhere wish to catch up on current happenings, they may turn to the provocative series of recordings put out by Time Records under the aegis of composer Earle Brown, a series that includes examples of works by Brown, Feldman, Cage, Messiaen, Castiglioni, Berio, Kelemen, Stockhausen, Nono, and others who are making musical news. Columbia will shortly release many of the works heard on Bernstein's recent *avant-garde* exploration.

Brown and Feldman, who have been coupled frequently in off-beat concerts, on programs of the New York Philharmonic, and on a Time disc (Time 58007, $4.98; stereo 8007, $5.98), share many similarities in their initial concepts of music. In addition to the influence of Cage, Brown feels that in the esthetic orientation of his music he owes much to two American artists: to the sculptor Calder and to the painter Pollock. "In the mobiles of Calder," he says, "I found the organizational precision which I wanted but, more important, I discovered the possibility of a work of art never being the same twice yet always being the same work; some sort of a new dynamism. I found another kind of dynamism in the paintings of Pollock; to the art of painting they brought a new, intensified spontaneity."

In Europe, Brown has created quite a stir and, among the *avant-garde* group there, is looked upon as one of America's most progressive composers. Of the three works included on his Time recording, the earliest is his *Music for Violin, Cello and Piano—1954-55* and *Hodograph I*, a work for flute, piano, celesta, and percussion. The latter two works were first performed in Darmstadt, Germany, and have had numerous subsequent performances in Europe, America, and the Orient. Despite the sense of random sequence, the music is most definitely controlled. A first look at the scores may seem baffling, but Brown offers an explanation that I doubt will be understood by the uninitiated performer. Brown explains that the piece is written in "time notation," in which the performer's relationship to the score and to the actual sound in performance is realized in terms of the performer's "time-sense perception" of the relationship defined by the score, rather than in terms of a rational system of additive units. In other words, toss the metronome out of the window and forget any old "a-one-two-three-four."

The most salubrious aspect of this way of working is the injection of freshness, and it is evident that no two performances of these works will ever be the same except when captured on a recording. But while at some moments such procedures have all the fascination of a kaleidoscope, at others they seem to be wandering in an aura of chaos. With his interest in notational ambiguities, mobile scores, and spontaneity in performance, Brown sets himself against the academic traditionalists as well as the academic *avant-garde* that has become unduly preoccupied with various aspects of total serialism. Brown accepts the "row" as an efficient means of distributing the twelve available tones, but he finds slavish application to serialism overly mechanistic. What Brown attempts to achieve is analogous to the floating variations of a mobile. But his work is no mere mass of random sounds, and many elements are as solid as the metals used by the sculptor.

While there is a constant sense of tension and involvement in Brown's music, that of Feldman seems relatively energyless. Notes seem to have a complete musical life of their own. It is at times as if one were to record the agreeable and random tinkles of an Oriental wind chime, slow it down in speed, dropping the pitch several octaves and playing it back. *Voilà*! It might be a piece of Feldman.

Tranquility is perhaps the most obvious characteristic of his music. And in a troubled world, the strangely quiet imperturbability of notes, whispering with little regard for what seems to proceed or follow, adds a new and different value in the composite of all the music we hear. But a little can go a long way, and in concert, as was recently the case, a parade of Feldman works can be self-defeating and, in the end, meaningless.

Feldman has, however, evolved a way of his own, and individuality is not an ordinary matter. In his series of *Durations*, Feldman allows each instrument to live out "its own individual life in its own individual sound world." The instruments involved are flute, tuba, piano, vibraphone, violin, and cello. "In each piece," Feldman explains, "the instruments begin simultaneously and are then free to choose their own durations within a given general tempo. The sounds themselves are designated."

Feldman's early music study began with a dilettante friend and follower of Scriabin, then successively with Wallingford Riegger and Stefan Wolpe. But a fortuitous meeting with John Cage had a deep and lasting effect. Contact with Alexander Calder led him to seek a similar freedom and mobility in his music.

"The new painting," says Feldman, "made me desirous of a sound world more direct, more immediate, more physical than anything that had existed heretofore." He found some elements to admire in Varèse, but felt he was "too Varèse," and some in Webern, but felt he was "too involved with the disciplines of the twelve-tone system."

(*Continued on page* 61)

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Year of the Four Falstaffs

BY Chinese calculations, this is the Year of the Dragon. By the less venerable standards of the musical calendar it may be remembered by operagoers as the Year of the Four *Falstaffs*. Not everyone will be able to hear them at the Metropolitan (it is not even a certainty yet that Tito Gobbi, who is singing Scarpia there this season will be asked to perform his specialty in sequence with Anselmo Colzani, Fernando Corena, and Geraint Evans). However, the record enthusiast can be as expert as he wishes, thanks to RCA Victor's enterprise in processing the Solti-directed version made in Rome last summer to coincide with Evans's debut in the widely acclaimed Metropolitan revival on March 25 (RCA Victor LM 6163, $14.98; stereo LSC 6163, $17.98).

Oscar Wilde once described a cigarette (in the days before the Surgeon General's report) as "the perfect type of a perfect pleasure. It is exquisite and it leaves one unsatisfied." Much the same thing could be said about *Falstaff*: its six scenes (two per act) are hardly surpassable in their concentration and absence of extraneous matter, without even the suspicion of a need for a second breath that may creep into an evening at *Figaro* or *Così fan tutte*. But in the theater there is always the uneasy awareness that some of the marvelous detail in the score must inevitably be inaudible; while at home one is equally aware that the rich imagery in such a production as the current Zeffirelli for the Metropolitan has to be sacrificed.

What to do? Obviously, to enjoy each for the unique pleasure it provides, and to carry over from one to the other what may be lacking in circumstances where everything cannot be at maximum simultaneously. This even applies to the individual categories; for if Solti cannot match the total innumerable refinements that make the Toscanini recording the unsurpassable document it remains, the clarity, brilliance, and equality of prominence for all elements that were possible in RCA's spacious Rome studios bring to the ear any number of tonal combinations not offered in any other source, live or recorded.

This is especially the case where it does the most good: in the ensembles of Acts I and II and in the final scene at Windsor Park. The scene in Ford's living room (Act II, Scene II) is particularly creditable to Solti in the management of the numerous tempo changes that come and go as the action shifts from Falstaff and the wives to Ford and his avengers, and from them to the loving exchanges of Fenton and Nannetta, and back again to Falstaff. The real art is to make them blend one into the other without an overt pause, slowing down or speeding up; and Solti accomplishes just that with brilliant success. When the musical texture is at its most complex, the ecstatic line of Nannetta and Fenton arches over all, as it should, but rarely does in the opera house. Similarly, in the finale, all the elements of the pseudo "Witches Sabbath" are blended into a highly satisfying totality. These are the marks of a man who knows not only the score but also the music of *Falstaff* thoroughly.

As noted here last summer, from observations made while the recording was in progress, Evans has a sense of Shakespearean style in declamation and verbal emphasis that goes beyond even the average good Falstaff in creating character and imagery. Like some of his best predecessors, Evans does not command a voice that is arresting in itself, but he does command the intellectual means to apply it productively. Above all, he makes the amorous nature of the character believable in the insinuating exchanges with Alice. Clearly, at the core of his conception is an English gentleman, however much concealed under the poundage testifying to years of easy living.

Given the strengths of Solti's conducting and the distinctions of Evans's impersonation, it is likely that this recording is going to be the preferable way of listening to *Falstaff* for some time to come. Joined to them is a brilliant impersonation of Dame Quickly by Giulietta Simionato, an expectably well-sounding Ford by Robert Merrill, an admirable Meg by Rosalind Elias, and another high credit to the name of Mirella Freni as Nannetta. Alfredo Kraus strains a bit at the top for the best sound as Fenton, and Ilva Ligabue is a little heavy, vocally, for the music of Alice, but limitations are kept short of becoming liabilities.

This is more than can be said for the other representative version under the direction of Herbert von Karajan (Angel 35552, $14.94; stereo, S-35552, $17.94). This has the estimable Tito Gobbi's ceaselessly interesting character study as Falstaff, and a supporting ensemble that includes Fedora Barbieri as Quickly, Elisabeth Schwarzkopf as Alice, and Nan Merriman as Meg, with Anna Moffo in one of her earliest recordings as Nannetta. Luigi Alva (Fenton) and Rolando Panerai (Ford) are more than ordinarily good in their parts.

The uncertain participant, however, is Karajan himself. He has put together some flashy effects in the ensemble of the women (especially in Act I, Scene II, which is delightfully organized), and the orchestral playing throughout is of true Philharmonia quality. However, there are many lengthy stretches (as in the scene between Ford and Falstaff, and in the hurly-burly of the search for Falstaff in Ford's home) where the dramatic tension sags for want of properly coordinated tempi, a rather unknowing evaluation of the verbal values.

On the whole, then, Solti *cum* Evans-Simionato-Merrill provides more of what one wants to hear than any other *Falstaff* to date. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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Recordings in Review

Maximus in Minimis

CHERUBINI: *"Ali Baba," "Anacreon," "Medea" Overtures.* CIMAROSA: *"The Secret Marriage," "Marriage by Trickery" Overtures.* GLUCK: *"Iphigenia in Aulis" Overture.* MOZART: *"Magic Flute," "Marriage of Figaro," "Don Giovanni" Overtures.* ROSSINI: *"Italian Girl in Algiers," "Siege of Corinth" Overtures.* BRAHMS: *"Tragic," "Academic Festival" Overtures. Arturo Toscanini conducting the National Broadcasting Company Orchestra.* RCA Victor LM 7026, $9.96; mono only.

In those musical seasons when Toscanini concerts were thrice-weekly affairs, or later on, when they were regular weekly broadcasts, performances of such repertory as listed above were restricted in critical mention to such words as "the program began with," or "in conclusion, he directed. . . ." This was not for want of appreciation, but simply for lack of space to deal with minor miracles, however transcendent, on terms of equality with the even greater glory of a Beethoven symphony, a Strauss tone poem, a Brahms concerto.

In bringing together these thirteen overtures in its recently established "Treasury of Immortal Performances" series, RCA has performed a service worthy of its unique status as sole custodian (with negligible exceptions) of the Toscanini archives. Each performance, whatever the shade of emphasis one may prefer in the statement of a given work, is a superlative example of *maximus in minimis*, the art of seizing a mood instantly, whether it is the gravity of Gluck's *Iphigenia* or the virile flow of Mozart's *Marriage of Figaro*, and holding it in a tight grasp for as long as necessary. Sometimes, as in Cherubini's *Ali Baba* or the Mozart *Magic Flute*, the grasp is so tight that the breath of the organism tends to become constricted. But who lately has heard the *Tragic Overture* of Brahms performed with such hypnotic command of the listener's attention, or been raised to a pitch of exhilaration such as he achieves in Rossini's *Italian Girl*?

Some conception of the singular appeal of this collection may be conveyed by a few statements of fact rather than opinion: none of the performances has ever been issued previously. Of the thirteen performances, only three works (by reference to the listing in Robert Charles Marsh's *Toscanini and the Art of Orchestral Performance*) have been issued on any recording previously. These are Mozart's *Magic Flute*, Rossini's *Italian Girl*, and Brahms's *Tragic*. In every case, the present release is years newer.

For those who can focus their attention on what is performed rather than how, there will be the greatest reward in the works of Cherubini and Cimarosa. Neither composer has gained in favor since Toscanini's time, nor is there prospect of a new champion on the horizon. The probability of any newer recordings thus is slight. The quality of reproduction is, necessarily, variable. Least good is the *Siege of Corinth*, which is the only one *not* taken from a broadcast. Here, the amount of reverberation introduced to offset the deadness of the studio sound makes for an unfortunate blur.

Zarathustra from Philadelphia

STRAUSS: *"Also sprach Zarathustra." Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra.* Columbia ML 5947, $4.98; stereo MS 6547, $5.98.

Odd though it may seem, this is the first recording of *Zarathustra* to be made by the Philadelphia Orchestra. However, that is no more of an oddity than the origin of four others in Chicago (the recent stereo and a previous mono by Reiner, an earlier one each by Rodzinski and Stock). The only other from an American source was, of course, the first of all: Koussevitzky's with the Boston Symphony in the late Thirties. The current European list offers a Vienna Philharmonic by Karajan, a Berlin Philharmonic by Böhm, and a Philharmonia (Angel) by Maazel.

The itemization of orchestras is entered on the record first for the clear reason that *Zarathustra* is, perhaps, the most comprehensive test of orchestral skill ever put together. This takes in not only what the personnel does as a whole, but even more pertinently, what each man does individually as soloist, as section man, as member of a choir. Perhaps some orchestra, somewhere, has met this challenge with more individual brilliance (hard though that is to believe); but no recording I know of has dealt so comprehensively with its requirements as a whole. The Chicago Symphony under Reiner followed him with fervor and virtuosity, but it did not possess the richness of string sound available to Ormandy; the Vienna Philharmonic, which under Krauss as well as Karajan excelled in string sound, was not on a par in woodwinds and brass. And so on.

Lest it be concluded that the Philadelphia ensemble, like a car with an automatic shift, responds merely to a pressure of buttons, the contribution of Ormandy to this magnificent accomplishment should be properly appraised. He has labored hard—and no doubt long—to polish every bar to the sounding likeness of the image in his mind, yet has never succumbed to the temptation of placing sheer sound above musical meaning. Give a similar share of credit to producer Thomas Frost, who has rendered every Straussian effect with a maximum of fidelity to musical purpose as well as electronic advantage. Here is a standard by which everything else of this Strauss year may be measured.

Thirty Pieces of Rorem

ROREM: *"Song for a Girl" (Dryden), "The Silver Swan" (Gibbons), "Snake" (Roethke), "Pippa's Song" (Browning), "In a Gondola" (Browning). Gianna d'Angelo, soprano. "To the Willow Tree" (Herrick), "Upon Julia's Clothes" (Herrick), "Root Cellar" (Roethke), "Sally's Smile" (Paul Goodman), "My Papa's Waltz" (Roethke), "The Call" (Anonymous), "Spring and Fall" (Hopkins), "To You" (Whitman). Donald Gramm, baritone. "Echo's Song" (Jonson), "See How They Love Me" (Howard Moss), "A Christmas Carol" (Anon.), "Youth, Day, Old Age, and Night" (Whitman), "Lullaby of the Woman of the Mountain" (Pearse), "Requiem" (Stevenson). Charles Bressler, tenor. "Three Psalms"; "The Nightingale" (Anon.), "Spring" (Hopkins). Phyllis Curtin, soprano. "The Lordly Hudson" (Goodman), "Rain in Spring" (Goodman), "Such Beauty as Hurts to Behold" (Goodman), "I Am Rose" (Stein), "Visit to St. Elizabeth's" (Elizabeth Bishop), "O You Whom I Often and Silently Come Where You Are"; "What If Some Little Pain" (Spenser). Regina Sarfaty, mezzo. All accompanied by the composer.* Columbia ML 5961, $4.98; stereo MS 6561, $5.98.

Of Ned Rorem's talent for song writing there can be no doubt, nor, for that matter, of the skill he has acquired through study and application as well as the practice of this craft. His feeling for words (all these, of course, are in English, as the names of the poets proclaim) is not merely intuitive but cultivated to make the sense of the text equal in importance with the curve of the musical line. He has, like every song

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writer of note, developed a duality of mind in which musical purpose manages to coexist in the piano as well as the voice part without sacrificing either. He is, in short, thoroughly conscious and aware of what he is doing all the time, which gives him the standing of artist in this genre.

The next question is: How high the standing, how wide the genre, how deep the artistry? From this collection of thirty items, the answer in each case would have to be: moderately. His melodic impulse is pleasant rather than memorable (everything sounds good while it is in progress, but it is hard to separate one from the other, mentally, at the end); his choice of subject matter variable but far short of encompassing a full range of emotions; his artistic impulse sensitive rather than profound.

The total effect of this collection is much enhanced by a scheme of sequence in which variety is present in the voices where it may be lacking in the songs. Thus, on track one, the first song is performed by Miss d'Angelo, the second by Gramm, the third by Bressler, and so on. Here and there one singer performs twice in succession (Miss Curtin sings the three Psalms without interruption), but prevailingly the procedure is otherwise. Whether this was done deliberately for purposes of variety, I can't say; obviously, it wouldn't be possible in the concert hall.

Of the participants, Gramm does most with his opportunity in the admirably varied singing of his material, always with good sound and steady control of it, and Miss d'Angelo is perhaps least adept in this mode of performance. At the same time, she has the one most distinctive song of the thirty—to my taste—and performs it beautifully. This is a setting of "The year's at the spring," in which the pace is not headlong but footsure, each word given a maximum of meaning. It lies in the stratospheric tonal altitude where Miss d'Angelo treads most surely, and she makes a brilliant success of it. Miss Curtin does the Psalms very well, and everything else well, but with little varying tonal quality. Miss Sarfaty sings the tiny "I Am Rose" (twenty-six words) charmingly, but hasn't mastered articulation of words at a brisk tempo. Bressler is always able and just a bit overtaxed.

William Flanagan, in his annotations, describes Rorem's songs as "pretty, terribly pretty." I will concur, if that is deemed praise. Personally, I think the good ones are better, the not so good ones—not so good. But "pretty?"

Coming April 11

Annual Advertising Awards Issue

Kempe's Flavorsome Smetana

FOR those troubled with end-of-the-winter doldrums, tired musical blood, and all the other seasonal ailments that require a tonic, nothing more appropriate could be prescribed than Smetana's *Bartered Bride*. It is, of itself, a specific for complaints of the mind and spirit, but its properties have never been compounded into a more bracing *élixir de chant* than in a new Angel recording (CL 3642 $14.96; stereo, SCL 3642, $17.96) directed by Rudolf Kempe. In hand (and in voice) is a deftly chosen cast in which Gottlob Frick holds up the bass end with a classic performance of Kezal (in the mold of such phonographic predecessors as Böhme, Fuchs, and Bohnen); Fritz Wunderlich matches him with a free-flowing, high-spirited tenor sound for Hans; and Pilar Lorengar tops any previous effort with her Marie.

There is, indeed, no serious blemish at any point in an ensemble that includes Karl-Ernst Mercker in a brilliantly foolish impersonation of the stuttering Wenzel, as Marcel Cordes (Kruschina), Nada Puttar (Kathinka), and Sieglinde Wagner (Agnes) contribute to making everything go Smetana's way. Not to be overlooked, the nature of this opera being what it is, is the excellent quality of the RIAS Kammerchor, and the playing of the score by the Bamberg Symphony Orchestra. Those who know their musical genealogy will recognize in the last the former orchestra of the German Theater in Prague that took up residence in Bamberg when its former home came under totalitarian domination. It thus provides, in a key function, a group with a thoroughgoing indoctrination in *materia Bohemica*.

These facts, of themselves, should be about as much as those acquainted with Smetana's masterpiece should require, but the best is yet to come. That is the discovery that Kempe has, in addition to the lightly compelling sense of sonority for which he is well-known, just the right blend of flexibility and feeling to make a major musical production of a score that is sometimes treated to much less. Certainly those who trace their best memories of this score at the Metropolitan to Bruno Walter (and, before him, Artur Bodanzky) will find that neither their memory nor Kempe has played them false. Given the kind of musical production it merits and that it receives here from Kempe and company, it is every bit the radiant expression it was at its creation.

To those who raise the question of language, I can only testify that, on the basis of early indoctrination, German still sounds more natural to me than the original Czech. It would be hypercritical to pretend that some Czech words I cannot pronounce, much less understand, would be more meaningful for me in sections beginning "Alles ist so gut wie richtig," or "Noch ein Weilchen, Marie," or "Wer in Lieb' entbrannt." Max Kalbeck's translation is a classic of its kind, and when it is sung as well as it is here, makes a match of word and tone my ear accepts as predestined.

So far as competitive versions are concerned, there were undoubtedly special stylistic virtues in the bygone sets from Prague conducted by Ostřcil and Vogel that are beyond Kempe; but he has no such problem vis-a-vis the work of Chalabala, conductor of the only current alternative. Angel's stereo is typically broad and unsensational, designed to enhance the totality rather than focus upon detail. At the same time, no effort has been spared to create a theatrical atmosphere, even to the presence of a barking dog or two as the circus band comes to town, in Act III.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

Fritz Wunderlich and Pilar Lorengar "contribute to making everything go Smetana's way."

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RECORDINGS REPORTS I: Orchestral LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bartók: Concerto. David, G.: Concerto. Pál Lukács, viola; János Ferencsik conducting the Staatliches Konzert-Orchester DGG 18 874, $5.98; stereo 138 874, $6.98.	This performance of Bartók by Lukács and Ferencsik probes a little deeper, and is certainly better recorded, than the version from Prague noted here not too long ago (Nov. 30, 1963). But the special interest of this disk reposes in the creation of Gyula David, a composer in his early fifties, now a professor at the Budapest Conservatory. To judge merely from its mode of writing, it could have been written anytime after 1910 (it dates from 1951); it is full of sound ideas, admirable workmanship, and structural finesse. The Finale runs down in interest toward the end, but it is a work that offers much listening interest. Part of its effect is due, no doubt, to the bold, incisive style of Lukács, to whom it is dedicated. An orchestral player before he took to teaching at the Budapest Conservatory, Lukács handles his awkward instrument adroitly and draws a beautifully rounded sound from it. Both the solo instrument and the orchestra (presumably a group affiliated with the city of Budapest) are well represented in the spacious, brightly resonant recording.
Bruckner: Symphony No. 6. Hubert Reichert conducting the Westfälisches Sinfonie-Orchester. Vox 12 540, $4.98; stereo 512 540, $4.98.	Not since a version of this work was available in the Westminster catalogue some years ago has the interested listener been able to hear for himself what came between the fifth and seventh of Bruckner's symphonies. In this clear evidence, it is something of a lacuna rather than a link, a disjointed sequence of movements. The Scherzo is strongly suggestive of better sections of the sort by Bruckner (the annotator notes "the music sometimes pays due respect to Wagner's Rhinemaidens"), and the Finale constantly reverts to a theme that is either a paraphrase or a reproduction of the opening of the *Liebestod*. In either case, it lacks either profile or stamina of it own, and the attention wanders accordingly. Reichert's orchestra fares fairly well until the Finale, in which the ensemble is uncertain. For a better performance, the recording would be acceptable, but it is no source of strength in this instance.
Hanson: *For the First Time.* Howard Hanson conducting the Eastman Philharmonia Orchestra. Mercury MG 50357, $4.98; stereo SR 90357, $5.98.	Composer-conductor Hanson provides an engrossing lecture-demonstration of the tonal patterns (derived from the circle of pitches in the chromatic scale) employed in the movements of this Suite, depicting a day in the life of a child. It is both ingenious and illuminating of the principles pursued in the composition. However, the outcome, in the twelve brief sections, suggests that Liszt, Rimsky-Korsakov, Debussy, and Stravinsky must have evolved the same principles previously, for the concepts labeled "Bells," "Fireworks," "Mists," and "Dreams" are very close to the sounds previously associated with them. The orchestra plays the well-scored work with considerable expertness, and the reproduction both of the lecture-demonstration and of the performance itself is highly proficient.
Haydn: Concerto in C. Boccherini: Concerto in B flat. Milos Sadlo, cello; Alois Klima conducting the Prague Radio Symphony Orchestra. Artia ALP 206, $4.98; stereo ALS 7206, $5.98.	The attention that is attracted to this disk by the billing of Haydn's recently discovered score as "magnificent" and a "masterwork" is less likely to be retained by its bland patterns than by their execution by Sadlo, a cellist of outstanding abilities. It has long been known that Haydn wrote a concerto in C, and the authenticity (related to the use of matter quoted by Haydn in his own catalogue) of this manuscript discovered near Prague in 1961 seems beyond doubt. However, its musical discourse is seldom more than prosaic, whatever the name attached to it. In his enthusiastic effort on behalf of both works, Sadlo shows not only a fluent command of the fingerboard but also a tone of fine sound and refinement. Klima's supporting effort is efficient; the recording very good.
Martinu: Concerto. Bruno Belcik, violin; Vaclav Neumann conducting the Prague Symphony. Concerto No. 3. Josef Palenicek, piano; Karel Ancerl conducting the Czech Philharmonic. Artia ALP 205, $4.98; stereo ALS 7205, $5.98.	Martinu's endeavor to create an "Elman concerto" (it was commissioned by the eminent violinist twenty years ago) was blessed with an auspicious beginning and a thorough knowledge of the instrument. Unfortunately he was not able to resolve the scheme without resorting to a patchwork of passage work that lets interest down just where it should intensify, in the finale. It is impressively well played by Belcik, now concertmaster of the Czech Philharmonic. As much can be said for the effort of Palenicek on behalf of the piano work. It is, however, rather more externally motivated (this time on behalf of Firkusny in 1948) with flashes of quality, but not a consistently sustained level of achievement. Recorded quality from Czechoslovakia is now up to the general European standard.
Mozart: Concertos Nos. 1 (B flat) and 5 (A Major). Isaac Stern, violin; George Szell conducting the Columbia Symphony. Columbia ML 5957, $4.98; stereo 6557, $5.98.	As a down payment on the Stern project to record all the concerti of Mozart with Szell, this disk is not only welcome in itself, but also a happy promise of things to come. By comparison with some Mozart recordings by Stern in years past, it shows him now arrived at a sound more lean and concentrated, with less vibrato, and a stronger sense of the results that can be achieved with minute alterations of dynamics and tonal colorations. In this respect, unity with the Szell-led orchestra is nigh on total, the equality of conceptions reflected in totality of result. What might be welcome, here and there (especially in the slow movement), is a *soupçon* more of relaxation, ease, and warmth. But what we welcome is exceptional in itself. For those to whom the B flat (No. 1) is an unknown quantity (it lags behind in concert-hall favor), it may be certified as thoroughly Mozartean and rewardingly musical. (Joachim cadenzas.)
Mozart: Concerto No. 4 in D (K. 218), No. 6 (?) (K. 271a). Yehudi Menuhin, violin and conductor, with the Bath Festival Orchestra. Angel 36152, $4.98; stereo S 36152, $5.98.	The mental energy and musical probity of Menuhin are equally evident in his performance of both works, but the work identified as K. 271a is much more precise technically and altogether a better example of violin playing than its partner. This could be a vagary of circumstances, save that the earlier work is famous as one of Mozart's best creations for violin and orchestra, while the latter is of questionable authenticity and altogether of lesser musical quality. My impression is that Menuhin took considerably more pains with the less well-known work than he did with its disk-partner. In it, too, the playing of the orchestra under his own direction is better coordinated than in K. 218, where the solo performance is on one aural plane, the orchestral background on another. In it, the cadenzas are by Menuhin and very good. Those for K. 271a are by Enesco.
Mozart: Sinfonia Concertante; Duo in G. Igor Oistrakh, violin, and David Oistrakh, viola; Kiril Kondrashin conducting the Moscow Philharmonic. London CM 9377, $4.98; stereo CS 6377, $5.98.	Oistrakh Sr. adapts his skills to the larger, deeper instrument with expectable success, producing a lustrous tone and all the control necessary to shape it to the needs of these works. However the playing of the two Oistrakhs, in the Sinfonia Concertante, is more than a little clumsy and lacking in finesse by the standards of the Lillian-Joseph Fuchs duo on a Decca version, or the Stern-Primrose pair with Casals. It betrays itself in swells and vibratos that are not really in the Mozartian idiom, and in some heavy accentuations by Kondrashin. On the whole, the son and father (to name them in the order of the instruments on which they perform) have a more compatible feeling for the duo, which is rather more on the surface, than the Sinfonia Concertante. Both recordings (including the reproduction of the Moscow Philharmonic) are first class. —Irving Kolodin.

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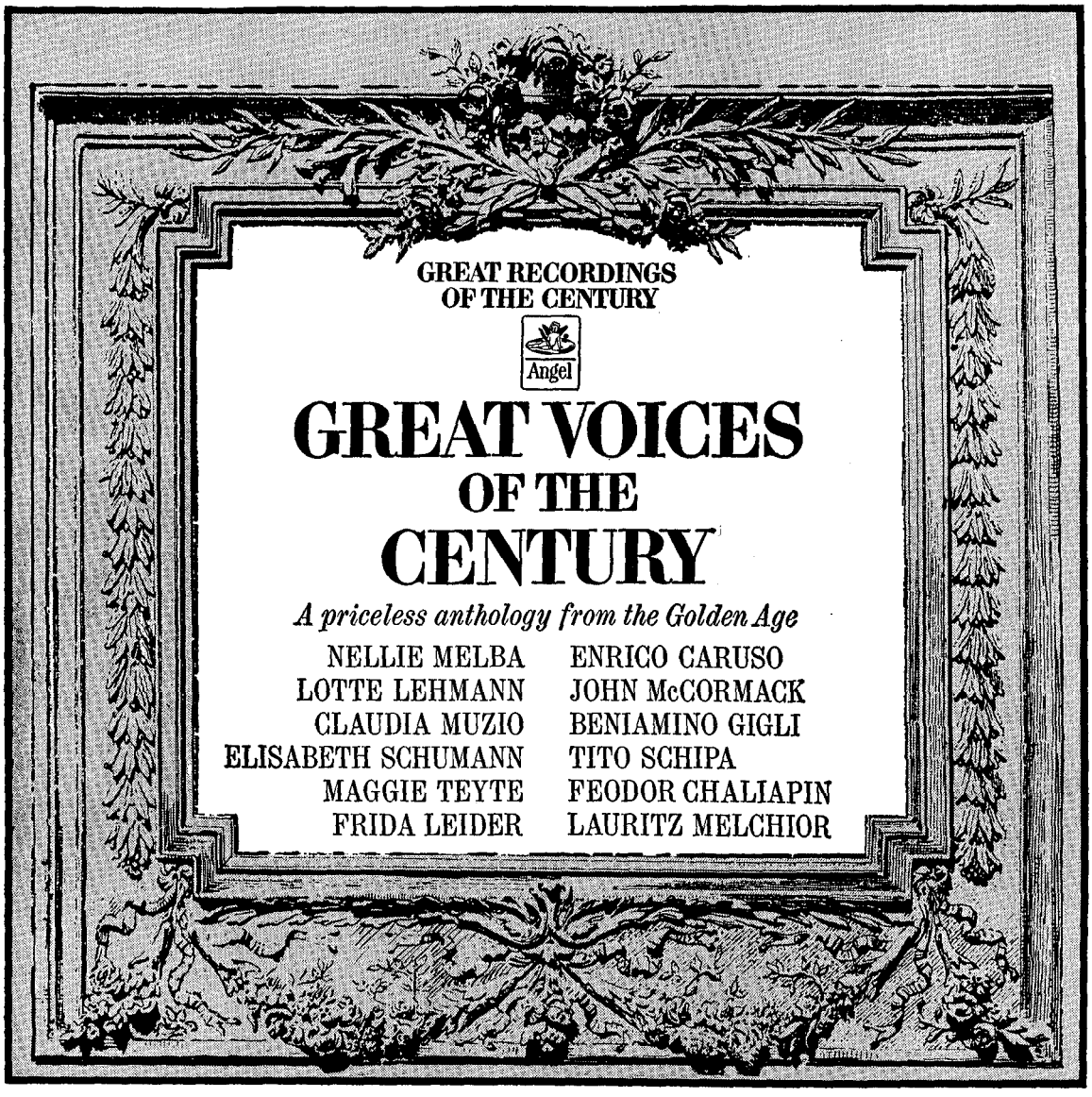

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RECORDINGS REPORTS II: Miscellaneous LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Debussy: Quartet, Op. 10. Ravel: Quartet. Vlach Quartet. Artia 204, $4.98; stereo 7204, $5.98.	Those with an affection for chamber music at its best should lose no time in making the acquaintance of this record by the outstanding Vlach Quartet. Though information is lacking on the identity of the players other than Joseph Vlach (former leader of the Czech Chamber Orchestra), its first violinist, they are obviously of an equal ability rarely heard even in fine quartets. Of critical importance is the nameless viola player who performs the important function of connecting top and bottom ranges with uncommon facility and authority. Some may find the treatment of the Debussy a little broad and full-blown for their taste, but the proportions of the playing are maintained consistently throughout. In any case, the spontaneous yet disciplined results they achieve in both works qualify them for automatic attention in any subsequent release. The recording has fine resonance, but sounds best with the bass response thinned out somewhat.
Grieg: Sonata in C minor. Franck: Sonata. André Gertler, violin, with Edith Farnadi, piano. Westminster 19054, $4.98; stereo 17054, $4.98.	The admirable art of Gertler has not been much represented on disks since his well remembered version of the Berg Concerto, and it is gratifying to have him active in the recording studio again. The results are especially admirable in the Grieg Sonata, which he plays with a fine command of its dramatic manner, and with excellent sound (save in the last movement where its dynamic burden becomes a little oppressive). However, it is all but impossible to tell what Gertler is capable of doing in Franck as the balance of this version with Farnadi is completely tilted in favor of the piano. At times, indeed, it reminds one of those "next-studio" collaborations of 78 rpm days, though now it is the violinist who is treated as accompanist, and the pianist as the soloist. Thus, there is only half a record that truly represents his abilities.
Hovhaness: Symphony No. 4, Op. 165. Giannini: Symphony No. 3 (1958). A. Clyde Roller conducting the Eastman Wind Ensemble. Mercury MG 50366, $4.98; stereo SR 90366, $5.98.	Hovhaness achieves a consistently ingratiating sound texture in the three movements of his work, though its relationship to anything commonly called a symphony is extremely tenuous. However, the work must fail of its full effect, for, says the composer in his notes: "I would prefer the massive free rhythm bell orgies of Zurich to the spineless glockenspiel chimes and vibraphones of our industrial orchestras. I would like to ring all the bells in the thousand towers of the lost Armenian city of Ani in wildly clashing free rhythm." The Eastman Wind Ensemble can not accommodate him in this, but they do fairly well otherwise. Giannini's requirements are more modest and so are his aspirations. His first and last movements become bogged down in formulae (they tend to the Straussian and Korsakovian), but he develops a reflective mood persuasively in the slow movement and has achieved a little jewel of a Scherzo. The last of these propounds some intricate evolutions for clarinets, flutes, oboes, and such. The players under Roller's able direction clarify them convincingly. Good reproduction.
Kalomiri: Prelude to *Magic Herbs*. Ben-Haim: Sonatina, Op. 38. Mimaraoglu: *Pièces Sentimentales*. Hossein: Prelude No. 1; *Persian Legend*. Fuleihan: *From the Aegean*. Rigai: *Israeli Rhapsody*. Amiram Rigai, piano. Vox 12 570, $4.98; stereo 512 570, $4.98.	The cloak of identity thrown over these men as composers of "Piano Music of the Near East" is rather porous as well as ill-fitting. Ben-Haim was German-born, Fuleihan has lived much of his life in America, and Hossein, though Iranian, went to Germany in 1921 and later lived in Paris. What they do have in common is the excellent interpretative art of Rigai, who has studied here with Egon Petri and Clarence Adler. He searches out what is individual about the writing of Hossein, Mimaraoglu, and Fuleihan—who seem to have more of their own to say than the others. Ben-Haim, however, surely has the most compositional technique—and applies a decidedly discriminating tonal sense and much dynamic variety. Rigai's own *Rhapsody* tends to the "picturesque" and possesses so many built-in repetitions that it may not bear much more of the same. Kalomiri (if he is still living) would now be eighty-one and strikes the ear as reared in a Scriabin-conscious period. Thus if there is no single compelling reason for seeking out this disk, there are a variety of moderate appeals, not least the playing of Rigai. The reproduction is very good.
May-Neubach: *Heut ist der schönste Tag in meinem Leben; Wenn du jung bist gehört dir die Welt; Ein Lied geht um die Welt; Es wird dir im Leben mehr genommen als gegeben; Ein Stern fällt vom Himmel; Wenn beim Wein ein Walzer klingt*. Ernst, G.: *Liebe kleine Frau*. Marischka-Tauber: *Du bist die Welt für mich*. Dellinger-Walter: *Komm' herab, o Madonna*. Di Capua: *Lisetta*. Löhner-Altman: *Wenn der alte Brunnen rauscht*. Strauss, J.: *Wiener Bonbons(?)*. Joseph Schmidt, tenor, with various orchestras. Capitol T 10367, $3.98; mono only.	This is not the best collection of the art of Joseph Schmidt, but it should be treasured by all lovers of fine singing who have his other collections, as well as by those who were not buying records when Capitol issued a prior (mostly operatic) collection a dozen years ago. Schmidt was the short man (less than five feet) with the long voice (up to C or C-sharp when needed), whose quality had a heavenly soaring sound that seemed as if it might take off by itself. In these film and operetta excerpts there is no test of his true artistry, but he shows himself an almost flawless exponent of the Tauber method, with a taste and technique that sometimes outdo that of the model himself. Because of his abbreviated size, Schmidt had a scant career in opera. He was a brilliant radio performer and appeared in concerts all over the world (including the U.S.). Unfortunately, Schmidt had the wrong parents (he was a Romanian Jew) for the Nazis and died in an internment camp near Zurich in 1942. It might be noted that the last J. Strauss bit is not *Wiener Bonbons*, but an item called *Launisches Glück* (developed from a Strauss theme by Julius Bürger) out of *Indigo*, which shared an old 78 rpm disk with *Wiener Bonbons*. The sound is surprisingly good.
Mozart: Serenade (K. 320); *Serenata Notturna* (K. 239). Victor Desarzens conducting the Chamber Orchestra of Lausanne. Westminster 19057, $4.98; stereo 17057, $4.98.	Spirits could hardly be higher or musical materials manipulated more adroitly than they are in these works of Mozart's last years in Salzburg (1776 and 1779). The seven movements of K.320 are an uninterrupted delight (save for the interruption for tuning between the fourth and fifth sections) and the three of K.239 no less rarefied in their content. Desarzens is well-versed in the subtleties of their construction and puts the pieces together artfully. There are rough edges and loose joints, nevertheless, related to flute and oboe, which do not blend precisely in pitch, and a string section that is sometimes at miniscule, but telling, variance with both. As for the solo on the posthorn (from which K.320 takes its name), it is clearly more accustomed to the sharp air of Switzerland than it is to the atmosphere of Mozart.
Schubert: Sonata in B flat, Op. post. Géza Anda, piano. Deutsche Grammophon 18 880, $5.98; stereo 138 880, $6.98.	To judge from this recording, in the sequence of several prior ones, Anda has recovered from the inevitable recession from his first rapid emergence to prominence a decade ago. He now has the sound of an artist with all the problems of the music he plays under sure control. To accomplish this in the present work is no small feat, for Anda takes literally the Molto Moderato inscription for the first movement and yet manages to sustain the interest as well as the flow of the music. It is all in a somewhat lower key than the performance of Fou Ts'ong, admired several months ago (on a disk that also includes the A minor), but persuasively delivered as Anda views the work. His ascension to a plane of true artistry is decisively confirmed in the finale where his facility is applied to clarifying the subtle relationships of Schubert's writing rather than to any glorification on its own. Anda also manages to shade his tempo variations to vary the melodic flow without disturbing the basic rhythmic pattern. The recording is in keeping with the disk's other distinctions. —I.K.

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Ribbons of Rust

ALL magnetic recording tapes are basically alike: ribbons of plastic coated with one hundred billion particles of magnetic oxide to the running inch. But the similarities soon cease, and the tape buyer is faced with countless permutations and complications of backing material, thickness, and oxide type to choose from—as many as sixteen types from a single manufacturer. This variety is the fruit of the many and contradictory requirements that different applications impose upon a recording tape.

Time, speed, and tape thickness go hand in hand. Higher tape speeds give improved high-frequency and flutter characteristics, but at the cost of high tape consumption and therefore shorter recording times for a given tape length. For most recordings, this may be insignificant (the standard seven-inch reel holds 1200 feet of normal 1.5-mil tape, enough for half an hour of recording time at a tape speed of 7½ inches per second); but for longer recordings, thinner tapes are needed—and available. Thinner backing materials and thinner, reformulated oxides have allowed the packaging of 1,800, 2,400, and lately even 3,600 feet of tape to a seven-inch reel. But these extra lengths are obtained only at the cost of greater fragility, lessened bass response, increased "print-through" of signal peaks from one tape layer to another, and higher cost per foot. These extended-play tapes are most useful in battery-operated recorders, which combine low rewind tension (minimizing tape stretch and breakage) with small reel capacities. Of these extended lengths, 1,800 feet is probably the most useful, since it suffers least from the inherent disadvantages of thin tape and is just long enough to tape two sides of the average LP record without interruption or wastage.

The development of the double- and triple-play tapes had to await the coming of Mylar and other polyester tape bases with greater strength than that of acetate. But while polyesters break less easily than acetates, they break less evenly as well, stretching up to 100 per cent around the area of the break; as a result, the tape surrounding the break must be cut away and discarded, whereas the ends of a similar break in acetate tape can usually be spliced together with no perceptible effect on the recording. Being both tougher and stretched, polyester tape is also harder to cut cleanly when editing, and in some recorders their relative inflexibility may prevent them from wrapping perfectly around the heads, degrading the high-frequency response. But polyesters are also far more resistant to drying out or becoming brittle with age or temperature extremes, and they are to be preferred for tape which will be stored for a long time under uncontrolled conditions.

Eastman's "Durol" tri-acetate backing and the polyvinyl chloride (PVC) base used by Burgess and Germany's BASE are recent attempts to plug the gap with the clean-breaking, head-hugging qualities of acetate but with greater strength. There is also "tensilized" or "tempered" polyester, prestressed to minimize stretching; this is available primarily in double- and triple-play varieties.

In long-term storage, strong signal peaks on one layer of tape may "print through" onto adjoining layers, resulting in echoes both preceding and following the peak. Print-through can be minimized by using the thickest feasible tape, by recording at low levels (though this decreases signal-to-noise ratio), and by careful storage in cool places free from stray magnetic fields; but if these measures don't suffice, tapes with special "low-print" formulations are available from American, Audiotape, Eastman, and Scotch.

THE signal-to-noise ratio can also be altered by proper oxide formulation, and here there are two approaches: high output and low noise. High output tapes, such as those produced by American, Eastman, and Scotch, give increased signal output relative to their noise levels, while Scotch's new low noise tape, Type 201, reduces the audible signal-to-noise ratio by concentrating its noise reduction in the upper portion of the sound spectrum where noise is most audible.

All these special-purpose tapes—and indeed any tape—will give best results when used on a recorder whose high-frequency bias and record equalization have been adjusted for the particular tape involved. This can be done only on the more elaborate recorders, and must be done by a competent serviceman; but even on recorders adjusted for general-purpose tapes, most special-purpose varieties will still live up to at least part of their specialized capabilities.

Once a tape type has been selected, there remains the choice of brand. Tape from the major manufacturers, marketed under their own names, will usually be of highest and most consistent quality, and some—though hardly all—of the "house" brands (those sold under other labels than those of their original manufacturer) are of only slightly inferior quality and of nearly equal consistency (though some brands may be consistently bad). The greatest gamble comes in the purchase of unbranded, "white-box" tape, which may be anything from unspliced, short ends of high-quality audio tape, to video or instrumentation tape rejects basically unsuitable for high-quality audio use, to shoddy material made for the white-box market and of no real use whatsoever. And while many retailers try to buy white-box tape of consistent quality, there is no assurance that two reels from the same supplier will have anything but the box in common.

WHATEVER tape you buy, you can make some quick quality checks in the store. Tape should be rejected if it is wound unevenly on the reel with buckling or "feathery" edges; the tape should be wound so evenly on the reel that the edges have a smooth, lustrous appearance. The oxide (dull) side of the tape should also have a matte luster, without visible cracks, chips, or pits (however minute) in the oxide coating. Held up to the light, a tape should transmit an even light (save polyesters, which are opaque), without bands, or dark lumps indicating splices. With the reel horizontal, let the tape spill freely to the floor as a test for inter-layer adhesion. Look down the edge of the hanging tape, to make sure that the slitting is straight and even and does not skew from side to side; scrape the oxide lightly with your fingernail, to make sure that the oxide does not flake off easily. Lay a length of the tape flat on the counter, and make sure that it lies flat, without cupping. While these tests will not show up all possible tape defects, they will expose many of the more common ones; for a more reliable indication of how a tape operates on your machine, splice it together with the tape you normally use, and record the same selection on both portions, listening for any changes in tone as the splice passes the playback head (try mentally to correct the inevitable changes in volume).

In general, once you have found a satisfactory tape—especially if you have had your machine adjusted for it—standardize on it, learn its characteristics, and use it consistently.

—IVAN BERGER.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS: Folk and Blues LPs

TITLES, PERSONNEL, DATA	REPORT
The Mississippi Blues: 1927-1940. Bukka White, Willie Brown, Kid Bailey, Son House, Robert Wilkens, Miss. John Hurt, William Harris, Skip James; vocals and guitars. Origin OJL-5, $4.98.	Some of the most legendary and unobtainable country blues records are included in this anthology. Dubbed from the original 78's, the sound is generally of inferior quality, but the enthusiasm and ardor with which many of the selections are performed more than make up for technical imperfections. Both parts of Son House's fabled "Preachin' the Blues" are heard in their entirety, an accomplishment in itself; the rolling guitar style and subtle voice of the great Mississippi John Hurt contribute "Got the Blues, Can't be Satisfied" and the ballad-tinged "Louis Collins," while the elusive White (who has recently been found) comes across with a pair of train blues, "The Panama Limited" and "Special Streamline," both of which feature the guitar as imitative of the sounds and impressions of a train. The remaining artists are of comparable interest.
Kings of the Twelve String. Charlie Turner, Barbecue Bob, Seth Richard, Blind Willie McTell, Willie Baker, George Carter, Charlie Lincoln; all vocals and twelve-string guitar. Piedmont 13 159, $4.98.	The anthology devotes itself to a program of early country blues (1920s and '30s) featuring the resonant, percussive accompanying sound of the twelve-string guitar. The selections are unquestionably rare and, save for McTell and Barbecue Bob (Robert Hicks), little is known about the performers. The former is heard, along with his wife Kate, on the sexually overtoned "Mama, Let Me Scoop for You," the stark "Dark Night Blues," and two additional selections, one of which is a religious number. Barbecue Bob, who recorded a host of sides for Columbia, is represented by two of his best efforts, "How Long Pretty Mama" and "Barbecue Blues"; Turner, by the vigorous instrumental "Kansas City Dog Walk"; and the others, by selections geared to illustrate the richness inherent in the instrument. McTell sets the tenor of the music with his spoken aside ". . . play it . . . low and lonesome." A valuable release both artistically and historically. (Available through 2023 N. Woodstock St., Arlington 7, Va.)
Curtis Jones: *Lonesome Bedroom Blues*. Jones, vocals and piano. Delmar DL-605, $4.98.	Jones, a Texas-born enigma who recently emigrated to Europe, gained popularity when he recorded the title song in 1937. An intensely personal piece of poetry, it still remains one of the most poignant of all blues. This is the artist's second recorded effort since his recent "resurrection" as a result of the present renewed interest in the idiom, and it is only a further musical statement amplifying the unfortunate plight of Jones and others over the past twenty-five years. Extremely talented, possessed especially of a rather unique piano style (an amalgam of Champion Jack DuPree's and those of numerous boogie-woogie men), he emerges from the past performing eleven selections, the bulk of which are his own, all indicating that his creative powers are still very much alive.
Robert McCoy: *Barrelhouse Blues and Jook Piano*. McCoy, vocals and piano. Vulcan 2501, $4.98.	Alabamian McCoy, with his rollicking, unabashed piano style, is an echo of the many older barrelhouse blues pianists who have long been forgotten. Names like "Cow-Cow" Davenport, "Pinetop" Smith, Clarence Lofton, Jabo Williams, and a host of others manifest themselves almost immediately upon listening to this group of selections. For the most part this style is an archaic one, and it is always a welcome event when a most interesting era, long since gone, is recreated in the capable manner achieved here. The music is brash, the singing raw, and the enthusiasm boundless.
Huddie Ledbetter: *Leadbelly*. Ledbetter, vocals, twelve-string guitar and piano; Paul Mason Howard, zither. Capitol T-1821, $3.98.	Despite the liner notes that portray Leadbelly as the arch-criminal of all time, this re-release lends further support to the reasons behind the exalted position that the late artist enjoys. A powerful man both physically and musically, he plays his ragtime-styled guitar and parades through a hearty group of songs, which include his classics, "Rock Island Line" and "Goodnight Irene," two piano solos, and the lovely "On a Christmas Day."
Roger Sprung: *Progressive Bluegrass and other Instrumentals*. Sprung, five-string banjo; Doc Watson, lead guitar; Joe Locker, second guitar; Willie Locker, mandolin; Ollie Phillips, bass; Bob Thomas, drums. Folkways FA 2370, $5.95.	Although many "purists" and "mouldy figs" are reluctant to admit it, the five-string banjo *can* be used in areas other than that of bluegrass music. In the hands of Roger Sprung, a five-string banjo playing bellweather in the Northeast for a number of years, the instrument takes on virtuoso capacities. Sprung is one of the best bluegrass musicians in the country and, even more important, he is quite probably one of the finest all round banjo players active today. With Doc Watson, the artist performs, in addition to others, "Bye Bye Blues," a glowing "Malagueña," "Stars and Stripes Forever," and the Kurt Weill classic, "Mack the Knife." The last three mentioned are improbable items for the instrument but they reward attention.
Alex Campbell, Olabelle and the New River Boys. Campbell, vocals and guitar; Olabelle, five-string banjo and vocals; Deacon Brumfield, dobro guitar and vocals; Ted Lundy, five-string banjo; John Johnson, fiddle; Earl Wallace, bass. Starday SLP 214, $3.98.	Alex Campbell and Olabelle, a brother and sister team originally from North Carolina, lead an excellent mountain-bluegrass group bolstered by the whining dobro of Deacon Brumfield. With an authentic approach to old-time traditional music, including some sincere, but not maudlin, gospel songs, they improve with every listening. Their repertoire is rather wide and contains the Carter Family standard, "Little Moses"; a hillbilly-tinged "Longing for a Love I'll Never Know"; the swinging "When my Time Comes to Go," etc.
Clarence Clay and William Scott: *The New Gospel Keys*. Scott, vocals; Clay, vocals and accordian. Prestige Bluesville 1066, $4.98.	Clay and Scott are a pair of blind street singers, both originally from Virginia, who currently sing their gospel messages on the streets of Philadelphia. They do not perform in the high-pitched, fevered style employed by most gospel singers, but sing counterpoint—Clay the lead and Scott the harmony—in a simple, direct, and uncluttered manner. Although not exciting in the manner of a Clara Ward type group, they are perhaps, because of their seemingly studied discipline, even more emotional and meaningful in their songs of devotion. The selections include some of those most widely known in the field: "Oh What a Beautiful City," "Marching to Zion," "The Lord Will Make a Way Somehow," "In that Great Gettin' up Morning," etc. The tasteful use of accordian rather than the traditional guitar and the harmonic affinity between the two are qualities agreeably transmitted by the artists.
The Blues: Vols. 1, 2. Chuck Berry, John Lee Hooker, Howlin' Wolf, Muddy Waters, Bo Diddley, Little Walter, Jimmy Witherspoon, Buddy Guy, Otis Rush, Sonny Boy Williamson, Lowell Fulson. All with guitars, harmonicas, and other varied, unknown, accompanying artists. Argo 4026, 4027, $3.98.	A panorama of modern Chicago-style "city blues," this package is assembled for the most part from previous Chess and Checker releases that had featured the artists in question. The musical quality is generally good, except for the Witherspoon and Fulson offerings. Little Walter's haunting harmonica on his "Blues with a Feeling" and on Muddy Waters's "Just Make Love to Me," the latter's "Hoochie Coochie," Howlin' Wolf's wild, almost savage "Spoonful," "Smokestack Lightning," and "Evil," and Bo Diddley's pronouncement "I'm a Man" are most worthy items. The remainder is of average interest and value.
The Halifax Three: *The San Francisco Blues*. Richard Byrne, vocal and guitar; Dennis Dougherty, vocal; Pat Le Croix, vocal; unidentified bass. Epic Stereo BN 26060, $4.98; Mono LN 24060, $3.98.	A working unit since 1961, this group, comprised of native Canadians, deals solely with American Folksongs on this release. The voices are excellent, and the guitar accompaniment is particularly noteworthy on "San Miguel" and the gospel "I'm Gonna Tell God." The remainder of the program is standard fare: a work song, "Rocks and Gravel," traditional ballards, "East Virginia," "Reuben Had a Train," and the like. A delightful surprise is achieved with the nonsense spoof, "The Man Who Wouldn't Sing Along with Mitch." An atmosphere a bit more relaxed and casual might have been beneficial to their delivery, this being the most glaring fault of their efforts. —LAWRENCE COHN.

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The Critic as Composer

THE title piece, *Jazz et Jazz,* in a group of compositions (on Philips 200-073, stereo 600-073) by French critic and musician André Hodeir, is a delightful performance in which pianist Martial Solal improvises against a prepared *musique concrète* tape of musical and electronic sounds at a steady jazz rhythm. It is as if Hodeir the critic has said to Hodeir the composer, "Would this not be a good way to use the *musique concrète* idea humorously in a jazz performance?" Indeed it is, particularly when one has the droll musical wit of Solal at his service.

Other selections on the LP seem also to spring from a critical impetus, often with similar success. "Flautando," beautifully multi-taped by a single flutist, Raymond Guillot, asks, "Are these not the best jazz flute phrases, without the clichés?" Yes, they are, and Hodeir has produced a highly successful *pastiche* of them. The "Jazz Cantata" asks, in effect, "What if we had a soprano jazz 'scat' singer—would this not be a way to use her in an effective instrumental setting?" Hodeir had one in Mimi Perrin (who is here unbilled), and she, the musicians, and the composer bring off this *tour de force* with a sometimes rousing skill; the stark, contrapuntal juxtaposition of voice and alto saxophone in the final section, for example, is extraordinary. "Osymetrios I and II" seemed to ask, "Are these not good titular anagrams and musical variations on Monk's blues 'Mysterioso?'" Yes, they are, and again Solal is a wonder. (But one is also reminded that Monk's improvised paraphrases would be perhaps less busy with notes, and they might turn out to be more interesting.) The extended "Le Palais Idéal" asks, among other things, "Can we not take more of the jazz soloist's rhythmic ingenuity and make use of it in orchestral writing?" One can, but one obviously makes great demands on one's musicians thereby. Several of the compositions also ask, "Would it not be safer to follow through on the sometime practice of writing out solos, since improvisation—even with exceptional players like Solal and drummer Kenny Clarke—is always a risk?"

In the long run, one is, of course, more disposed to trust artistic inspiration rather than the critical faculty in hoping for esthetic success. One knows with such evidence as this, however, that the critical intuition can have its own kind of inspiration, which is another way of saying that Hodeir has grown as a composer and here produced an always interesting and frequently successful LP.

André Hodeir—"has grown as a composer."

Hodeir's admiration for orchestrator Gil Evans shows in his music as well as in his criticism, and *Quiet Nights* (Columbia CL 2106, stereo CS 8096) is the fifth collaboration between Evans and trumpeter Miles Davis. It is a skimpy (twenty seven-minute), curious, sometimes languid and almost static LP. Surely the moral of much of it is that these beefed-up color harmonies at very slow tempos can account for just so much music and no more. On "Once Upon a Summertime" and "Song No. 1" the interweaving of Davis with the orchestra, in whole and in its parts, is commendable, but hardly news from Evans and Davis. Davis on the bossa nova "Aos pés de cruz" shows how much music he can make almost by himself. That is not news, either, but it is a story that is good to hear.

Outstanding *Jazz Compositions of the 20th Century* (Columbia C2L 31, stereo C2S 831) is the rather pompous and even misleading title of a two-LP set that culls selections from several more or less recent albums, now out of print. It includes, at one end, "Swinging Goatsherd Blues," a fairly conventional jazz performance, and, at the other end, Milton Babbitt's "All Set," a quite successful concert serial work with a glance or two at jazz rhythms. In between, we have a grab bag indeed. There is an example of jazz pretentiousness (Teo Macero's "Sounds of May") and neoclassical pretentiousness (Harold Shapero's "On a Green Mountain (After Monteverdi)"; there are examples of composers teaching themselves orchestrational techniques in ways that don't add up to good compositions (J. J. Johnson's "Jazz Suite for Brass" and Bob Prince's "Avakianas Brasileiras") and in ways that add up to better compositions (Jimmy Giuffre's "Pharaoh" and "Suspensions").

After its lovely opening section, Duke Ellington's "Idiom of '59" uses some themes that are far from distinguished, which is perhaps to say that the piece would have been very good if it had come from almost anybody but Ellington. Gunther Schuller's "Transformation" was his earliest "third stream" work. In it, Schuller gradually allies a contemporary classical idiom with jazz idiom and jazz improvisation. I think that Schuller's later approach, which avoided such deference and deliberately allowed the two idioms to clash, became more successful. But in saying so I do not mean to neglect the importance of "Transformation." After an arid, quasi-classical beginning, Charlie Mingus's "Revelations" suddenly becomes a marvelously surging, varied instrumental impression of jazz and Gospel music. John Lewis's "Three Little Feelings" is deceptively simple in melody and orchestration and has excellent improvisation by Miles Davis—categorically, I think, Lewis's best work outside of the Modern Jazz Quartet, here in its best performance. And, finally, George Russell's "All About Rosie," an ingenious set of variations in melody, texture, and tempo uses a children's nursery rhyme as a point of departure. "Rosie" is of the best extended jazz pieces and, not incidentally, here features an astonishing piano solo cadenza by Bill Evans.

I have lately spoken in this space of a happily rediscovered extraversion in Bill Evans's more recent work. That quality can be heard again on the LP *Conversations with Myself* (Verve V-8526, stereo 68526), on which, by triple-taping, Evans becomes a one-man, improvising piano trio. The discreet and effective inter-folding layers of sound on "'Round About Midnight" is a prime defense against any accusation of mere gimmickry on this LP, as are the scurrying, interplaying melodies on "Hey There" and "How About You." Also included are an unexpectedly light "Blue Monk," some pensively developed impressionism on "Theme from 'Spartacus,'" a brooding exposition of Evans's "N.Y.C.'s No Lark," and a burstingly joyful but ultimately orderly "Just You Just Me." One's only reservation is over the bass-heavy *oom-pah* of the middle choruses on "Stella by Starlight." Hail electronics? Perhaps, but surely hail Evans!

—MARTIN WILLIAMS.

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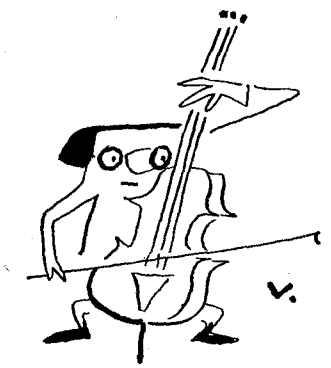
THE AMEN CORNER

Oh, Didn't They Ramble

WE now have a new treasury of classic jazz bands, mostly small outfits playing largely improvised music in those middle tempos that seduced the most fluent dancers of the Twenties. This collection is *Jazz Odyssey Volume 1: The Sound of New Orleans* (1917-1947), produced by Frederick Ramsey, Jr., and Frank Driggs, with copious and learned program notes by the former (Columbia, mono only, C3L 30). The package contains three LPs presenting forty-eight tracks of music by players of New Orleans birth or persuasion, the recordings made between the years mentioned above, and most of them in the first half of that time span. Virtually every early hero from the Crescent City area is present, the band leaders including Armand J. Piron, Clarence Williams, Johnny Dunn, Louis Armstrong, Luis Russell, Wingy Manone, Sharkey Bonano, Noble Sissle, Bunk Johnson, Jelly Roll Morton, King Oliver, Richard M. Jones, Jimmy Noone, Fate Marable, Oscar Celestin, and Sam Morgan. In addition, The Original Dixieland Jazz Band and The New Orleans Rhythm Kings are on hand, and there are also tracks by such relatively obscure groups as Johnny De Droit's New Orleans Jazz Orchestra, Russ Papalia and His Orchestra, and Brownlee's Orchestra of New Orleans.

Listening to this program is continuous delight to this reviewer, who remembers when Johnny Dunn records were originally offered for sale at a small shop under the vanished elevated railway structure on Fulton Street, Brooklyn. If I were obliged to state what I consider the finest items on the list, I would name two well known jazz masterpieces: Louis Armstrong's throbbing "Mahogany Hall Stomp," with its wonderfully succinct and slippery trombone solo by J. C. Higginbotham (1929), and Bertha "Chippie" Hill's heartful "Trouble In Mind," with one of Armstrong's tenderest trumpet commentaries (1926). But such an award of merit badges seems to me exactly the wrong way to approach this album. The particular devotees of modern jazz will of course discover here many traditional, familiar elements that they find hackneyed and unrewarding; they will miss many kinds of subtlety—melodic, harmonic, rhythmic that the best modern jazz provides. But, for once at least, I am not engaged in a missionary endeavor to persuade citizens who are daft about John Cage to spend more time with Haydn (or vice versa). I would simply say that, after forty-odd years of listening to it, the small band jazz of the Twenties still seems to me a ripe



and exciting musical language, in which form coheres with spirit and in which the masters of the idiom produced music of as much worth as anything else done in jazz history.

One aspect of this bygone music strikes me with special force, and that is the pervasive sense of rhythmic ease, relaxation, limberness, flexibility, suppleness—call it what you will. It is commonly said that the days in which these records were made were happier days, relatively free of such tensions and anxieties as have characterized more recent times. This thesis may be arguable, but it is easy enough to believe on hearing this music. The legend that the Twenties were a phenomenally hectic period, fittingly expressed by a nervous razzle-dazzle of syncopation, will seem nonsense to anyone who lived through the era. The fact is that jazz, generally speaking, has never been so lyrical, so rich with instrumental songfulness, and that rhythmically, in the interplay of its group improvisers, it has never been of such a felicitous looseness and pliancy—which is what made the music so ideal for dancers. The rhythms of modern jazz rhythm sections may be more subtle, varied, and complex, but modern jazz in general has developed nothing like the polyphonic rhythmic elaboration of the old style group improvising in the front line. Those momentums in suspended rhythms that are known as *swing* (Louis Armstrong: "If you have to ask what it is, you'll never find out"; Duke Ellington: "It doesn't mean a thing if it ain't got that swing") were, I should say, at their height in the Twenties. After all, jazz sprang, so to speak, out of the bloodstream rather than the musical conceptual powers. It was inevitable, as the years went by, that it should draw increasingly on those powers, but it usually does so at the risk of losing some of its vertical enthusiasm, its spontaneity, its rhythmic grace and lift. This department, as its readers know, is greatly admiring, indeed worshipful, of many of the leaders of modern jazz, but the fact remains that very little of that jazz has the fluid, loose-jointed, rhythmic appeal of numerous records in the new album, even such "rudimentary" jazz as The Original Dixieland Jazz Band's "At the Darktown Strutters' Ball" (1917) and The Louisiana Five's "I Ain'ten Got-en No Time to Have The Blues" (1919).

Let us grant that the present is a tense and highly self-conscious era, and that one should not expect to find the rhythmic juices flowing so freely among a group of young jazz men with the light of Juilliard in their eyes as one would in the denizens of a New Orleans or Chicago café of the Twenties. Does this mean that the ancient rhythmic ease has been lost forever? Not necessarily. Where the occasion promotes the informal spirit, splendid things may happen. For a single example, I call attention to "McCoy Tyner Live At Newport" (Impulse A-48, stereo S-48), a highly impromptu program by Tyner, piano, Clark Terry, trumpet, Charlie Mariano, alto sax, Bob Cranshaw, bass, and Mickey Roker, drums. In the opening number, "Newport Romp," Tyner takes off at a fearfully rapid tempo, and the stage might seem to be set for hysteria or exhibitionism, or both. But Tyner, despite only three hours' sleep, is obviously happy, and Terry's passages, on borrowed horn, are a little scherzo ecstasy. Here is jazz of the Sixties with the natural fervor of the Twenties.

—WILDER HOBSON.

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Prey on Schubert

SCHUBERT: *"Schwanengesang" (complete). Hermann Prey, baritone, with Walter Klien, piano.* London 5797, $4.98; stereo OS 25797, $5.98.

SCHUBERT: *"Winterreise," Op. 89 (complete). Hermann Prey, with Karl Engel, piano.* Vox (Electrola) LDL 502, $6.95; stereo SLDL 5502, $6.95.

THE LP era has produced two complete recordings of the *Schwanengesang*—a stark, intensely dramatic one by Hans Hotter in the mid-Fifties, and a poetic, more self-conscious, and equally persuasive one by Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau only last summer (*SR*, Sept. 28, 1963). Now London enters the field with a version by the younger Hermann Prey, who seems to aim for an interpretation somewhere between those of the emotional Hotter and the more intellectual Fischer-Dieskau. The result, unfortunately, proves less satisfying than either.

Prey's difficulties may be blamed partially, at least, on the toughness of his competition. If this were the only *Schwanengesang* available, one might be very pleased with it. Prey's voice is lyric, warm, and healthy, probably more beautiful, in fact, than either Hotter's or Fischer-Dieskau's. But the limitations of his equipment—imaginative and technical—are exposed all too clearly in Schubert's last songs. Here, lovely sounds and a standard bag of vocal tricks are simply not enough.

Too often Prey mistakes a sob for pathos; too often he assumes that forte outbursts must invariably produce a note of desperation; too often he tramples subtle ornaments in search of more obvious gestures; and all too often he disrupts logical continuity with an unnecessary ritard or a forced accelerando. Even more regrettable is his willingness to push both tone and words out of focus in the name of sentiment, only to fabricate explosive rhetoric instead—hardly the same thing.

One should not assume from this that Prey is less than artistic. To the contrary, he often sings with real taste, controlling numerous degrees of pianissimo, some nice decrescendi (except when the line dips too low), and an enviable variety of tonal color. But even so, the suspicion recurs that the effects are made for their own sake, not because the singer has found new and convincing motives for them in the music and poetry.

Pianist Walter Klien complements Prey's efforts splendidly. The accompaniments, though not terribly delicate or restrained, have all the advantages of youthful vigor. And, on their own terms, they make good sense.

Contrary to the negative speculations aroused by his *Schwanengesang*, Prey finds a relatively congenial vehicle in the equally demanding *Winterreise*. Practically all the flaws that mar the London set do crop up at one time or another on the Vox-Electrola performance. And here, too, Prey suffers from the inevitable comparisons with Fischer-Dieskau and Hotter. The painful bleakness of the latter's "Leiermann," for instance, must be temporarily forgotten if one is to appreciate the younger singer's interpretation at all.

YET, despite its shortcomings, the *Winterreise* turns out to be a generally satisfying reading. It may not add up to an overwhelming experience, or even a lasting esthetic impression, but in many respects it represents an admirable response to a difficult challenge.

Prey's qualified success in an area where he came so close to failure before is primarily a matter of degree. He approaches Wilhelm Müller's texts with more restraint than he had those of the *Swan Songs*, and, in general, is more concerned here with singing than with emoting. As a result the beauty of his tone supports the words and music at hand, even enhances their perception. Sound *per se* is not permitted to compete with the songs themselves as far as the listener's attention is concerned.

Still, at thirty-five, Prey would probably be the last to claim that he knows how to make the most of this cycle. He presents only limited evidence of refined architectural thinking; as attractive as much of the singing is, Prey's conception of the set as an entity seems lacking both in musical and dramatic perspective. Even so uncomplicated a problem as "Der Lindenbaum" betrays the baritone's recurring weakness: he confuses sensitivity with sentimentality. And in the end, his rather haphazard attitude toward tempo markings, dynamic indications, and such supposed trivia as grace notes weakens the argument for what his admirers term the "straightforward approach." Precision and clarity may not be valid artistic ends in themselves, but they are qualities with which Prey's argument might well begin.

Karl Engel's accompaniments are, unfortunately, just that—accompaniments and nothing more. This would no doubt have been a different *Winterreise*, probably a better one, had the singer found a challenging partner at the keyboard, not merely a subservient follower.

—MARTIN BERNHEIMER.

Avant-Garde

Continued from page 50

Both Feldman and Brown admit Cage's influence in their evolution—I prefer not to say development. Cage has indeed exerted considerable directional (or nondirectional) force, not only on these composers but actually on the young musicians of three continents. He has also invited some kidding. For interspersed among pieces that are of remarkable beauty (or really terribly funny) he has been involved in what seems like a lot of leg-pulling. His apparent need to do something different at all costs ends up at times in sheer chaos.

Cage's *Cartridge Music* (Time 58009, $4.98; stereo 8009, $5.98) is a set of recorded noises. Cartridge here refers to a phonographic pickup into which, instead of the usual stylus (which has been produced to eliminate extraneous noise), other "suitable objects such as toothpicks, piano wires, feathers, and the like are inserted." The sound is a sort of protracted needle scratch. For the record buyer it is an economic hazard: he pays his money and ends up with an assemblage of all the scratches, blurps, rasps, hums, and everything that he and every conscientious engineer has consistently tried to eliminate. One finally feels sorry about it all.

Unfortunately Christian Wolff, whose music appears on the reverse side of the Cage disc, will have no free ride on the tails of his more famous mentor. Wolff, who acknowledges being influenced by both Cage and Feldman, produced three works in 1961: *Duo for Violinist and Pianist; Summer for String Quartet;* and *Duet II for Horn and Piano.* These are imaginative and sensitive pieces, being evocative of Cage at happier moments. The performances on this disc by such skillful players as Matthew Raimondi and Kenji Kobayshi, violins, Walter Trampler, viola, David Soyer, cello, Howard Hillyer, horn, and the indefatigable pianist David Tudor, are most intriguing but merely one of countless possible variants on the same scores. Wolff constantly gives options to his players (one of three pitches, any pitch at a fixed loudness, any loudness at a fixed timbre). If one asks Wolff why he doesn't specify exactly what he wants, he answers that essentially he does and that music resulting from his variable manner is "as though you take a walk with a friend or friends, going by whatever way you like, agreeing on the way, with a direction in mind, or getting lost, or going nowhere in particular, and you are absorbed by this: the landscape in which they walk is what is given."

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LETTERS TO THE

RECORDINGS EDITOR

Byng for his King

I READ—and with increasing queasiness of stomach as I read—those precious letters in your issue of February 9 criticizing Mr. Bing for his management of the Metropolitan Opera. In this argument, out of context and ignoring . . . different spelling of the name, I echo Robert Browning: "Kentish Sir Byng stood for his king." The king of music is the public that listens to music. If the public flocks to the Metropolitan to hear what is offered, then the house has the right management. . . .

R. R. INNES.

Coronado, Calif.

Unqualified Support

I SHOULD LIKE to express my unqualified support of Rudolf Bing. . . . As a loyal Saturday-afternoon listener, I always feel disappointed when the announced work is *Lulu* or *Wozzeck*. . . . I think the Met has great singers and a fine repertoire. Why criticize it for giving people what they want as long as it is Verdi or Mozart and not TV pop tunes?

JAMES BAUM.

Scottsdale, Ariz.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In justice to Mr. Bing, it should be noted that "Lulu" has yet to join "Wozzeck" in the repertory.*

Shocked and Saddened

TO ONE WHO graduated from City Center to the Met and remained a subscriber from the 1950 to the 1961-62 season, a pleasure terminated only by illness, I am shocked and saddened by what seems almost like an organized attack on the tenure of Rudolf Bing. Do people no longer recollect the sad state of decrepitude to which the Met had sunk just before he took up the reins, in part due to the perennial lack of money, in part to a breakdown in discipline? The money problems remain, though Mr. Bing had succeeded in marshaling new help in the financing of individual productions and very recently, even of a corporation. . . .

OTTO L. SCHWENG.

Westwood, N. J.

More Realistic View

I AM WRITING to you to express my disagreement with your article "A New Mood for the New Met" and my support of Mr. Bing's position. . . . I have been an attentive reader of your reviews and comments for many years and have always admired your eminently apparent technical knowledge and affection for music. The last few years have revealed in your comments, especially toward the policies and performances of the Metropolitan Opera, a most unbecoming asperity and unfair subjectivity. I will not oppose your right to declare situations as you see them, but are not a more realistic view and constructive approach of more value to all concerned?

HARRY A. WADE.

San Diego, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The point of the article was to a date two and a half years hence, which would seem of reasonably constructive purpose.*

All Brain, No Soul

MR. BING'S REPRIMAND is too gentle and will have little impact on the critics, most of whom are all brain and no soul. While this imbalance does more good than harm in the scientific world, the reverse holds true in the artistic, and results in a critic of pure reasoning addicted to frustrating cant. True, some artists are all soul and no brains, but this merely presents the General Manager with an occasional headache whereas the critic is constantly trying to inflict a mortal wound.

EILEEN O'BRIEN.

New York, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Some of my best friends are artists.*

Firing Line

RUDOLF BING'S rebuttal was beautifully done. He is quite right in pointing up the financial side of running an opera company and the basic responsibility the Metropolitan has to perpetuate as well as nurture great opera. Mr. Bing is on the firing line with one of the finest opera companies in the world, and opera lovers everywhere can certainly be cheerful about that.

RICHARD J. GOEHRING.

Midland, Michigan

Little Hope

THIS LETTER is rather tardy, but I would like to thank you immensely for your condemnation of the sad state of affairs at the Metropolitan Opera. Three years ago I ceased to attend, having given up all hope. And I still maintain there is little hope. . . . Mr. Bing's criminal neglect of Wagner in favor of the more popular Italian school is very pertinent. . . .

DON KASHA.

New York, N.Y.

Student Performances

UNFORTUNATELY I CANNOT bring to this letter the depth of experience in opera which some correspondents have referred to. In the last seven years I have attended seven performances at the Metropolitan. Six were performances given especially for students. Soon I will attend another of these performances, and I had thought before the controversy arose to write to Mr. Bing and ask him to offer a first-rate performance as a pleasant change. One of the letters referred to five of ten performances that were good. As I have learned more about "quality" opera in recent years, I have realized that none of the student performances I saw was good. Perhaps Mr. Bing might say that this is due to the reduced prices in effect. . . . I question this reasoning. The future Metropolitan audiences will undoubtedly come from students who attend reduced-price performances. How many from these audiences have been lost because of poor performances. . . ?

S. G.

North Plainfield, N.J.

An English Opinion

MAY I, AS AN English visitor, beg a little of your space, a great deal of your indulgence, and join the Battle of the Metropolitan? Before I came to this country I had heard a great deal about the "world's greatest opera house" and I looked forward to welcome relief from [Covent Garden's] I thought uninspired programs. So far this season I have seen nothing that approaches the Garden's standards, let alone those of the other European houses. . . . There is probably a waiting list of subscribers for the Athenaeum or any other exclusive club, but I defy even Mr. Bing to prove that this means that they are giving good opera performances. Mr. Kolodin's very pertinent article remains unchallenged. . . .

MAURICE ESSAM.

New York, N.Y.

No Metropolitan Museum

ALTHOUGH RUDOLF BING renders a good report on his operation of the Metropolitan Opera, he is guilty of error in that his comment on the showing of art at the Metropolitan Museum does not take into account an entire section of contemporary paintings and sculpture (in the American wing, Mr. Bing). Included are paintings by de Kooning, Jackson Pollock, Franz Kline, Hans Hoffmann . . . ; sculptures by William Zorack, Seymour Lipton, Noguchi. . . .

JESSE MITTELMANN.

New York, N.Y.

Greatest Scarpia

IN HIS COLUMN "The Other Side" [*SR*, Feb. 29] Thomas Heinitz describes the excitement stirred up by the six *Tosca* performances and makes a cryptic reference to the "greatest Scarpia of our day" without giving away the "secret" of who it is he is talking about. Surely the least we can expect of a factual report about a performance meriting five printed paragraphs is a listing of the three-character cast. Please tell who the greatest Scarpia of our day is. . . .

DR. PETER C. LYNN.

New York, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Who else but Tito Gobbi? This, and the identification of the Cavaradossi (Renato Cioni) and the conductor (Carlo Felice Cillario), were contained in Heinitz's report, but were unfortunately deleted during make-up. The fault is the recording editor's, not his.*

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Music to My Ears

Continued from page 23

Philharmonic Hall, merits a special place of honor. It is a work of fluency, grace, and highly agreeable texture that performs the substantial feat of making tone rows and serial procedures interesting through nearly half an hour's length.

Speaking as generically as possible, the Finney No. 3 has some suggestions of the Brahms No. 4 in projecting a lyric impulse with a considerable interplay of recognizable counter voices. Each of the movements (an Adagio sostenuto separates the two allegros) has a character and direction of its own, but they are, together, parts of a unified structure. What cannot be evaded, and perhaps what cannot be avoided in a work embodying rows utilizing a principal of non-repetition, is a kind of wavy, up-and-down movement that gives a roller-coaster feeling after a while. On the whole, however, Finney has made the rises and dips of more than predictable variety, thanks to rhythmic and dynamic resources. The evening was otherwise devoted to two works of Schumann for which Rudolf Serkin was the piano soloist (A-minor Concerto and G-major *Konzertstück*) and a suite from Stravinsky's *Petrouchka*.

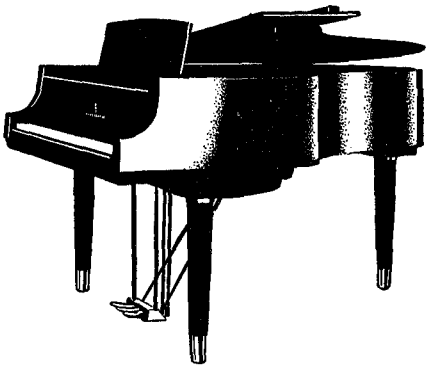
—Irving Kolodin.

Corena's Falstaff

JUST what kind of a character is the Verdi-Boito Falstaff? If he is a conventional clown who pops his eyes in moments of emotion (any kind), slaps his false stomach to indicate glee, and executes double-takes that would do credit to Bert Lahr, then Fernando Corena's impersonation is just the thing. The capacity audience at the second performance of the Met's current revival seemed to think so, at any rate.

But wasn't Falstaff a knight—somewhat run down, to be sure—but a knight nevertheless? Shouldn't one find at least remnants of dignity, intelligence—even elegance—in Sir John in order for the Merry Wives' trick to seem more than a cruel joke on a helpless idiot? If Corena has considered such possibilities, his performance did not show it. And, to make matters worse, he is forced to circumvent rather than meet many of the vocal demands. The Corena basso is both short in range and small in size for such crucial moments as the Honor Monologue and "Mondo ladro." Being a resourceful comedian, Corena relies on falsetto caricature, misplaced giggles, and the Italian equivalent of *Sprechstimme* for compensation. It all adds up to an effective demonstration of buffo skills. Bartolo—*si*! Falstaff—*no*!

—Martin Bernheimer.



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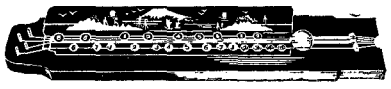

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Alkas' "Katerina"

THE UKRAINIAN opera *Katerina* is now for the first time available (on CAL Records, CAL 113-2 mono only, $6.98). According to the meager information obtainable, its composer, Mikola Alkas, was not a professional musician. He was born December 26, 1852, in Mikolayiv, a village in the Ukraine, and his background was similar to that of Rimsky-Korsakoff. His father was an admiral, commander-in-chief of the Black Sea Fleet and, although the son's chief interest was music, he was forced by his father to join the Navy. Nevertheless, during his twenty-four years of naval service, Mikola Alkas continued his association with the arts—particularly with the "New Theater" in Odessa, which apparently led to his composing this opera at thirty-nine.

Alkas based his libretto on a poem of the same name written by Taras Schevchenko—the Ukraine's national poet (1814-61).

Unfortunately, no libretto is supplied with this album. While detailed notes on the inside covers explain the story as it develops during the three acts of the opera, for those unfamiliar with the Ukrainian language it would still be rather difficult to follow. However, when compared with other opera recordings, this one has a definite advantage in that it has a Narrator who, by reciting from Schevchenko's poem, comments on the action taking place on the stage.

In Russian literature the name Katerina seems to have always been given to young women who were doomed to tragedy. To name only a few there are Katusha Maslova in Tolstoy's novel *The Resurrection*, Katya Kabanova in Osstrovskv's play *The Storm*, used by Leos Janacek for his opera *Katya Kabanova*, and Ekaterina Ismailova in Leskov's novel, the subject of which Shostakovich used for his opera *Lady Macbeth of the Mzensk District*.

In this Ukrainian opera Katerina refuses to marry Andrei, the peasant boy, because she is in love with Ivan, an officer. Andrei warns her that Ivan is about to desert her—his regiment is going to leave the village. But Ivan reassures her. Andrei's warning comes true. When Katerina is left alone with Ivan's child, Andrei still asks her to marry him—he would adopt the child—but Katerina refuses. Her parents, feeling disgraced, drive her out of the house, and in the last act, with her child in her arms, Katerina encounters Ivan's regiment on the road. She pleads with Ivan, who denies ever having known her; she even begs him to take her as his servant, not his sweetheart. And when she tries to show him his son, Ivan has already turned away from her and is gone, while the soldiers jeer at her. Katerina leaves the child under a bush and drowns herself.

Alkas wrote harmonious music to the most unharmonious action of this dramatic plot. The choruses of Russian soldiers' songs are typical and reminiscent of *Polushko-Pole*, which we heard so often during the last war. The performance is recorded by the Ukrainian Radio Symphony and the Artists of the Kiev Theaters. Unfortunately, the singers are not first-class. For the leading role, taxing both vocally and dramatically, Lilia Lubanova's soprano is much too small and insecure in the high register. She drags helplessly through pages of a naïve score, which neither Vasil Kozeratsky as Andrei nor Valentin Luchenko as Ivan manage to ignite.

The opera was given for the first time in Moscow on February 12, 1899. I doubt that it can change the almost traditional Russian attitude toward Ukrainian music—the Russians have always found it charming but immature and provincial, and I fear almost everyone else would agree. However, as the first Ukrainian National Opera, it would be best appreciated by people of Ukrainian descent who would take much pleasure in the familiar, traditional-sounding melodies.

—VICTOR SEROFF.

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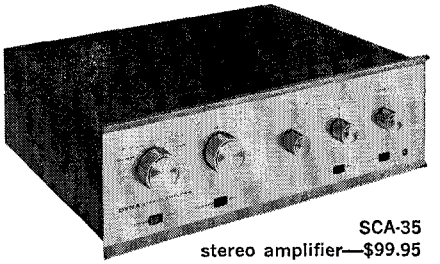

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Ballet Grants

Continued from page 48

had a great ballet without one. In the second place, our great democracy is not a totalitarian state, this particular kind of academy is not a state institution, and it is not in the remotest degree compulsory or monopolistic. There have been "academies," often with a nationwide chain of branches, from the days of Denishawn to those of Arthur Murray and Fred Astaire, in addition to Cecchetti Societies and the like advocating a particular method of ballet, and no previous cries of imperiled liberty have been recorded.

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Top of My Head

Continued from page 9

necessary word is spoken. Of course, this trend will eventually turn television into one huge juke box, but is it fair to expect the host to discuss the Cypriotes, or other matters of import, or to attempt any pleasant humorous banter when he should spend his time rehearsing and arranging his solos and duets?

There used to be moments of opening and closing talk—such as "Good evening. We hope you will enjoy our show tonight because we have some wonderful guests." And that other line at the close: "Well, I see by the clock on the wall that the hour is over. Next week we will have . . ." These have both been shortened to "Good evening" and "Good night."

On the strictly variety shows—a number of vaudeville acts—the conversation introducing the various performers has been cut to a happy minimum. The host once upon a time went on for a minute or two to announce: "At the Copacabana this week is a young man who has been breaking all attendance records. [This means the young man showed for every performance at the club.] You have enjoyed his records, and I know you're going to enjoy him here live and in person. [Usually, the guest's songs are pre-recorded on the show.] Not only is he a fine human being, but this young man is a fine singer. [He is now an old man.]" And the host points toward the wings, announcing the name of the young man, who enters and sings.

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Of course, the champ pointer of the world—with the exception of the dog—is Ed Sullivan. He may seem to wander in and out and to be not quite sure of who's on next, but in all his television years of pointing toward the wings not once has a guest ever come out from the opposite side. —GOODMAN ACE.

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"HE WHO SPEAKS WELL does well" ● Social ● Business ● Private ● Class. Call for brochure. After 6 p.m. Mr. Wethington. LT 1-3472 NYC.

MAPS. TERCENTENARY ROMANCE MAP of New Jersey —5 colors heavy paper, 18" x 24", 125 pictures, historical and current information. Postpaid $2.00 each. Quantity prices on request. Romance Map of New Jersey, Box 1, Ridgewood, N.J.

PERSONAL AND GROUP STUDY. Education, Business, New Frontiers of Thought. Conferences to fifty. Windsor Institute, Windsor, Massachusetts.

MEDITATION? Practice produces understanding and insight. A one-year bimonthly meditation training course without fee. Write: MEDITATIONS, Box 1244, Greenwich, Connecticut.

SUMMER JOBS—Over 35,000 summer jobs (also 7,000 permanent) open right NOW in U.S. and Overseas. Gives specific job data, salaries, addresses, etc. Hurry! Jobs are filled early. Used and approved since 1952. Regular price $5.00. Special—rush $4.00 now for "Summer Jobs." Resume manual $1.00 or FREE with order. Summer Institute, 173 North 9th Street, Brooklyn 11, N.Y. (Add 25¢ regular mail, add $1.00 first class.) Also "Summer Opportunities for Teenagers" (includes jobs; part-time work; travel, sports, special interest, foreign camps, etc.), $3.00. Supply limited.

YOU CAN FIND OUT! Confidential information developed, any matter, person, problem anywhere. Officially licensed. Established 1922. Equitable Service Bureau, 135 Broadway, New York 6.

(Continued on page 68)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 67)

AT BENNINGTON COLLEGE, April 14th, you can see a collection of interesting capes, coats, dresses, fabrics, Irish sweaters, etc., etc. from Carol Brown's, Putney, Vermont.

B.A. DEGREE PROGRAM FOR ADULTS. Six months independent study cycles begin and end with week on campus. College experience required. New admissions accepted in August and February. Write Adult Degree Program, Goddard College, Plainfield, Vermont.

FAERY WORK AFOOT: capturing real fragrance of lilacs, wild roses, carnations, lilies of the valley, red roses. Choose three (in dram flacons) $3.50 postpaid. May Cove, Mathews, Virginia 23109.

565 CURRENT ACRONYMS Booklet: You know NATO but ELSIE, ALF, GUM, PAPA? Be informed. $1.00 and self-addressed stamped envelope, P.O. Box R1878, Grand Central Station, NYC 17.

BEAUTIFUL STERLING THIMBLE. Resembles antique jewelry. Perfect gift for Mother's Day, brides, daughters, any needleworker. $2.45 each. Small, medium, large. Unique Products, Dept. S, Callicoon, N.Y.

SCHEMATIC ANALYSIS the nine major Personality Theories shows conceptual interrelations. Psychology, psychoanalysis made understandable. $2.00 prepaid. Money-back guarantee if not satisfied. Ralph Segalman, 249 Viking, El Paso, Texas 79912.

PRINCETON SOPHOMORE, fluent French, travel experience, tutor math, English, history, swimming, tennis. Albert S. Fehsenfeld, Jr., 232 Brown Hall, Princeton, N.J.

YOUNG ARTIST, art teacher, seeks interesting summer opportunity teaching children. Experienced teacher, camp counselor. Excellent references. Box G-81.

MALE STENOGRAPHER, B.A., linguist-tutor desires travel employment. Box G-9.

SCIENCE SUPERVISOR, secondary level, 11 years' broad experience, desires school administration position, Long Island or Westchester. Box G-123.

EUROPEAN-EDUCATED U.S. woman seeks position as housekeeper, tutor, governess or maid. Experienced. Live-in. Trilingual. Will settle any place. European and American references. Box G-117.

COLLEGE GRADUATE seeks position, August, as governess, tutor. Prefers travel. Background languages, music. Can give references. Murdock, 1603A Yale Station, New Haven, Connecticut.

R.N. FOR SEMI-INVALID. Reliable. Will travel. Excellent references. Box G-113.

UNDERGRADUATE clinical psychology major seeks summer position in advertising research. 20 years old. Available June 1st. Box G-147.

COLLEGE STUDENT, girl, 19, responsible, creative, trilingual (German/Spanish), seeks summer position. Evenings ILlinois 7-2089 NYC.

WOMAN, 24, desires same for proposed move to NYC. Box G-125.

DEAN OF STUDENTS, male, 38, seeks summer/permanent change; master's sociology. Box G-121.

HELP! Young woman drowning as routine English teacher. Rescue by summer. Box G-160.

TEACHER OF DEAF, female, will exchange tutoring for expert horsemanship training. Box G-171.

CHICAGOLAND POSITION WANTED, May 1st-September 1st. Male, 24, Oberlin A.B. chemistry; Pittsburgh M.A. history. Box G-166.

UNIVERSITY ART INSTRUCTOR, 31, A.B., M.F.A., widely exhibited. Seeking fall position. Box G-158.

YOUNG MAN, M.A. political science, B.A. humanities, desires full-time position. Many interests. Box G-168.

PERSONALS

WRITERS NEEDING SECLUSION for work—Connecticut hills farmhouse room. May-October. Library facilities available. Box G-163.

LATE-BLOOMING ENGLISH MAJOR, male, 35, A.B. this June, wants creative job Manhattan. Prefers literary or theatrical milieu. Box G-152.

A HOME, foothills White Mountains, May-October, in return for housekeeping for elderly gentleman. Floyd Voris, 130 Eleventh, S.E., Washington, D.C. 20003.

WOULD LIKE TO TEACH. Taught English abroad to non-English, junior high. 30 credits beyond B.A. Could teach German. Lady. Box G-154.

THE WASHINGTON JAZZ QUARTET seeks summer engagements anywhere. 11202 Newport Mill, Kensington, Maryland.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

POSITION requiring M.A., some dignity and a sense of humor. Assistant Dean for women's two-year college in New England. Resourceful woman wanted who enjoys young people and is anxious to use her capacities in their behalf. Box F-980.

TEACHERS: skilled, idealistic, concerned; M.A. or better; interested in joining 2nd year of unique two-year college in White Mountains. Needed: math, general science, anthropology-archaeology, education, business, music-drama, athletics. Top working conditions. Resumes to Dean, Franconia College, Franconia, N.H.

WANTED: Professionally trained and experienced copy editor for Christian magazine of high literary standards in midwest. Give full details, experience in first letter. Box F-973.

ASSISTANT ADMISSIONS DIRECTOR, woman, four year woman's college. Also capable, mature secretary. Small eastern college town. Send full curriculum vitae, salary. Box F-920.

WANTED: Ph.D.s interested in teaching college level courses in mathematics, business administration, economics, humanities; 8 three hour evening courses annually in Cape Kennedy area. No committee work or other administrative duties. Write: Resident Director, P.O. Box 4393, Patrick A.F.B., Florida.

DIRECTOR AND ASSISTANT needed for Kentucky Guild Train, two car exhibition and demonstration unit traveling through state to stimulate interest in art and crafts and encourage quality production in new and small industries. Some teaching and exhibition skills essential. Immediate openings. Write: Rude Osolnik, Executive Secretary, Kentucky Guild of Artists and Craftsmen, Berea, Kentucky.

HELP LEAD GROUP IN FRANCE. Lively young woman 24-40. Must speak French fluently. Help guide small student group this summer. Teacher preferred. Send resume if available in northeast for interview. Box G-178.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

1798 CHARMING CAPE. Unspoiled. All conveniences. Pleasant village location. Reasonable. Photo. Orr Agency, Sanbornton, New Hampshire.

BUCKS COUNTY'S most beautiful setting. Large house, studio, rhododendron bordered creek. 18 acres. Asking $64,000. Elizabeth James, "Country Real Estate," New Hope, Pennsylvania. 215-862-2430.

SKI? In Rockland County, N. Y., a variety of year-round or weekend houses convenient to suburban ski areas, plus close commutation. All modestly priced, some river views, some in woods, on mountain. Freda Buchanan, Realtor, 914-EL 8-1025.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

BEAUTIFULLY SIMPLE AND SPACIOUS. Old pegged Shaker home on one rural acre. Modernized 9 rooms, 1½ baths. Very rare at $22,000. The Kramer Agency, Great Barrington, Massachusetts.

CONNECTICUT. Rebuilt sawmill with guest suite near New Haven. Particulars from Box G-103.

SOUTHERN VERMONT. Very early Cape Cod, central chimney, 3 fireplaces, Dutch oven, H & L hinges; needs work. 80 acres, beautiful view, easily accessible. $9,000.
ALSO — Acreage with magnificent views; old farms; retirement homes all prices. Miriam Bone, Broker, Belmont, Vermont. Phone 259-2523.

BEAUTIFUL POINT LOMA, California. Spectacular unobstructed view harbor, lights of Greater San Diego. Modest two level French Provincial twenty years old. 3+ bedrooms. $42,000. Substantial down payment accepted. Box G-161.

For Sale—Furnished

CHARMING COLONIAL HOME. Saltwater frontage. 9 rooms, 1½ baths, thermostat controlled heat, fireplace, beautifully furnished. Busy coastal village. $30,000 or best offer. Herbert P. Whyte, East Sullivan, Maine.

POCONO MOUNTAINS — New lakeside summer home. Furnished. 2 bedrooms, 1½ baths. 24 x 24 ft. living room with kitchen and dining area. Immediate occupancy. $14,750. R. Miller, Attorney, Milford, Pennsylvania.

HAWAIIAN HILLTOP STUDIO. Secluded, quiet retreat. View. Jenkins, Anahola, Kauai.

For Rent—Furnished

PALM BEACH, FLORIDA. Beautiful. Large. 4 master bedrooms. RIverside 9-5965 NYC.

For Summer Rental

CRAFTSBURY COMMON, VERMONT. Furnished house, 5 master bedrooms, 2 baths, 2 maids' rooms and bath, large garden. $1,200 season. Box G-4.

MONHEGAN ISLAND, MAINE. Attractive. View. 4 bedrooms, study, 2 baths, fireplaces. Single family. $700 season or half. References. Box G-35.

EARLY BIRDS have first choice of several exceptional Berkshire summer rentals. No lake cottages. References advisable. The Kramer Agency, Great Barrington, Massachusetts.

CAPE COD COTTAGE—sleeps 4, comfortable, complete. F. Dickerson, Truro, Massachusetts.

SOUTHERN MAINE—Charming white farmhouse. Ideal vacation place. Season. Box F-989.

CAPE COD COTTAGES in Orleans area. Bimonthly to seasonal. Reserve early for best choice. Nauset Summer Rental Center, Dept. C, Orleans, Cape Cod, Massachusetts. Tel. 255-0552.

WASHINGTON, CONNECTICUT, 1770 house. Woods, fields, streams, terrace. 5 bedrooms, 2 baths, 4 fireplaces. $1,200 season. 212-RH 4-5982, Box G-100.

NANTUCKET ISLAND — 'Sconset—Cottage sleeping 7. Beautiful oceanfront property. Beach, tennis, golf, fishing. Season, month, fortnight. Guest houses, housekeeping apartment also available. 212-BU 8-5869, Box G-129.

BUCKS COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA. Artist's 13 acre estate. Small private lake. Beautiful house. 2 story living room, large studio, 2½ bedrooms, 1½ baths, workshop. June-October. $1,800. TEmpleton 8-3561 NYC.

CAPE COD COTTAGES—Dennis. Housekeeping; seasonal 914-SP 9-4018, Box G-139.

COTTAGE, White Mountains. $400 season. Details, photos. Box G-112.

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HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Summer Rental

WESTPORT, CONNECTICUT. Contemporary, displayed Museum Modern Art. 6 rooms, secluded acre, near beach, railroad, town. June-Labor Day. $2,000. 227-4549.

LARGE HOUSE near World's Fair, Queens, NYC. June 27th-September 8th. $750. Garden, grand piano. Details, Box G-144.

TEACHER'S SANTA MONICA, California, home. 2 large bedrooms, 1½ baths. Mid-June to September. $500. References exchanged. Adults. Box G-150.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD. 5 bedroom house, quiet street, small town. Ideal for children. Box 51, West Tisbury, Massachusetts.

PENNSYLVANIA century old brick, authentically restored, 7 rooms. Latest equipment. Additional stone studio amid rolling hills. One mile Delaware River. 72 miles NYC. $750. Call CHelsea 2-6409 NYC evenings.

JULY 1ST-LABOR DAY, Rockport, Massachusetts, overlooking ocean. Lovely 5 bedroom house, 2 baths, modern kitchen with porch. 3 acres. References. $1,500. Box G-169.

POCONOS, PENNSYLVANIA. "Peopleized" barn, large, rustic, homely; fieldstone fireplace, screened porches; on 100 country acres; private stream, pool, tennis court. $900. July 6th-September 30th. Box G-164.

HOUSE WANTED

SR STAFF MEMBER and wife seek summer rental near beach within 75 miles of NYC. Must be reasonable. July-August, or longer. Box F-977.

HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

MEMBERS EXCHANGE HOMES for rent free vacations. Write: Vacation Exchange Clubs, 554 Fifth Avenue, New York 36.

VACATION TRAD-A-HOME. Accommodations available between responsible people. Write Box 3323, San Bernardino, California.

VACATION HOME EXCHANGE SERVICE. Reputable clients. Write Vacex, P.O. Box 2836, Washington, D.C. 20013.

APARTMENTS FOR SALE

NEW YORK CITY: West 90s—1, 2 bedroom garden floor apartments in nonprofit brownstone co-op. Natural brick walls; fireplaces optional. Low purchase and maintenance. Weekdays: MUrray Hill 6-3700.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Rent—Furnished

CHARMING, MODERN 3 room apartment, Brooklkyn, N.Y. 5 months or longer. $140 including utilities. Box G-101.

APARTMENTS WANTED

BUSINESSWOMAN wants to return to Manhattan. Small, livable apartment East Side between 50th and 80th Streets would be nice. Reasonable. Box F-671.

LIBRARIAN, working at Fair, needs NYC apartment July-August. Rent, or exchange for San Francisco apartment. Box G-132.

ROOM WANTED

NYC PUBLISHER requires room, bath Village area, 1-2 week nights. Willing share with weekend user. Maximum $50. Box G-146.

ROOMS AVAILABLE

COMING TO NYC for the World's Fair? Stay in lovely private home — professional family — residential area. 1-2 bedrooms and private bath available. Long or short stay. Excellent transportation. Accessible to many attractions in NYC. References exchanged. Box G-22.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

BEAUTIFUL VERMONT. A few well-chosen acres bordering small highland lake. Magnificent views. Ideal for summer, winter or year-round homes. J. H. Macleod, Wallingford, Vermont.

HIGH BAR HARBOR. Private Club Plan Development. Large waterfront lots $2,800. Homes start at $6,950. $350,000 Yacht Club under construction. Renters have Club privileges. Box 73, Barnegat Light, N.J. Phone 494-2785.

NORTHERN VERMONT. Tree farmers again offer incidentally acquired houses, acre lots or large tracts with outstanding views, streams, timber, some with lake frontage or near skiing. $20 an acre and up. For brochure write Box G-28.

5 PLEASANT ACRES dotted with tall pine trees near Lake Shaftsbury. Privacy. Excellent building site. $3,000. Herbert Douglas, Arlington, Vermont.

NEWTOWN, CONNECTICUT. Gallery shop. 4 room house can be bought from owner for less than bank evaluation. Adelman, Brookfield, Connecticut.

LAND—Berkshires near Tanglewood. 1 to 500 acres. Owner, Box 1673, Lenox, Massachusetts.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

FREE BOOK, "990 Successful, Little-known Businesses." Work home! Plymouth-728W, Brooklyn 4, New York.

CAMPS

NEW TEENAGE PROGRAM improves self-confidence, work habits, leisure use. Shaker Village, P.O. Box 1149S, Pittsfield, Massachusetts.

THE FRENCH CAMP at Peter Pan Farm. Voluntary French lessons by Frenchman. Voluntary farm chores. Elaborate Arts-Crafts department, Music, Drama. Horseback riding, filtered swimming pool, tennis court, sports. International staff—campers. Coed, ages 5-16. Relaxed, non-competitive family atmosphere. Aart & Johanna Vos. Phone: Woodstock, N.Y. OReole 9-6936.

RAMBLERNY Camp for the performing arts, New Hope, Bucks County, Pennsylvania. Ballet, modern dance, music, sports, theatre trips, dormitories. Coed 8-20, June 28th-August 22nd, $695. Ruth and Charles Woodford.

SCIENCE & ARTS, CAMP MINNOWBROOK, Lake Placid, N.Y. 'The modern concept in camping.' • Since 1949. Science • Electronics • Astronomy • Music • Dance • Drama • Art • All Land and Water Sports. 440 West End Avenue, NYC 24, 212-EN 2-4340.

CAMP CHOCONUT. Stressing self-reliance. A summer of constructive fun for 40 boys, 9 to 16. Campcraft, trips, shop, natural science, work projects, farm animals, sports. Private lake. 800 wooded acres in northeast Pennsylvania, 17 miles south of Binghamton, New York. Booklet. S. Hamill Horne, Box 33R, Gladwyne, Pennsylvania.

STONEGATE MUSIC & ARTS CAMP on Long Lake, N.Y. Theatre, Dance, French, Sports. Coed. 342 Madison Avenue, NYC. TN 7-6690.

IDEAL FOR FIRST TIME CAMPERS: Appel Farm Art & Music Center for Children, Elmer 24, New Jersey.

CAMP for boys and girls 7-12 years. Natural history, conservation, animal chores, vegetable gardens, haying and farmwork. Swimming, games, singing and a life with beauty and discipline. Eight week season only. George F. Dillman, Otis, Massachusetts.

T-R RANCH. Reading, Riding, Roping. Boys 9-14. Steamboat Springs, Colorado.

CAMPS

MAINE SAILING SCHOOL—summer camp, coed, 11-17, on Penobscot Bay. Roy and Emily Hilburn, Box 174, Lakeport, California.

FARRAGUT NAVAL CAMPS. Boys 9-16, two groups. Flagship trips, forty-two land, water activities. Olympic size outdoor pool. Gyms. Approved summer school available. Catalogue. Box SRC, Toms River, New Jersey.

LES CHALETS FRANCAIS, Deer Isle, Maine. "Where French is Fun." Imaginative program. Girls 5-18 learn fluent French the conversational way. Swiss chalets. Riding. Sports. Ballet, art, drama, music. Elsa S. James, 1024 Westview Avenue, Philadelphia 19, Pennsylvania.

A CAMP OF NOTE: All instruments, Voice, Concerts, Recitals, Trips, Swimming, Sports. Accredited Music Teachers and Counselors. Empire State Music Camp, Hurleyville 3, N.Y., Joseph LaRuffa, Music Director.

GROVE FARM WORKSHOP in the Humanities. Gifted boys-girls, 14-18. Cultural history, English, drama, choral music. Hiking, swimming; carpentry, forestry, farm gardening. June 28th-August 9th. 275 acres. B. S. de Frees, North Rumford, Maine.

THRESHOLD. Summer therapeutic living experience on college campus for emotionally disturbed children. Box F-971.

PARENTS WHO TOUR—Enroll your daughters in Half Circle Ranch Camp. Southwest Arkansas. Horseback riding, swimming, golf, etc. Codirectors have masters' and doctors'. Brochure available. Allie Billingsley, Horatio, Arkansas.

ADIRONDACK WOODCRAFT CAMPS. Fun and adventure for boys 7-18. Six age groups. 2 private lakes near Old Forge. Pack-horse trips. Adirondack, Canadian canoe trips. Riding, forestry, riflery, fishing. Tutoring. Mature councilors. 3 nurses. 39th year. Booklet. William H. Abbott, Director, Box 2385, Fayetteville, N.Y.

RETIREMENT LIVING

WILL YOUR RETIREMENT be a pleasure . . . or a problem? All of your retirement needs can be provided at CRESTVIEW CLUB APARTMENTS. The newest, most carefully appointed apartment-type building in the eastern United States for those 60 years and over. Located in suburban residential Toledo, Ohio, near shopping with good transportation. Meals, services and guaranteed life care if and when needed for reasonable monthly fee. For full information on life lease program, write: J. J. Boomgard, 5330 Harroun Road, Sylvania, Ohio. You will enjoy freedom, friends and fine food at CRESTVIEW.

HAWLEY MANOR INN — Comfortable country living. Completely modernized. Newtown, Connecticut.

THE MANOR HOTEL—Asheville, N.C. Ideal for year-round living. Perfect for a vacation.

RETIRE: Best climate this hemisphere. Romantic city; culture and beauty abound; low living costs; medical plan. Modern, functional 1-bedroom brick homes $5,495 with 10 year terms. Box G-3.

VACATIONS

NEW YORK CITY—Special Vacation package. Write: SCHOLA, 353 West 57th, NYC 19.

PATAGONIA, ARIZONA, Circle Z Ranch. Ultimate in riding, birdwatching, sun, siestas.

ON THE HERITAGE TRAIL . . . congenial White Mountain resort. Swimming pool, golf, tennis. Picturesque inn, charming Colonial cottages, modern hotel units. Excellent meals. New England Inn, Intervale 9, New Hampshire.

PRIVACY of lakeshore cottages, pines, delicious meals, informality, extensive recreation program. June 20th to September 10th. Color folder. AAA. Chute Homestead and Cottages, Box 10, Naples, Maine.

WINDHAM HILL FARM, West Townshend, Vermont. Quiet country inn—books—music—good food. Skiing, skating and tobogganing.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street and Hotel Cordova, 521 Post Street.

(Continued on page 70)

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VACATIONS

(Continued from page 69)

GREEN SHADOWS INN—Old Lyme, Connecticut. Comfortable country living.

"FARAWAY HILLS": Relax, unwind. Small, elegant, uncrowded Country Inn. Wonderful location, scenic area, attractions. Country Club privileges, fine golf, large pool. Charm, warmth, beautiful decor, furnishings. All modern private baths. OUTSTANDING FOOD. Leisurely, Gracious Living for Fine People. Season opens April 11th. Moderate rates. Brochure. Box 68, Beverly, West Virginia.

IF I WERE a camera I'd focus my sights on Gurney's Inn. 9 acres of lush greenery, 700 feet of velvety smooth beach. And for special effects: windswept dunes. I shutter to think of running out of film. If you're interested in exposing yourself to a picture vacation, try Gurney's Inn on the brink o' the beach. Optically it's great. For some of my better prints write Dept. S2, Gurney's Inn, Montauk, L.I. 516-MO 8-2345 . . . it's in color.

SEBAGO-LONG LAKES REGION . . . Pine-clad mountains surround Maine's most accessible lakes. Seacoast cities nearby. Free magazine in color. Sebago-Long Lakes Association, Sebago Lake 16, Maine.

THE ARTS COME TO LIFE summers on the Goddard campus. Low-pressure life, professional staff to work with and learn from, Green Mountain scenery, weekly concerts. For amateur musicians, painters, craftsmen. Stay one week or more from July 1st to August 26th. ARS Recorder Seminar from July 19th to August 1st. Write Music and Art Center, Goddard College, Plainfield, Vermont.

THE SEASIDE, on unspoiled Longboat Key, Florida. New, year 'round family resort on private Gulf beach. Folder, rates upon request.

GOLF WEEK and Island Adventure at a gracious new hostelry on the ocean. Subtropical barrier island offers year-round climate . . . 7 days of unlimited golf, breakfast, dinner and all activities at the inn for $73.00 per person, double occupancy. Don't play golf? There's tennis, moss-hung bridle trails, fishing and 400 years of history to explore. The Adventure Inn, Box S, Hilton Head Island, South Carolina.

CENTRAL FLORIDA is great in summer too, if you spend it on a Kayot houseboat. Cruise, write, fish, swim on Kissimmee Valley lakes. Brochure. Pontoon Marina, Star Route, Box 25, St. Cloud, Florida.

DAVID'S FOLLY. Country living on Maine Coast. Seafood, garden vegetables, blueberry pies, coffeepot always on stove. Minerva Cutler, Brooksville, Maine.

PISGAH INN on Blue Ridge Parkway at Mt. Pisgah. Small, rustic, delicious food, open fires, trails. Box 375ASR, Route 2, Canton, N.C.

GOOSE COVE LODGE on Deer Isle, Maine. In East Penobscot Bay. Sailing, fishing, hiking and picnics. Trained naturalist for nature lovers. An artist's paradise. Write for brochure. Dr. R. A. Waldron, Owner-Manager, P. O. Sunset, Maine.

LA ORILLA, Islamorada, Florida Keys. Villas for lazy living. Quiet, tropical Paradise. Day-Week-Month.

BACK LOG CAMP, on Indian Lake, Adirondacks, New York, attracts those who love the unspoiled wilderness and actively welcome escape from civilization's noises and "advantages." July 3rd to September 8th. Reductions for families and longer visits. Brochure: Mrs. Henry J. Cadbury, Haverford, Pennsylvania.

BLUEBERRY HILL! Pussywillows! Lucullan food. Nothing whatever to do. Brandon, Vermont.

GOLF—SURF VACATIONS: fun-filled rest, unlimited golf, enchanting beaches. ATLANTIS HOTEL, Kennebunk Beach 12, Maine.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN, directly on beautiful tropical beach. Excellent International cuisine, best in Mexico. $9.60 each, double occupancy, A. P. Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

MEMORABLE MEALS and associations. Gregg Hill Lodge, Box 277, Stowe, Vermont. 244-8459.

CANADA VACATION? Wooded island in beautiful lake. Eastern Ontario housekeeping cottages, $35-$45 weekly. Electricity. Quiet, refined. Box G-128.

SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

YOUTH TRAVELS TO MEXICO: live in native villages, learn Spanish and travel; live with group or family. To WEST: live on ranch, visit colleges, Indian Reservations, scenic areas. Coed 14-18. Dr. Alex Lazes, 47 Stephenmarc Lane, New Hyde Park, N.Y. 516-GE 7-7514.

INFORMAL, RELAXED TRAVEL—Europe by station wagon, train. College, high school groups of 8, 16. Some include month of language study. Vacation stops, biking, festivals. STUDENTS ABROAD, Gertrude Lange, Director, 200 East End, NYC 28, ENright 9-1395.

COMPREHENSIVE EUROPEAN SUMMER TOURS, work and recreation camps, study at European Universities, $446 and up, flight included. Dr. Berg, Saint Mary's College, California.

LIVE AND STUDY art in a Florentine villa! Meet top political and economic leaders in Europe, Latin America, or Around the World! Live with French family and study at the Sorbonne! In Madrid, learn the language and culture! Teenagers, improve your French while living in Switzerland! For free brochure write: U.S. National Student Association, Department SRC, 265 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.

ITALY FOR SUMMER STUDY AND TRAVEL for girls 17-20. Individually tailored programs, relaxed living, careful supervision. Six weeks study in Florence living in stately private home with American widow, fluent in Italian, special background in helping adolescents. Two weeks relaxed, private tour. Limit 4 girls: $1,500, Europe fare extra. Write: Casa Fiorenza, 40 East Elm, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

STUDENT CENTERED HUMANITIES PROGRAM in picturesque village. Blake College, Valle Bravo, Estado Mexico.

PUTNEY SCHOOL is sponsoring three study trips: Alaska, a Drama Trip to the British Isles, and Egypt-East Africa. Write Putney School, Putney, Vermont.

TRAVEL

SOCIETY FOR PROMOTION of International Cultural Exchange. All-inclusive tours. Around the world, 45 days, $2,195. Europe, 55 days, $1,495. SPICE, University of Miami, P.O. Box 8111, Coral Gables, Florida.

CITIES OF CENTRAL ASIA TOUR, July 5th to August 23rd, 1964. Visit Samarkand, Bukhara, Ashkhabad, Dushanbe, Alma-Ata, Tashkent, Baku, Erevan, Tbilisi, Sochi, Kabul, Tehran, Isfahan, Shiraz, Persepolis, Istanbul, plus Moscow, Leningrad, Kiev, Irkutsk. $2,788 from New York by Sabena jet. For folder, see your Travel Agent or Maupintour, 400 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

HENRY HUDSON HOTEL. 353 West 57th Street, NYC. Singles daily $8 up, doubles $13 up. Swimming pool, sun decks, steam room, restaurant, coffee shop. Air-conditioning and TV available. Convenient to New York World's Fair, Coliseum, Times Square, Radio City. Bus, subway at corner. COlumbus 5-6100.

MEET EUROPEANS in unique residential programs. July 18th-26th, England, Belgium; July 26th-August 1st, France; August 8th-15th, The Netherlands, Germany; August 22nd-29th, Sweden. Write Royce Pitkin, Goddard College, Plainfield, Vermont.

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RUSSIA, EAST EUROPE—College, secondary. Dr. Crist, Denison University, Granville, Ohio.

ZULULAND, the Drakensberg Mountains, the Cango Caves and other exotic places highlight your tour of South Africa. And, for contrast, supermodern Johannesburg, charming Cape Town, fun-loving Durban. See it all, in perfect comfort, at less cost per day the longer you stay! Literature from SATOUR, Dept. P, 610 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, or 9465 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills, California.

THE TRAPPINGS ARE NEW but the rates are traditional at the Tudor Hotel in New York City. Comfortable accommodations, all with private bath, television and air-conditioning. Singles from $7, doubles from $10. Convenient to all transportation, restaurants, churches, shops, art, theatres, etc. Located in fashionable Tudor City, adjacent to United Nations. The modernized and gracious Tudor offers special family rooms featuring two baths. Write Tudor Hotel, 304 East 42nd Street. Phone 212-YU 6-8800.

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. What no sleepyhead wants to keep (2 wds.).	150 165 142 132 103 110 167 59 25
B. Fenny.	123 21 168 53 143 134
C. Summon a devil or spirit, etc. by some spell.	35 156 95 109 149 29 80
D. Titled persons of rank next below baronet (England).	93 141 73 68 77 169 23
E. During what game is the last card of the deal turned up for trump? (2 wds.)	86 172 71 89 117 19 64
F. One of San Francisco's eminences (2 wds.).	129 42 54 61 140 10 33
G. People whose name for Eskimos was *skrellings*.	163 148 43 63 78 81 153 106
H. Incorporates.	46 105 20 17 164 128 114 8
I. December 31 in the Gregorian calendar (2 wds.).	145 92 50 137 22 122 40 125
J. A sort of mending which by rearrangement of letters could supply a perfect nightcap.	3 9 138 166 36 130 113 96
K. Shameless and impudent audacity.	52 41 155 90 7 118 69 28 31 104
L. Right-angled.	107 154 44 72 58 119 97 67 26 133
M. Poetic foot consisting of two short or, rarely, unaccented syllables.	152 34 27 48 70 94 51
N. Reduces.	83 15 120 13 62 6 88
O. Brought to pass.	32 49 127 66 135 60 98 170 100 144 151
P. Belonging to a bacca (3 wds.).	84 108 30 159 102 4 157 79
Q. Charms often regarded as the abodes of supernatural powers.	57 160 14 47 124 101 24 146
R. Number of gods prescribed by first Commandment (*English Book of Common Prayer*; 2 wds.).	16 37 87 126 2 99 116 121 65
S. Education late in life.	112 82 38 162 158 5 11 75 111
T. Familiar name for certain ruling "Tyrants" of ancient Athens (2 wds.).	56 161 136 131 147 171 18 115 85
U. Italian physician, a founder of modern anatomical science (16th cent.).	39 55 1 76 139 74 45 91 12

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

							1 U	2 R	3 J	4 P	5 S	6 N	7 K	8 H		9 J
10 F	11 S	12 U	13 N		14 Q	15 N	16 R	17 H	18 T	19 E		20 H	21 B	22 I	23 D	24 Q
25 A		26 L	27 M	28 K		29 C	30 P	31 K	32 O	33 F	34 M		35 C	36 J	37 R	38 S
39 U	40 I		41 K	42 F	43 G		44 L	45 U	46 H	47 Q	48 M		49 O	50 I	51 M	52 K
53 B		54 F	55 U	56 T		57 Q	58 L	59 A		60 O	61 F	62 N		63 G	64 E	65 R
66 O	67 L	68 D	69 K	70 M		71 E	72 L	73 D	74 U	75 S		76 U	77 D	78 G	79 P	
80 C	81 G	82 S	83 N	84 P	85 T		86 E	87 R		88 N	89 E	90 K	91 U	92 I	93 D	94 M
95 C	96 J		97 L	98 O	99 R		100 O	101 Q	102 P		103 A	104 K	105 H	106 G		107 L
108 P		109 C	110 A	111 S		112 S	113 J	114 H		115 T	116 R	117 E	118 K	119 L		120 N
121 R	122 I	123 B	124 Q		125 I	126 R	127 O	128 H	129 F	130 J	131 T	132 A	133 L	134 B		135 O
136 T	137 I	138 J	139 U	140 F	141 D		142 A	143 B	144 O	145 I		146 Q	147 T	148 G	149 C	150 A
151 O		152 M	153 G	154 L	155 K	156 C	157 P	158 S		159 P	160 Q	161 T	162 S	163 G	164 H	
165 A		166 J	167 A	168 B	169 D	170 O	171 T	172 E								

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 10 of this issue.

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(Continued on page 68)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 67)

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EARLY BIRDS have first choice of several exceptional Berkshire summer rentals. No lake cottages. References advisable. The Kramer Agency, Great Barrington, Massachusetts.

CAPE COD COTTAGE—sleeps 4, comfortable, complete. F. Dickerson, Truro, Massachusetts.

SOUTHERN MAINE—Charming white farmhouse. Ideal vacation place. Season. Box F-989.

CAPE COD COTTAGES in Orleans area. Bimonthly to seasonal. Reserve early for best choice. Nauset Summer Rental Center, Dept. C, Orleans, Cape Cod, Massachusetts. Tel. 255-0552.

WASHINGTON, CONNECTICUT, 1770 house. Woods, fields, streams, terrace. 5 bedrooms, 2 baths, 4 fireplaces. $1,200 season. 212-RH 4-5982, Box G-100.

NANTUCKET ISLAND — 'Sconset—Cottage sleeping 7. Beautiful oceanfront property. Beach, tennis, golf, fishing. Season, month, fortnight. Guest houses, housekeeping apartment also available. 212-BU 8-5869, Box G-129.

BUCKS COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA. Artist's 13 acre estate. Small private lake. Beautiful house. 2 story living room, large studio, 2½ bedrooms, 1½ baths, workshop. June-October. $1,800. TEmpleton 8-3561 NYC.

CAPE COD COTTAGES—Dennis. Housekeeping; seasonal. 914-SP 9-4018, Box G-139.

COTTAGE, White Mountains. $400 season. Details photos. Box G-112.

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